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# THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

# EDMUND SPENSER.

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# EDMUND SPENSER.

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With Memoir and Critical Dissertations.

THE TEXT EDITED BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

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# THE LIFE OF EDMUND SPENSER.

AMIDST all the brilliant names in the list of British Poets, perhaps two only can be placed beside the author of "The Faerie Queene," namely Shakspeare and Milton. And it is singular, that in reference to all these, the biographical information is rather scanty (although Charles Knight and David Masson have done their part admirably in expiscating new facts in the lives of the authors of "Hamlet" and the "Paradise Lost"), and that to conceive clearly of the life and character of these illustrious bards, we must draw somewhat largely on their own peculiar faculty—that of imagination.

Edmund Spenser was born in London. This fact is stated by himself in his "Prothalamion on the Marriage of the Two Daughters of the Earl of Worcester," where he speaks of

> "Merry London, my most kindly nurse,
> That to me gave this life's first native source."

It thus appears that the metropolis has had the honour of producing three out of the four greatest of our poets, namely, Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton. There has been a good deal of doubt and discussion about the date of his birth. The general opinion is, that he was born in or about the year 1553. This is founded on some lines in one of his sonnets which was written in 1592 or 1593:—

> "So since the winged god his planet clear
> Began in me to move, one year is spent,
> The which doth longer unto me appear,
> Than all those forty which my life outwent.
> Then, by that course which lovers' books invent,
> The sphere of Cupid forty years contains,
> Which I have wasted in long languishment."

The meaning of these lines seems to be, that the poet was now

forty-one years of age; forty of which had been spent in "languishment," or lack of love, and one under the influence of Cupid. This would fix the date of his birth at 1552 at farthest.

On the other hand, we have evidence that in 1569 a bill was paid by the treasurer of the Queen's Chamber "to Edmund Spencer, that brought letters to the Queen's Majesty from Sir Henry Norris, her Majesty's ambassador in France, being at Thouars in the same realm;" but surely, if it was the poet who was thus employed, he must have been older than sixteen. We find again in the same year (1569), George Tuberville, then secretary to Sir Thomas Randolph, English ambassador in Russia, addressing, among other epistles in verse descriptive of the country, one "To Spencer," whom Antony Wood affirms to be Spenser the poet. If so, as Tuberville was then twenty-nine, and appears from the tenor of the verses to have been very intimate with his correspondent, it has been inferred that Spenser must have been considerably above sixteen. Curiously enough, in this very year too, there appeared a book entitled "A Theatre of Worldlings, &c., by S. John Vander Noodt, with Six Epigrams prefixed," which, in 1591, Ponsonby, Spenser's own publisher, printed as his, with some changes and corrections apparently from the poet's pen. In the same wonderful year, we find from a record in the State Paper Office, that one Edmund Spenser lived at Kingsbury in Warwickshire. And yet, to crown all, it is certain that on the 20th of May 1569, the poet was admitted sizer of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. Thus we find an Edmund Spenser returned from a journey to France—a Spencer receiving a poetical epistle from Russia—a Spenser publishing poetry himself—an Edmund Spenser living quietly in the country—and the veritable poet entering college—all in the year 1569. One is tempted to exclaim, like Richard III., "There be six Spensers in the field," and to conclude that there is no puzzle in all "The Faerie Queene" itself more perplexing. We think it probable that there were more Spensers than one. The Edmund Spenser of Kingsbury might be, as Collier conjectures, the father of the poet. The Spencer returned from abroad, and addressed by Tuberville, might be a relative. It is not at all likely that the poet would in the same

year be receiving a bill for foreign service, and entering Cambridge in the mean position of a sizar. At the same time, how Spenser's father, who had been in London at the date of Edmund's birth, should in 1569 be residing in Warwickshire, we cannot explain.

East Smithfield, by the Tower, witnessed the birth of this transcendent poet. Of the rank and circumstances of his parents little is known, although it seems probable that they were poor. It has always been held that they were related to the ancient and honourable house of Spenser. The branch of that family with which the poet was connected, is supposed to have been that of the Spensers, or Le Spensers, of Hurstwood, near Burnley, in the east of Lancashire. In the poet's time, this family probably lived on a small property three miles north of Hurstwood, in the forest of Pendle, and at the foot of Pendlehill, still called "the Spensers." His degree of connexion with this family is not exactly known, but several circumstances combine in proving that he belonged to their stock. We know from one of his commentators, whose initials are E. K., and who was a personal friend, and annexed notes to "The Shepherd's Calendar" when it first appeared, that Spenser lived a considerable time in the north, and there wrote a part at least of that poem. It is likely that he was then upon a visit to the Spensers of Hurstwood. We find, too, from the pedigree of the poet's descendants, that Edmund and Laurence are family names, although not very common at that time, or even yet, in England. Now, turning to the registers of baptisms and burials in Burnley, Pendle, and Colne, in the neighbourhood of the ancient residence of the Spensers, we find quite a redundancy of Edmunds and Laurences—the one following the other almost in regular rotation. (This, by the way, tends to confirm our conjecture, that there were several Edmund Spensers connected with the same race alive in 1569.) Mr Craik adds what he thinks another corroborative evidence: "The poet himself always spelt his surname, not as the Spencers of Althorpe did and do, with a *c*, but with an *s*; and it appears from the entries in the parochial registers, that it was spelled in the same manner, with an *s*, at Hurstwood, and for six or seven miles round, not only in

the age of Elizabeth, but for a century afterwards, and that while even at Kildwick, near Shipton, at only ten or twelve miles' distance, it was spelled with a *c*. It may be doubted indeed, we apprehend, if the spelling with an *s* was known anywhere else than in this small district." After all, a shade of uncertainty rests on the subject, although we cordially agree with Gibbon, who says in his Memoirs, "The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider 'The Faerie Queene' as the brightest jewel of their coronet." Spenser was proud of his connexion with the old race, and alludes to it both in his prose and his verse, as where he says, after the lines about London being his birthplace,—

> "Though from another place I take my name,
> An house of ancient fame."

Of Spenser's school-boy days we know absolutely nothing, and of his University career very little. He entered Pembroke Hall, as formerly stated, on the 20th of May 1569, as a sizar—a circumstance which implies poverty, a sizar being the lowest academic rank. His career there does not seem to have been very brilliant; nay, there is some reason for supposing that he had met with ill usage from his tutor, as we gather from a letter addressed to him in 1580 by his college friend, Gabriel Harvey, in which he satirises the poet's "Old Controller" (one Doctor Perne) in the bitterest terms. It is remarkable, at all events, that Spenser, although he celebrates the University, never alludes to his own particular college. He took his Bachelor's degree, Jan. 16, 1572–3, and became Master of Arts, June 26, 1576. He seems then to have left Cambridge abruptly, and for ever.

That Spenser enjoyed the scenery around Cambridge is not very likely. Probably he felt with Robert Hall, that the Cam was the "sleeping river," "standing still to see people drown themselves;" that on its dull and dreary banks, "nature was giving out signals of distress;" and that its so-called hills seemed, from their Lilliputian summits, rather to insult than relieve the surrounding tameness. There was not a spot in all that neighbourhood that could suggest images for the "Wood

of Error," the "Rich Strand," the "Idle Lake," the "Bower of Bliss," and all the other wondrous dream-scenery of the future "Faerie Queene." But what he found not in the country without, he found in the studies—then chiefly classical—of the University within. His great poem is worth a hundred Degrees in attesting the extent and variety of his learning. Even if on bad terms with his tutor, and if too proud and shy to seek academic distinction, the young sizer, feeling already the stirrings of genius and ambition, would spare no pains in laying in stores of knowledge, and thus in the language of a kindred spirit of after days, who of all British poets has come nearest Spenser in multitudinous allegory and luxuriant fancy, he

> "Wrought link'd armour for his soul, before
> It might walk forth to war among mankind."

One loves to see him stealing out from under the arches of the University into the quiet streets of the town, and thence into the country, where, with its levels and marshes, its weeds and willows, there is nothing either to intensify or to disturb the divine dream which slumbers in his eye, and steeps in still sunshine his solitary brow. College Dons, Proctors, "Old Controllers," care nothing for the wandering youth, and he cares nothing for them; but Genius and God are communing with him, and as, perhaps, he lies down, and shuts his eyes to the sterile scenery around, the heavens are opened to his imagination, and visions of beauty, lights which never were on sea or shore, ladders of glory, and palaces of enchantment, swim before him, till, whether he be sleeping or waking, in the body or out of the body, he cannot tell. That he was little recognised at college is proved by this, that although two pictures of him are still found in Pembroke Hall, there lingered there, when George Chalmers wrote, sixty or seventy years ago, not a single tradition or recorded trace of the poet. He had passed over it "like a summer's cloud," and had awakened no "special wonder."

With one man only in the University does Spenser appear to have been intimate. This was the above-mentioned Gabriel Harvey, who, although he belonged to another college, Christ's Church, was Spenser's constant companion. This friendship, doubtless, even at the time, contributed to our poet's progress.

Neglected by the University, and slighted by the tutor, he found, in intercourse with this friend, an expression for his mind, and a reservoir into which to pour the emotions of his heart. There are feelings too timorous and evanescent for the daylight of ordinary society, but which look beautiful in the twilight atmosphere of confidential friendship. And there are thoughts too daring, idiosyncrasies too peculiar, and flights of fancy too strangely original, to be intrusted to, or blazoned before any save one whose "heart is like your heart," whose face answereth your face as in a glass, and who has, in his turn, bared the inmost secrets of his soul to you. Thus Hall and Mackintosh perhaps learned more from each other's converse when walking along the banks of the Dee, or leaning over "Balgounie's brig's black wa'," than from all the lectures they heard from the Gerards and Ogilvies of their college. It seems certain too, that Harvey was in some points worthy of being Spenser's associate. The portions of his writing which have been preserved, shew an ingenious and fanciful mind, full of the fantastical wit which was the fashion of the time, but not crippled or drowned by it; and even the fact that he became ultimately an astrologer augurs somewhat for the power of his imagination. Indeed, the elements of an astrologer and an alchymist were, at the particular stage which science had reached in that day, bound up in the constitution of all earnest and poetical thinkers. Bacon himself did not entirely escape from the tendency of his time; and we doubt not, if Harvey threw out his astrological theory to Spenser, that the latter would catch up the bright ball, and cause it to spin away to still remoter firmaments and giddier altitudes, ere it returned to the hand of his companion. Thought was then in its morning dream; it was just about to awake; but morning dreams, although often, it is said, true in substance, are generally monstrous in shape, and never did more extraordinary delusions possess the minds of men, Bacon himself included, than just before the "Novum Organon," like the crowing of the cock, remanded them to Chaos and Old Night for a season. One important service was certainly rendered by Harvey to Spenser. He was the means of inducing him to repair to London, and of introducing him to Sir Philip Sidney.

Before following him, however, to the metropolis, we have to glance at his residence in the north, where he must have spent these two years, from 1576, when he left Cambridge, to 1578, when he arrived in London—years otherwise unaccounted for in his life. We have seen already that he probably lived all that time with the Spensers of Hurstwood, acting, perhaps, as a tutor. And here he is generally supposed to have met with, and fallen in love with Rosalind.

Let us, at this point, try to condense into a small compass all that is known about this celebrated love affair of our poet. The information on this subject, it may be confessed, is at best scanty, and leaves it obscure. It comes, in the first instance, from Spenser's own writings, as interpreted by E. K., who, if not, as some suppose, the poet himself, seems to have been one of his closest friends. In "The Shepherd's Calendar," Colin Clout, who is undoubtedly the poet, loves a certain damsel called Rosalind, called "The Widow's Daughter of the Glen." This lady, Colin woos to no purpose, she preferring Menalcas, another shepherd. Now, who is Rosalind? E. K. asserts, that although she is spoken of as a lowly maiden, she was in reality "a gentlewoman, of no mean house, nor endued with any vulgar and common gifts, both of nature and manners." He hints also, that "perhaps the name being well ordered, will betray the very name of Spenser's loved mistress." And this is nearly all that this anonymous annotator tells us about the first love of the poet. The hint thrown out by him, however, has led to divers theories. One biographer says, "That as Rose is a common Christian name, so in Kent among the gentry, under Henry VI., in 'Fuller's Worthies,' we find in Canterbury the name of John Lynde; thus, Rose Lynde, Rosalind." Another conjectures that "Rosalind's real name was Eliza Horden—an anagram of Rosalind, the aspiration being omitted," and adds that "Thomas Horden, as well as Mr Linde, was a gentleman of Kent, in the time of Henry VI." But that Rosalind, whoever she was, belonged to the north of England, is pretty clear from Spenser's own poetry, and from E. K.'s notes upon it. In the sixth eclogue, "Hobinol, or Harvey," says Mr Craik, "entreats him to forsake the hilly soil that so bewitched him, and where he

had been treated by his mistress with so much cruelty, and to resort to the fruitful dales where Harvey himself was; and E. K. explains the hills to be the north country, where the poet then dwelt, and the dales the south parts, or Kent, 'where he now abideth,' that is, where he resided when the poem was published."

The fact here asserted, that Rosalind came from the north, serves to dispose of another recent theory on the subject, which is ingeniously pled in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November 1858. In a paper entitled, "Colin Clout and the Faery Queen," the writer asserts that Rosalinde is an anagram of Rose Daniel, the sister of Samuel Daniel, an intimate friend and brother-poet of Spenser, author of many tragedies and comedies, an eight-canto poem, called "The Civil Wars of England," "A Vision of Twelve Goddesses," a prose History of England, and "Musa," a defence of rhyme. In defence of this conjecture, a number of plausible circumstances are recounted. Daniel, undoubtedly, had a sister of the name of Rose, who was married to an eccentric scholar named John Florio. This man (the prototype of Shakspeare's "Holofernes" in "Love's Labour Lost"), an Italian by descent, was born in London in the same year with Spenser, and was a class-fellow with Daniel at Oxford. He was the author of several popular works, such as, "First Fruits," "Second Fruits," "Garden of Recreation," &c., also of a good Italian and English Dictionary, of a translation of Montaigne, and of some verses which were much admired by Queen Elizabeth, and her successor James. The American writer maintains that he was the "Menalcas" of "The Shepherd's Calendar," and the "carle and fool" who leads Mirabella in "The Faerie Queene" (Book VI., Canto VII., and Stanza XXVII.), and in proof that he was, although a scholar, entitled to these opprobrious epithets, he says, "Rose Daniel's husband, maugre his celebrity and places of dignity and profit, was beset with tempers and oddities which exposed him, more perhaps than any man of his time, to the ridicule of contemporary wits and poets. He was, at least in his literary career, jealous, envious, irritable, vain, pedantic and bombastical, petulant and quarrelsome,—ever on the watch for an affront, and always in the

attitude of a fretful porcupine, with a quill pointed in every direction against real or supposed enemies. He adopted a formidable prefix to his name; and to any 'bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation,' to every address, prelude, preface, introduction, or farewell, accompanying any of his numerous works, he subscribed himself the Resolute,—'Resolute John Florio.'" And it is remarkable that the Greek word Menalcas means "resolute."

There can be little doubt, too, that Spenser, from his connexion with Sir Philip Sidney, who was the brother of the Countess of Pembroke, the patron of Daniel, must have often met him and probably his sister too. The theory, in fact, is complete on all sides but one. Spenser's "Rosalinde," if E. K. may be believed, was from the north of England, but the Daniels came from Somersetshire, and we never hear of Samuel, the poet, residing in the north. He was educated in Oxford, held an office under the Court at London, and died at Beckington in his native shire. So that thus the mask still conceals the face of the fair jilt Rosalind, whom Spenser loved and sang in vain. "Whoever she was, she must," says Christopher North, "have been a delightful creature." She was familiar with Petrarch in his own choice Italian. She was a wit too, and on one occasion christened Spenser "Seignior Pegaso." His passion for her seems to have awakened his muse. Whether he sung of her before she rejected him we cannot tell, but afterwards he soothed his soul by producing his two fine Hymns in the praise of Love and Beauty. His disappointment did not embitter him against the object of his affection; and we find him, in a poem published, if not written, after his marriage, praising his "Widowe's Daughter of the Glen," as of "divine regard and heavenly hue." Poets, and men of poetical temperament, loving once, love for ever. Burns sings his "Mary in Heaven" years after her death, and old Dr Chalmers stands before the portrait of an early object of attachment, who had been long in her grave, till tears of pensive joy bedew his cheeks.

Spenser arrived in London in 1578. He is said to have taken this step by the advice of his friend Harvey, who was now settled in the capital. Here a new and nobler sphere of action and ambition opened upon the poet. Through his friend he was

introduced to Sir Philip (then Mr) Sidney, who had not yet retired in disgust from the Court to write the "Arcadia," thither to return again to run the most illustrious part of his public career. Of him, the graceful and gallant, the soldier poet, romance-writer, and model of all chivalric virtues, it is needless to speak. There was a pre-established harmony between his soul and that of Spenser; and we find the image of the noble Sir Philip haunting all the pages of "The Faerie Queene." Sidney introduced the poet to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, a man of dubious reputation on the page of history, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, but hardly of the country, on whose memory rests the stain of his first wife's blood; whose appointment to the command of the forces assembled at Tilbury to oppose the Spanish invasion, gave great offence, and might, but for the destruction of the Armada, have proved disastrous to England; and whose name is now chiefly remembered as the hero of "Kenilworth," and the unworthy husband of poor Amy Robsart. In this way, however, Spenser became a member of the most brilliant circle in the country. He is believed to have accompanied Sidney (probably as a secretary or amanuensis) to the family seat of Penshurst in Kent, in 1578 or 1579; and in the October of the latter year, he addresses letters to Harvey from Leicester House in London.

Of this correspondence five letters are extant; three from the pen of Harvey, and two from that of Spenser. They turn chiefly on a new prosody, founded upon the Latin, which Harvey, in conjunction with Sidney and Sir Edward Dyer, invented, and into the practice of which they wished to drag the poet. He, although evidently laughing in his sleeve, does give certain rare specimens in hexameters, pentameters, and trimeter-iambics of the new style, to please his friends. It is more important to learn from passages in these letters, that Spenser's muse had been exceedingly active for several years, and that by 1580, besides "The Shepherd's Calendar;" "The Dreams;" "The Legends and Court of Cupid;" a translation of Moschus' "Idyllion of Wandering Love;" "Slomber," and other pamphlets; "Dying Pelican;" "Epithalamion Thamesis Stemmata Dudleiana" (a Latin description of Leicester's genealogy, with some flattering allusions

to Sir Philip Sidney); a discourse entitled, "The English Poet;" and nine Comedies,—he had indited and sent to Harvey a considerable portion of "The Faerie Queene." What work for a youth of twenty-seven to have performed! What amazing precocity and fecundity! Several of these productions, such as his "Stemmata Dudleiana," "Slomber," "The Dying Pelican," and his Comedies (which were regular dramas, compared by his correspondent to those of Ariosto, Bibiena, Machiavelli, and Aretino), are lost.

It is remarkable that Harvey thought rather coldly of that portion of "The Faerie Queene" which was sent him. Such blunders by good-natured friends, in judging of great works in MS., are nearly as common in literary history as those of publishers or their readers. Some one told Godwin, that if he published "Caleb Williams," it would be the "grave of his reputation." Another, after reading the opening chapters of "Waverley," thought them insipid and coarse. A third, Hobhouse we think, advised Lord Byron not to publish the first two cantos of "Childe Harold." And worthy Gabriel Harvey thus accosts our poet: "If so be 'The Faerie Queene' be fairer in your eye than the Nine Muses, mark what I say—and yet I will not say that which I thought—but there is an end for this once, and fare you well till God, or some good angel, put you in a better mind."

In December 1579, appeared "The Shepherd's Calendar," with a dedication to "Maister Philip Sidney," and a prefatory epistle, an argument, a glossary, and explanatory notes, by the mysterious E. K., whom some think to have been one Edward Kirk, others one King, and others suppose to have been an alias of Spenser himself. It appeared in a small quarto, with woodcuts, and ere 1597 it had passed through five editions. We shall have occasion in our after paper to characterise its merits as well as those of his other minor poems.

Toward the close of the same year, Spenser seems to have meditated a journey to the Continent, probably on a mission from his patron Leicester. Some will have it that he actually visited France, yet we find him in April 1580 writing Harvey from London, and making no allusion to his having been abroad. At

all events, he was soon after, through the interest of the Leicester family, appointed secretary to the new Lieutenant of Ireland, Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, and in the beginning of August he seems to have accompanied his principal to Ireland. In March 1581 he obtained the additional office of clerk to the Irish Court of Chancery, and the same year he received from the Queen a grant of a lease of the abbey of Enniscorthy, and a castle and manor attached, in the county of Wexford, at the rent of £300, 6s. 8d., on the condition that he should keep it in continual repair. This property he conveyed in December 1581 to Richard Synot, who sold it to Sir Henry Wallop, then war-treasurer in Ireland, and the ancestor of the Earls of Portsmouth, in the possession of which family it still remains. His disposing of it so speedily showed that he foresaw an event which occurred next year; namely, the resignation of Lord Grey. This took place in the end of August 1582, and the poet returned with his patron to England.

We hear nothing definite or certain about his history from the above date till the year 1586, when he obtained from the Queen a grant of 3028 acres in the county of Cork, being part of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond. The grant is dated the 27th of June. It is supposed to have been procured for him by Sir Philip Sidney, who, by the way, died of his wounds at Zutphen in October of the same year. Spenser lamented his loss in the beautiful poem of "Astrophel," which was not published, however, till 1594. By the terms of the grant, our poet required to live upon his estate, and thither, we may conceive with considerable reluctance, he repaired in the close of the year. He fixed his abode in the castle of Kilcolman. This castle, now a ruin, is situated in a most romantic locality. It stands in the midst of a vast plain, and on the north side of a fine lake. To the east are the Waterford mountains; to the north, those of Ballyhowra, or as Spenser calls them, of Mole; to the south, those of Nagle; and to the west, those of Kerry. Half the breadth of Ireland is seen from its battlements; the adjacent uplands, although now bare, were, in Spenser's time, covered with thick woods; and to finish the picture, the river Mulla, alluded to by him more than once in his poetry, runs past. There Spenser

was destined to spend (apart from occasional visits to England) eleven years of his life, whether happily or not we can only conjecture. In favour of the former theory there are the facts, that he was easy if not wealthy in his circumstances—that the scenery around was quite to a poet's taste—that he had regular but not onerous duties to discharge—and that he there wrote the greater part of "The Faerie Queene," finding, no doubt, in this labour its "own exceeding great reward." On the other hand, he had left London and all its delightful society—he had in Ireland few kindred spirits—and he was living in a country far more disorganised than even now, torn by warring factions, wasted by poverty, blinded by superstition, and reeling toward the Great Rebellion which broke out in a few years afterwards, and deluged the land in blood. On the whole, Spenser was a banished man; and although he had not been exiled, like Ovid, by the decree of an Emperor, nor, like Byron, forced to leave his country by the clamour of an angry nation; and although his solitude was sweetened by the most magnificent visions that ever crossed the mind of genius, yet banished, it is probable, he felt himself to be. Conceive, then, the joy with which in 1589 he would welcome, in his solitude, the visit of a kindred spirit, of one who, among all men then alive, next to Shakspeare, most resembled Spenser in extent and elevation of genius. This was Sir Walter Raleigh, then a Captain in Lord Grey's army, and about Spenser's own age, each being thirty-seven. Flushed with a glorious as well as gainful campaign in Portugal, he was now in Ireland, and lost no time in repairing, as a "pilgrim of his genius," to the poet's abode. This visit Spenser described in his "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," a poem written in 1591. In these verses he beautifully describes himself as a shepherd's boy,

> "Keeping my sheep amongst the coolly shade
> Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore,"

when a stranger arrives, self-announced as the "Shepherd of the Ocean." They exchange ditties, mingle dances, and ultimately go in company to the court of Cynthia, or Elizabeth. That queen, and the beauties of her court, are next described; Philip Sidney is lamented as "Astrophel;" and the poem

closes with the warm panegyric on Rosalind before alluded to Few interviews of literary men are so interesting to fancy as this between Spenser and Raleigh. The great eminence of both the men—their kindred tastes—their equal age—the sad fate impending over both—the solitude and beauty of the spot where they met—the fact that they went together in company to England, all combine in casting a glory over Mulla's shore, and the memories of that remarkable meeting. We delight to fancy their walks by the side of the stream, their climbing some of the adjacent hills, their exchange of experience in talk; Raleigh recounting his adventures in the Armada fight, and the splendid success of his Portugal expedition, while Spenser speaks now of the wretched state of Ireland, and now of the fine dreams which had crossed his soul in this poetic retreat; the golden day when, perhaps in some shady bower of the Bregog, a wild mountain stream seeking the Mulla, the poet unrolls the precious MS. of his poem, and reads with lingering accents,

"A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain,"

to his entranced auditor; and, as they both embark in the ship which is to bear them and the glorious book to England, we are tempted to exclaim, "Be hushed, ye waves, and breathe softly, ye breezes, as you convey the noblest freight ye ever did, or will, convey from Erin to Albion—two immortal men and one divine maiden—two knights of chivalry holding the white hands of the Faery Queen!"

Arrived in London, Raleigh seems to have introduced Spenser to Queen Elizabeth. The three first books of the poem appeared in a small quarto, printed by Ponsonby, in January 1590. The work was received with a great still wonder, as if another moon, as quiet and as lustrous as Cynthia, had come up the sky. Yet, although the queen joined in the general admiration, it was not till 1591 that she bestowed a pension of fifty pounds a-year upon the poet. In the same year, and probably after the poet had returned to Ireland, a collection of his minor pieces, including the "Tears of the Muses," "Mother Hubbard's Tale," "Virgil's Gnat," the "Ruins of Time," "Muiopotmos," &c., appeared from the Ponsonby press, and were followed soon after by

"Daphnaida," a beautiful elegy on the death of Douglas Howard, daughter of Henry Lord Howard, and wife of Arthur Georges, Esq., himself a man of literature and genius.

A degree of doubt rests on the exact date of his return to Ireland, some asserting that it was in 1591, and others in 1592, some that he remained in England till he had superintended the publication of "The Tears of the Muses," residing a portion of the time in Alton, Hampshire, and writing there "The Ruins of Time," while others think that he departed after collecting the materials of the volume and leaving them with Ponsonby. At all events, we find him in Ireland in 1593, engaged in some quarrels about land with his neighbours, which need not be detailed, as they tend to cast no credit on his character. Indeed, some will have it that he was improvident and rapacious, and that owing to this, the people near Kilcolman entertain no respect for his memory. He had that year disposed of the office of clerk to the Council of Munster, to which he had been appointed in June 1588.

In 1594, "Colin Clout 's Come Home Again" was published in a quarto volume by Ponsonby, although, by an address prefixed, it seems to have been written three years previously. In 1595, another volume appeared, containing his "Amoretti," a series of sonnets, and his "Epithalamium," a marriage ode. From the evidence furnished by these pieces, it seems clear that he had fallen in love, about the year 1592, with an Irish lady, and had wedded her on St Barnabas' Day—*i.e.*, the 11th of June 1594. Much disputation has arisen, as on almost every other point of Spenser's story, about the rank of Spenser's wife. Todd makes her a girl of mean birth, simply because the poet speaks of her as a "country lass," in the same fanciful spirit in which he calls himself a "shepherd boy." Cibber, in his "Lives of the Poets," finds out that she was a merchant's daughter. But the most plausible conjecture is one thrown out by the ingenious American writer referred to above, who, assuming the principle of anagram, conjectures from the perpetual application by Spenser in his sonnets of the term "Angel" to his bride, that her real name was Elizabeth Nagle. Nagle is the name of an ancient family in Ireland, divided into two branches, called from

the colour of their hair, the Black and the Red Nagles. The lord and chieftain of the latter branch resided at Monganymmy, a seat which stood on the banks of the Mulla, and at no great distance from Spenser's residence. The proprietor of this estate, in the poet's time, was John, whose son David died in Dublin in 1637. It is, therefore, fair to suppose that in 1594, when Spenser was married, David had a sister of a marriageable age. We will not follow the writer into a number of little circumstances which he deems to support this view. We only wonder that no tradition of this connexion of the Nagles with a man so distinguished as Spenser, seems to have lingered in that family. It is worth noticing, what the American journalist omits, that Edmund Burke's mother was a Nagle, born at Castletown Roche, within a few miles of Kilcolman; that her grand-aunt was the wife of Sylvanus Spenser, the poet's eldest son; and that if the foregoing conjecture be true, there may have been a still closer relation between these two pre-eminent men. Burke's Christian name "Edmund" was derived from the Nagles, and was likely handed down from that of the poet. We would respectfully request some of our researching Irish friends to follow out the clue of suggestion thus laid before them.

We find Spenser again in London in 1596, bearing this time along with him the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Books of "The Faerie Queene." These, in the course of the year, were published along with a new impression of the first three, and served to increase, if not the interest of the story, the feeling of admiration and amazement at the boundless riches of the author's language, the melody of his rhythm, and the fertility of his imagination. In the same year he published two quarto volumes, one containing his "Prothalamion," or spousal verses on the marriages of the Ladies Elizabeth and Katharine Somerset, daughters of the Earl of Worcester, accompanied by a reprint of the "Daphnaida;" and the other his four Hymns of "Love," of "Beauty," of "Heavenly Love," and of "Heavenly Beauty," the first two having been early compositions. He dates them from "Greenwich, this first of September 1596." This was the last publication ere his death. The additional cantos of "The Faerie Queene" did not appear till 1609, when the first folio edition of the poem was

published. Four short poems were first given in a complete collection of his works in folio, 1611. His prose "View of the State of Ireland," a masterly dialogue, evincing profound knowledge and calm, statesmanlike views, which he is said to have written in England in 1596, did not see the light till 1633. A few sonnets, too, were picked up in old publications, and preserved by Mr Todd in his edition of Spenser's works.

He returned to Ireland in 1597, and in the succeeding year we find him recommended by the queen (30th September) to be Sheriff of Cork. But now the end was near. Tyrone's rebellion, which had raged for some time in Ulster, rolled its bloody waves toward Munster and Kilcolman. Spenser, a proprietor, sheriff, agent of the Government, and who held, as his "View of Ireland" shews, that arbitrary government was essential to the peace of that country, was of course a marked man. A recent writer in the *Athenæum* finds reason to conjecture, from letters in the State Papers, that the poet had become obnoxious to James VI. of Scotland, by a supposed allusion to his mother, Mary Queen of Scots, in the character of "Duessa," and that this king not only demanded his punishment from the English Court, stirred up one Quin to attack him in bad verse, and prejudiced Burleigh against him to such an extent that he stopped his pension, but actually, having influence with the Irish rebels, who regarded James as a Roman Catholic at heart, hounded them on to destroy him.* If this be true, then the blood alike of Edmund Spenser and Walter Raleigh must lie at James's door. Be this as it may, in the month of October

* That James did write Burleigh against Spenser for his supposed attack on his mother, in the Ninth Canto of the Fifth Book, is unquestionable. But that his anger was very strong or sincere, or likely to lead him to use his influence with the Irish rebels against the poet, will not appear very likely to those who remember his trimming, shuffling conduct in reference to his mother's murder; how he sent an ambassador, the Master of Gray, to England, apparently to prevent, but in reality to accelerate it privately; and how his bluster of seeming wrath after Mary's death, subsided so soon into the most abject and cowardly subservience to Queen Elizabeth. James scarcely ever saw his mother, and does not seem to have entertained any great affection for her; nay, at one time, was exceedingly jealous of her as a rival claimant of the crown of Scotland. See Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, ed. 1858, pp. 130, 131.

1598, the armed ruffians of Tyrone invaded the tranquil banks of the Mulla. Spenser and his wife escaped, but their goods were plundered, their house burned, and, alas! alas! a child newly born perished in the flames. The broken-hearted poet hurried to London, and on the 16th January 1599 he died at an inn in King Street, Westminster, in great penury. His body was interred in the Great Abbey, and, at his own desire, was laid beside the dust of Chaucer. He was buried at the charge of the Earl of Essex, poets bearing his pall—Shakspeare, perhaps, among the number—and throwing elegies and poems, along with the pens that wrote them, into his grave. A monument was erected, thirty years afterwards, by Anne, Countess of Dorset, to his memory. His widow remained in Ireland, and was afterwards married to one Roger Seckerstone. He had three sons, Sylvanus, Lawrence, and Peregrine, and one daughter, Catherine, of whom the first and third left descendants. Of his *personnel*, we know only from Aubrey that he was a "little man, who wore short hair, a little band, and little cuffs." He was fifty-five years of age at the time of his death.

Having, we believe, condensed into the foregoing pages every known fact of any importance concerning the author of "The Faerie Queene," we now drop the curtain upon his obscure and chequered life, and intend, in our next paper, to address ourselves to the more pleasing and satisfactory task of examining critically the productions of his genius.

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# SPENSER'S POETICAL WORKS.

## THE SECOND BOOK

OF

# THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERANCE.

## CANTO VII.

**Guyon finds Mammon in a delve,[1]**
**Sunning his treasure hoar;**
**Is by him tempted, and led down**
**To see his secret store.**

[1] Cave.

I.

As pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a steadfast star his course hath bent,
When foggy mists or cloudy tempests have
The faithful light of that fair lamp yblent,[2]
And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment;[3]
Upon his card and compass firms[4] his eye,
The masters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steady helm apply,
Bidding his winged vessel fairly forward fly:

[2] Obscured.
[3] Darkness.
[4] Fixes.

II.

So Guyon having lost his trusty Guide,
Late left beyond that Idle Lake, proceeds
Yet on his way, of none accompanied;
And evermore himself with comfort feeds
Of his own virtues and praiseworthy deeds.
So, long he yode,[1] yet no adventure found,
Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy reedes:[2]
For still he travell'd through wide wasteful[3] ground,
That naught but desert wilderness shew'd all around.

[1] Went.
[2] Deems.
[3] Uninhabited.

III.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughs and shrubs from heaven's light
Whereas[4] he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, savage, and uncivil wight,
Of grisly hue and foul ill-favour'd sight;
His face with smoke was tann'd, and eyes were blear'd,
His head and beard with soot were ill bedight,[5]
His coal-black hands did seem to have been scar'd
In smith's fire-spitting forge, and nails like claws appear'd.

[4] Where.
[5] Disfigured.

IV.

His iron coat, all overgrown with rust,
Was underneath envelopéd with gold;
Whose glist'ring gloss, darken'd with filthy dust,
Well yet appearéd to have been of old
A work of rich entail[6] and curious mould,
Woven with antics and wild imagery:
And in his lap a mass of coin he told,
And turnéd upside down, to feed his eye
And covetous desire with his huge treasury.

[6] Inlay.

V.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heaps of gold that never could be spent;

Of which some were rude ore, not purified,
Of[1] Mulciber's[2] devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent[3]
Into great ingots and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment:[4]
But most were stamp'd, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of Kings and Kaisers[5] strange and rare.

[1] By.
[2] Vulcan.
[3] Beaten out.
[4] Stamp.
[5] Emperors.

VI.

Soon as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside
Those precious hills from stranger's envious sight,
And down them pouréd through an hole full wide
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide:
But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stay'd
His hand that trembled as one terrified;
And though himself were at the sight dismay'd,
Yet him perforce restrain'd, and to him doubtful[6] said;

[6] Fearful.

VII.

'What art thou, man, (if man at all thou art,)
That here in desert hast thine habitance,
And these rich hills of wealth dost hide apart
From the world's eye, and from her right usance?'
Thereat, with staring eyes fixéd askance,
In great disdain he answer'd; 'Hardy Elf,
That darest view my direful countenance!
I read[7] thee rash and heedless of thyself,
To trouble my still seat and heaps of precious pelf.

[7] Deem.

VIII.

'God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great Mammon, greatest god below the sky,
That of my plenty pour out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envý:

Riches, renown, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldës good,
For which men swink[1] and sweat incessantly,
From me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternal brood.

[1] Toil.

IX.

'Wherefore if me thou deign to serve and sue,[2]
At thy command lo! all these mountains be;
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy view,
All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be number'd frank and free.'
'Mammon,' said he, 'thy godhead's vaunt is vain,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet such eye-glutting gain
Proffer thy gifts, and fitter servants entertain.

[2] Follow.

X.

'Me ill befits, that in derdoing[3] arms
And honour's suit[4] my vowéd days do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baits and pleasing charms,
With which weak men thou witchest, to attend;
Regard of worldly muck[5] doth foully blend[6]
And low abase the high heroic sprite,
That joys for crowns and kingdoms to contend;
Fair shields, gay steeds, bright arms, be my delight;
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.'

[3] Doing bold deeds.
[4] Pursuit.
[5] Wealth; literally, dirt.
[6] Blemish.

XI.

'Vain-glorious Elf,' said he, 'dost not thou weet,[7]
That money can thy wants at will supply?
Shields, steeds, and arms, and all things for thee
It can purvey in twinkling of an eye;
And crowns and kingdoms to thee multiply.
Do not I kings create, and throw the crown
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth lie,

[7] Know.

And him that reign'd into his room[1] thrust down; [1] Place.
And, whom I lust,[2] do heap with glory and renown?' [2] Please.

XII.

'All otherwise,' said he, 'I riches read,[3] [3] Look upon.
And deem them root of all disquietness;
First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
And after spent with pride and lavishness,
Leaving behind them grief and heaviness:
Infinite mischiefs of them do arise;
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitterness,
Outrageous wrong and hellish covetise;
That noble heart, as great dishonour, doth despise.

XIII.

'Ne thine be kingdoms, ne the sceptres thine;
But realms and rulers thou dost both confound,
And loyal truth to treason dost incline:
Witness the guiltless blood pour'd oft on ground
The crownéd often slain; the slayer crown'd;
The sacred diadem in pieces rent;
And purple robe goréd with many a wound;
Castles surpris'd; great cities sack'd and brent:[4] [4] Burned.
So mak'st thou kings, and gainest wrongful government!

XIV.

'Long were to tell the troublous storms that toss
The private state, and make the life unsweet:
Who swelling sails in Caspian sea doth cross,
And in frail wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,[5] [5] Float.
Doth not, I ween, so many evils meet.' [said,
Then Mammon waxing wroth; 'And why then,'
'Are mortal men so fond[6] and undiscreet [6] Foolish.
So evil thing to seek unto their aid;
And, having not, complain: and, having it, upbraid?'

XV.

'Indeed,' quoth he, 'through foul intemperance,
Frail men are oft captív'd to covetise:
But would they think with how small állowance
Untroubled nature doth herself suffice,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares impeach [1] our native joys.
At the well-head the purest streams arise;
But mucky [2] filth his branching arms annoys,
And with uncomely weeds the gentle wave accloys.[3]

[1] Hinder.
[2] Polluting.
[3] Chokes.

XVI.

'The ántique world, in his first flow'ring youth,
Found no defect in his Creator's grace;
But with glad thanks, and unreprovéd [4] truth,
The gifts of sovereign bounty did embrace:
Like angels' life was then men's happy case:
But later ages' pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abus'd her plenty and fat-swoln increase
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her mean [5] and natural first need.

[4] Blameless.
[5] Moderate portion.

XVII.

'Then gan a cursed hand the quiet womb
Of his great grandmother with steel to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tomb
With sacrilege to dig: therein he found
Fountains of gold and silver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoons [6] he did compound;
Then Avarice gan through his veins inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire.'

[6] Immediately.

XVIII.

'Son,' said he then, 'let be thy bitter scorn,
And leave the rudeness of that ántique age

To them, that liv'd therein in state forlorn.
Thou, that dost live in later times, must wage [1] Pledge.
Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee list my offer'd grace to use,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage; [2] Excess.
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse:
But thing refuséd do not afterward accuse.'

XIX.

'Me list not,' said the Elfin Knight, 'receive
Thing offer'd, till I know it well be got;
Ne wote [3] I but thou didst these goods bereave [3] Nor know.
From rightful owner by unrighteous lot,
Or that blood-guiltiness or guile them blot.'
'Perdy,' [4] quoth he, 'yet never eye did view, [4] Truly.
Ne tongue did tell, ne hand these handled not;
But safe I have them kept in secret mew [5] [5] Hiding-place.
From heaven's sight and power of all which them pursue.'

XX.

'What secret place,' quoth he, 'can safely hold
So huge a mass, and hide from heaven's eye?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, [6] that so much gold [6] Dwelling.
Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?'
'Come thou,' quoth he, 'and see.' So by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and found
A darksome way, which no man could descry,
That deep descended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horror compasséd around.

XXI.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretch'd itself into an ample plain;
Through which a beaten broad highway did trace,
That straight did lead to Pluto's grisly reign:

By that way's side there sate infernal Pain,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
The other brandishéd a bloody knife; [life.
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten

XXII.

Union. On th' other side in one consórt[1] there sate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite,
Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite;
And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie; [might:
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

XXIII.

And over them sad Horror with grim hue,
Did always soar, beating his iron wings;
And after him owls and night-ravens flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tidíngs;
[1] One of the Harpies. Whiles sad Celeno,[2] sitting on a clift,
[3] Woe. A song of bale[3] and bitter sorrow sings,
[4] Riven. That heart of flint asunder could have rift;[4]
Which having ended after him she flieth swift.

XXIV.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay;
By whom they passing spake unto them naught.
But th' Elfin Knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fill'd his inner thought.
At last him to a little door he brought,
That to the gate of hell, which gapéd wide,
Nor. Was next adjoining, ne[5] them parted aught:

Betwixt them both was but a little stride, [divide.
That did the House of Riches from hell-mouth

XXV.

Before the door sat self-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For fear lest Force or Fraud should unaware
Break in, and spoil the treasure there in guard:
Ne[1] would he suffer Sleep once thitherward
Approach, albé[2] his drowsy den were next;
For next to Death is Sleep to be compar'd;
Therefore his house is unto his annext: [betwext.
Here Sleep, there Riches, and Hell-gate them both

[1] Nor.
[2] Although.

XXVI.

So soon as Mammon there arriv'd, the door
To him did open and afforded way:
Him follow'd eke[3] Sir Guyon evermore,
Ne darkness him ne danger might dismay.
Soon as he enter'd was, the door straightway
Did shut, and from behind it forth there leapt
An ugly fiend, more foul than dismal day;
The which with monstrous stalk behind him stept,
And ever as he went due watch upon him kept.

[3] Also.

XXVII.

Well hopéd he, ere long that hardy guest,
If ever covetous hand, or lustful eye,
Or lips he laid on thing that lik'd him best,
Or ever sleep his eye-strings did untie,
Should be his prey: and therefore still on high
He over him did hold his cruel claws,
Threat'ning with greedy gripe to do[4] him die,
And rend in pieces with his ravenous paws,
If ever he transgress'd the fatal Stygian laws.

[4] Cause him die.

XXVIII.

That House's form within was rude and strong,
Like an huge cave hewn out of rocky clift,
From whose rough vault the ragged breaches[1] hong
Emboss'd with massy gold of glorious gift,[2]
And with rich metal loaded every rift,[3]
That heavy ruin they did seem to threat;
And over them Arachne[4] high did lift
Her cunning web, and spread her subtile net,
Enwrappéd in foul smoke and clouds more black than jet.

[1] Projecting points of rock.
[2] Rich quality.
[3] Crevice.
[4] The spider.

XXIX.

Both roof, and floor, and walls, were all of gold,
But overgrown with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkness, that none could behold
The hue thereof: for view of cheerful day
Did never in that House itself display,
But a faint shadow of uncertain light;
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away;
Or as the moon, clothéd with cloudy night,
Does shew to him that walks in fear and sad affright.

XXX.

In all that room was nothing to be seen
But huge great iron chests, and coffers strong,
All barr'd with double bands, that none could ween[5]
Them to enforce by violence or wrong;
On every side they placéd were along.
But all the ground with sculls was scattered,
And dead men's bones, which round about were flong;
Whose lives, it seeméd, whilome[6] there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburiéd.

[5] Think.
[6] Formerly.

XXXI.

They forward pass; ne[1] Guyon yet spoke word,
Till that they came unto an iron door,
Which to them open'd of his own accord,
And shew'd of riches such exceeding store,
As eye of man did never see before,
Ne ever could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth, which is or was of yore,
Could gather'd be through all the world around,
And that above were added to that under ground.

[1] Nor.

XXXII.

The charge thereof unto a covetous sprite
Commanded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous fiends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransack did intend.
Then Mammon, turning to that warrior, said;
'Lo, here the worldës bliss! lo, here the end,
To which all men do aim, rich to be made!
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid.'

XXXIII.

'Certes,'[2] said he, 'I n'ill[3] thine offer'd grace,
Ne to be made so happy do intend!
Another bliss before mine eyes I place,
Another happiness, another end.
To them that list, these base regards[4] I lend:
But I in arms, and in achievements brave,
Do rather choose my flitting hours to spend,
And to be lord of those that riches have,
Than them to have myself, and be their servile slave.'

[2] Certainly.
[3] Will not have.
[4] Objects.

XXXIV.

Thereat the Fiend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And griev'd, so long to lack his greedy prey;

For well he weenéd that so glorious bait
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay:[1]
Had he so done, he had him snatch'd away
More light than culver[2] in the falcon's fist:
Eternal God thee save from such decay![3]
But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.[4]

[1] Trial.
[2] Pigeon.
[3] Ruin.
[4] Contrived.

XXXV.

Thence, forward he him led and shortly brought
Unto another room, whose door forthright
To him did open as it had been taught:
Therein an hundred ranges weren pight,[5]
An hundred furnaces all burning bright;
By every furnace many fiends did bide,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
And every fiend his busy pains applied
To melt the golden metal, ready to be tried.

[5] Placed.

XXXVI.

One with great bellows gather'd filling air,
And with forc'd wind the fuel did inflame;
Another did the dying brands repair
With iron tongs, and sprinkled oft the same
With liquid waves, fierce Vulcan's rage to tame,
Who, mast'ring them, renew'd his former heat:
Some scumm'd the dross that from the metal came;
Some stirr'd the molten ore with ladles great:
And every one did swink,[6] and every one did sweat.

[6] Toil.

XXXVII.

But, when an earthly wight they present saw
Glist'ring in arms and battailous array,
From their hot work they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight; for, till that day,
They never creature saw that came that way:

Their staring eyes sparkling with fervent fire,
And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That, were it not for shame, he would retire;
Till that him thus bespake their sovereign lord and sire:

XXXVIII.

'Behold, thou Faery's son, with mortal eye,
That living eye before did never see!
The thing that thou didst crave so earnestly,
To weet[1] whence all the wealth late show'd by me
Proceeded, lo! now is reveal'd to thee.
Here is the fountain of the worldës good!
Now therefore, if thou wilt enrichéd be,
Avise thee[2] well, and change thy wilful mood;
Lest thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.'

[1] Know.
[2] Consider

XXXIX.

'Suffice it then, thou Money-god,' quoth he,
'That all thine idle offers I refuse.
All that I need I have; what needeth me
To covet more than I have cause to use?
With such vain shows thy worldlings vile abuse;
But give me leave to follow mine emprise.'[3]
Mammon was much displeas'd, yet no'te[4] he chuse
But bear the rigour of his bold mesprise;[5]
And thence him forward led, him farther to entice.

[3] Enterprise.
[4] Could not.
[5] Contempt.

XL.

He brought him, through a darksome narrow strait,
To a broad gate all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open; but therein did wait
A sturdy villain, striding stiff and bold,
As if the Highest God defy he would:
In his right hand an iron club he held,
But he himself was all of golden mould,

Yet had both life and sense, and well could weld[1]
That cursed weapon, when his cruel foes he quell'd.

[1] Wield.

XLI.

Disdain he calléd was, and did disdain
To be so call'd, and whoso did him call:
Stern was his look, and full of stomack[2] vain;
His portaunce[3] terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th' height of men terrestrial;
Like an huge giant of the Titans' race;
That made him scorn all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others' power deface:
More fit amongst black fiends than men to have his place.

[2] Haughtiness.
[3] Deportment.

XLII.

Soon as those glittering arms he did espy,
That with their brightness made that darkness light,
His harmful club he gan to hurtle[4] high,
And threaten battle to the Faery Knight;
Who likewise gan himself to battle dight,[5]
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counsell'd him abstain from per'lous fight;
For nothing might abash the villain bold,
Ne mortal steel empierce his miscreated mould.

[4] Brandish.
[5] Prepare.

XLIII.

So having him with reason pacified,
And that fierce carle[6] commanding to forbear,
He brought him in. The room was large and wide
As it some guild[7] or solemn temple were;
Many great golden pillars did upbear
The massy roof, and riches huge sustain;
And every pillar deckéd was full dear[8]
With crowns, and diadems, and titles vain,
Which mortal princes wore whiles they on earth did reign.

[6] Churl.
[7] Hall; hence Dean of Guild.
[8] Richly.

XLIV.

A rout of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under sky,
Which with great uproar presséd to draw near
To th' upper part, where was advancéd high
A stately siege [1] of sovereign majesty;
And thereon sat a woman, gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royalty,
That never earthly prince in such array
His glory did enhance, and pompous pride display.

[1] Seat.

XLV.

Her face right wondrous fair did seem to be,
That her broad beauty's beam great brightness threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see;
Yet was not that same her own native hue,
But wrought by art and counterfeited shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
Nath'less [2] most heavenly fair in deed and view
She by creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloak her crime withal.

[2] Nevertheless.

XLVI.

There, as in glist'ring glory she did sit,
She held a great gold chain ylinkéd well,
Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,
And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
And all that press did round about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chain, thereby
To climb aloft, and others to excel:
That was Ambition, rash desire to sty [3]
And every link thereof a step of dignity.

[3] Soar

XLVII.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrightéous reward;
Some by close should'ring;[1] some by flattery;
Others through friends; others for base regard;
And all, by wrong ways, for themselves prepar'd:
Those, that were up themselves, kept others low;
Those, that were low themselves, held others hard,
Ne[2] suffer'd them to rise or greater grow;
But every one did strive his fellow down to throw.

[1] Hard pushing.
[2] Nor.

XLVIII.

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that press about that Lady's throne,
And what she was that did so high aspire?
Him Mammon answeréd; 'That goodly one,
Whom all that folk with such contentíon
Do flock about, my dear, my daughter is:
Honour and dignity from her alone
Derivéd are, and all this worldës bliss,
For which ye men do strive; few get, but many miss;

XLIX.

'And fair Philotimé[3] she rightly hight,[4]
The fairest wight that wonneth[5] under sky,
But that this darksome nether world her light
Doth dim with horror and deformity,
Worthy of heaven and high felicity,
From whence the gods have her for envy thrust:
But, sith[6] thou hast found favour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust;[7]
That she may thee advance for works and merits just.'

[3] Love of honour or distinction.
[4] Is called.
[5] Dwelleth.
[6] Since.
[7] Desire.

L.

'Gramercy,[8] Mammon,' said the gentle Knight,
'For so great grace and offer'd high estate;

[8] Many thanks.

But I, that am frail flesh and earthly wight,
Unworthy match for such immortal mate
Myself well wote,[1] and mine unequal fate:
And were I not, yet is my troth yplight,[2]
And love avow'd to other lady late,
That to remove the same I have no might:
To change love causeless is reproach to warlike knight.'

[1] Know.
[2] Plighted.

LI.

Mammon emmovéd was with inward wrath;
Yet, forcing it to feign, him forth thence led,
Through grisly shadows by a beaten path,
Into a garden goodly garnishéd [redd:[3]
With herbs and fruits, whose kinds might not be
Not such as earth out of her fruitful womb
Throws forth to men, sweet and well savouréd,
But direful deadly black, both leaf and bloom,
Fit to adorn the dead and deck the dreary tomb.

[3] Explained.

LII.

There mournful cypress grew in greatest store;
And trees of bitter gall; and heben[4] sad;
Dead sleeping poppy; and black hellebore;
Cold coloquintida; and tetra mad;*
Mortal samnitis; and cicuta bad,
With which th' unjust Athenians made to die
Wise Socrates, who, thereof quaffing glad,
Pour'd out his life and last philosophy
To the fair Critias, his dearest belamy![5]

[4] Ebony.
[5] *Bel ami*, fair friend.

LIII.

The Garden of Prosérpina this hight:[6]
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arbour goodly over-dight,[7]

[6] Is called.
[7] Overspread.

* "Coloquintida, tetra," &c.: names of various vegetable poisons, such as the bitter-apple, night-shade, &c.

In which she often us'd from open heat
Herself to shroud, and pleasures to entreat:[1]
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches broad dispread and body great,
Clothéd with leaves, that none the wood might see,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might be.

[1] Enjoy.

LIV.

Their fruit were golden apples glist'ring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold;
On earth like never grew, ne[2] living wight
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;
For those, which Hercules with conquest bold
Got from great Atlas' daughters, hence began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;
And those, with which th' Eubœan young man[3] wan
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her outran.

[2] Nor.

[3] Hippomanes.

LV.

Here also sprung that goodly golden fruit,
With which Acontius got his lover true,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitless suit;
Here eke also that famous golden apple grew,
The which amongst the gods false Atè threw;
For which th' Idæan Ladies disagreed,
Till partial Paris dempt[4] it Venus' due,
And had of her fair Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greeks and Trojans made to bleed.

[4] Deemed.

LVI.

The warlike Elfe much wonder'd at this tree,
So fair and great, that shadow'd all the ground;
And his broad branches, laden with rich fee,[5]
Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
Of this great garden, compass'd with a mound:
Which over-hanging, they themselves did steep

[5] Property.

In a black flood, which flow'd about it round;
That is the river of Cocytus deep,
In which full many souls do endless wail and weep.

LVII.

Which to behold he clomb up to the bank,
And, looking down, saw many damned wights
In those sad waves, which direful deadly stank,
Plungéd continually of[1] cruel sprites,
That with their piteous cries, and yelling shrightes,[2]
They made the farther shore resounden wide:
Amongst the rest of those same rueful sights,
One cursed creature he by chance espied,
That drenchéd lay full deep under the garden side.

[1] By.
[2] Shrieks.

LVIII.

Deep was he drenchéd to the utmost chin,
Yet gapéd still as coveting to drink
Of the cold liquor which he waded in;
And, stretching forth his hand, did often think
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brink;
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth,
Did fly aback, and made him vainly swink;[3]
The whiles he starv'd with hunger, and with drouth[4]
He daily died, yet never throughly dien couth.[5]

[3] Labour.
[4] Thirst.
[5] Could.

LIX.

The Knight, him seeing labour so in vain,
Ask'd who he was, and what he meant thereby?
Who, groaning deep, thus answer'd him again;
'Most cursed of all creatures under sky,
Lo Tantalus, I here tormented lie!
Of whom high Jove wont whilome[6] feasted be;
Lo, here I now for want of food do die!
But, if that thou be such as I thee see,
Of grace I pray thee give to eat and drink to me!'

[6] Formerly.

LX.

'Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus,' quoth he,
'Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
And, unto all that live in high degree,
Ensample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to use their present state.'
Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,
Accusing highest Jove and gods ingrate;
And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
As author of injustice, there to let him die.

LXI.

He look'd a little farther and espied
Another wretch, whose carcase deep was drent[1]
Within the river which the same did hide:
But both his hands, most filthy feculent,[2]
Above the water were on high extent,[3]
And feign'd[4] to wash themselves incessantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fouler seeméd to the eye;
So lost his labour vain and idle industry.

[1] Drenched.
[2] Foul.
[3] Stretched.
[4] Pretended, seemed.

LXII.

The Knight, him calling, askéd who he was?
Who, lifting up his head, him answer'd thus;
'I Pilate am, the falsest judge, alas!
And most unjust; that, by unrighteous
And wicked doom, to Jews despiteous[5]
Deliver'd up the Lord of Life to die,
And did acquit a murd'rer felonous;
The whiles my hands I wash'd in purity,[6]
The whiles my soul was soil'd with foul iniquity.'

[5] Pitiless.
[6] In token of purity.

LXIII.

Infinite moe[7] tormented in like pain
He there beheld, too long here to be told:

[7] More.

Ne Mammon would there let him long remain,
For terror of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned souls he did behold,
But roughly him bespake: 'Thou fearful fool,
Why takest not of that same fruit of gold?
Ne [1] sittest down on that same silver stool,
To rest thy weary person in the shadow cool?'

[1] Nor.

LXIV.

All which he did to do [2] him deadly fall
In frail intemperance through sinful bait;
To which if he inclinéd had at all,
That dreadful fiend, which did behind him wait,
Would him have rent in thousand pieces straight:
But he was wary-wise in all his way,
And well perceivéd his deceitful sleight,
Ne suffer'd lust [3] his safety to betray:
So goodly did beguile the guiler [4] of his prey.

[2] Cause.
[3] Avarice.
[4] Deceiver.

LXV.

And now he has so long remainéd there,
That vital powers gan wax both weak and wan
For want of food and sleep, which two upbear,
Like mighty pillars, this frail life of man,
That none without the same enduren can:
For now three days of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardy enterprise began:
Forthy [5] great Mammon fairly he besought
Into the world to guide him back, as he him brought.

[5] Therefore.

LXVI.

The god, though loth, yet was constrain'd t' obey;
For longer time, than that, no living wight
Below the earth might suffer'd be to stay:
So back again him brought to living light.
But all so soon as his enfeebled sprite

Gan suck this vital air into his breast,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.

## CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, laid in swoon, is by
Acrates' sons despoil'd;
Whom Arthur soon hath rescued
And Paynim brethren foil'd.

I.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts: but O! th' exceeding grace
Of Highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

II.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,*
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O, why should Heavenly God to men have such regard!

* 'Pursuivant:' an officer-at-arms.

III.

During the while that Guyon did abide
In Mammon's House, the palmer, whom whilere[1] [1] A little while ago.
That wanton maid* of passage had denied,
By farther search had passage found elsewhere;
And, being on his way, approachéd near
Where Guyon lay in trance; when suddenly
He heard a voice that calléd loud and clear,
'Come hither, come hither, O! come hastily!'
That all the fields resounded with the rueful cry.

IV.

The palmer lent his ear unto the noise,
To weet[2] who calléd so impórtunely: [2] Learn.
Again he heard a more efforcéd[3] voice, [3] Louder.
That bade him come in haste: he by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delve[4] him brought at last, [4] Cave.
Where Mammon erst[5] did sun his treasury: [5] Before.
There the good Guyon he found slumb'ring fast
In senseless dream; which sight at first him sore
[aghast.[6] [6] Terrified.

V.

Beside his head there sat a fair young man,
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest years,
Whose tender bud to blossom new began,
And flourish fair above his equal peers:
His snowy front, curléd with golden heares,[7] [7] Hairs.
Like Phœbus' face adorn'd with sunny rays,
Divinely shone; and two sharp winged shears,[8] [8] Wings shaped like shear-blades.
Deckéd with diverse plumes, like painted jay's,
Were fixéd at his back to cut his airy ways.

VI.

Like as Cupido on Idæan hill,
When having laid his cruel bow away,

* 'Maid:' Phædria; see Canto VI. stanza XIX.

And mortal arrows, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murd'rous spoils and bloody prey;
With his fair mother he him dights[1] to play,
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three;
The goddess, pleaséd with his wanton play,
Suffers herself through sleep beguil'd to be,
The whiles the other ladies mind their merry glee.

[1] Prepares.

VII.

Whom when the palmer saw, abash'd he was
Through fear and wonder, that he naught could say;
Till him the child[2] bespoke; 'Long lack'd, alas,
Hath been thy faithful aid in hard assay![3]
Whiles deadly fit thy pupil doth dismay,
Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend sire!
But dread of death and dolour do away;
For life ere long shall to her home retire,
And he, that breathless seems, shall courage bold respire.

[2] Youth.
[3] Enterprise.

VIII.

'The charge, which God doth unto me arett,[4]
Of his dear safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forego, ne[5] yet forget
The care thereof myself unto the end,
But evermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou, I pray;
For evil is at hand him to offend.'
So having said, eftsoons[6] he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanish'd quite away.

[4] Allot.
[5] Nor.
[6] Immediately.

IX.

The palmer seeing his left empty place,
And his slow eyes beguiléd of their sight,
Wox[7] sore afraid, and standing still a space
Gaz'd after him, as fowl escap'd by flight:

[7] Grew.

At last, him turning to his charge behight,[1]
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;
Where finding life not yet dislodgéd quite,
He much rejoic'd and courd[2] it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatch'd, from dreaded destiny.

[1] Intrusted.
[2] Covered.

X.

At last he spied where towárds him did pace
Two Paynim knights all arm'd as bright as sky,
And them beside an aged sire[3] did trace,
And far before a light-foot page[4] did fly
That breathéd strife and troublous enmity.
Those were the two sons of Acrates old,
Who, meeting erst[5] with Archimago sly
Foreby[6] that Idle Strand, of him were told
That he, which erst them combated, was Guyon bold.

[3] Archimago.
[4] Atin.
[5] Before.
[6] Near.

XI.

Which to avenge on him they dearly vow'd,
Wherever that on ground they might him find:
False Archimage provok'd their courage proud,
And stryful[7] Atin in their stubborn mind
Coals of contention and hot vengeance tin'd.[8]
Now been they come whereas the Palmer sate,
Keeping that slumber'd corse to him assign'd:
Well knew they both his person, sith[9] of late
With him in bloody arms they rashly did debate.

[7] Strifeful.
[8] Kindled.
[9] Since.

XII.

Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage
That sire he foul bespake; 'Thou dotard vile,
That with thy bruteness shendst[10] thy comely age,
Abandon soon, I read,[11] the caytive[12] spoil
Of that same outcast carcass, that erewhile
Made itself famous through false treachery,
And crown'd his coward crest with knightly style;

[10] Disgracest.
[11] Advise.
[12] Captive

Lo! where he now inglorious doth lie,
To prove he livéd ill, that did thus foully die.'

XIII.

To whom the palmer fearless answered;
'Certes,[1] Sir Knight, ye been too much to blame,
Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,
And with foul cowardice his carcass shame
Whose living hands immortalis'd his name.
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold;
And envy base to bark at sleeping fame:
Was never wight that treason of him told: [bold.'
Yourself his prowess prov'd, and found him fierce and

[1] Surely.

XIV.

Then said Cymochles; 'Palmer, thou dost dote,
Ne[2] canst of prowess ne of knighthood deem,
Save as thou seest or hear'st: but well I wote,
That of his puissance trial made extreme:
Yet gold all is not that doth golden seem;
Ne all good knights that shake well spear and shield:
The worth of all men by their end esteem;
And then due praise or due reproach them yield:
Bad therefore I him deem that thus lies dead on field.'

[2] Nor.

XV.

'Good or bad,' gan his brother fierce reply,
'What do I reck, sith[3] that he died entire?[4]
Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
The greedy hunger of revenging ire,
Sith wrathful hand wrought not her own desire?
Yet, since no way is left to wreak my spite,
I will him reave[5] of arms, the victor's hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
For why should a dead dog be deck'd in armour bright?'

[3] Since.
[4] In full vigour.
[5] Strip.

XVI.

'Fair Sir,' said then the palmer suppliant,
'For knighthood's love do not so foul a deed,
Ne blame[1] your honour with so shameful vaunt
Of vile revenge: to spoil the dead of weed[2]
Is sacrilege, and doth all sins exceed;
But leave these relics of his living might
To deck his hearse, and trap[3] his tomb-black steed.'
'What hearse or steed,' said he, 'should he have
But be entombéd in the raven or the kite?' [dight,[4]

[1] Bring reproach on.
[2] Habiliments.
[3] Adorn.
[4] Prepared.

XVII.

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
And th'-other brother gan his helm unlace;
Both fiercely bent to have him disarray'd;
Till that they spied where towárds them did pace
An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
Whose squire bore after him an heben[5] lance
And cover'd shield: well kend[6] him so far space
Th' Enchanter by his arms and amenance,[7]
When under him he saw his Lybian steed to prance;

[5] Ebony.
[6] Knew.
[7] Carriage.

XVIII.

And to those brethren said; 'Rise, rise bylive,[8]
And unto battle do yourselves address;
For yonder comes the prowest knight alive,
Prince Arthur, flower of grace and nobilesse,
That hath to Paynim knights wrought great dis-
And thousand Sar'zins foully done to die.' [tress,
That word so deep did in their hearts impress,
That both eftsoons[9] upstarted furiously,
And gan themselves prepare to battle greedily.

[8] Immediately.
[9] Immediately.

XIX.

But fierce Pyrochles, lacking his own sword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,[10]

[10] Lament.

And Archimage besought, him that afford [1]
Which he had brought for Braggadochio vain.
'So would I,' said th' enchanter, 'glad and fain
Beteeme [2] to you this sword, you to defend,
Or aught that else your honour might maintain;
But that this weapon's power I well have kend [3]
To be contráry to the work which ye intend:

[1] To give him that sword.
[2] Deliver.
[3] Learned.

XX.

'For that same knight's own sword this is, of yore
Which Merlin made by his almighty art
For that his nursling, when he knighthood swore,
Therewith to doen his foes eternal smart.
The metal first he mixt with medæwart,[4]
That no enchantment from his dint might save;
Then it in flames of Ætna wrought apart,
And seven times dippéd in the bitter wave
Of hellish Styx, which hidden virtue to it gave.

[4] Meadow-wort.

XXI.

'The virtue is, that neither steel nor stone
The stroke thereof from entrance may defend;
Ne [5] ever may be uséd by his fone; [6]
Ne forc'd his rightful owner to offend;
Ne ever will it break, ne ever bend;
Wherefore *Morddure* [7] it rightfully is hight. [8]
In vain therefore, Pyrochles, should I lend
The same to thee, against his lord to fight;
For sure it would deceive thy labour and thy might.'

[5] Nor.
[6] Foes.
[7] Bite-sharp.
[8] Called.

XXII.

'Foolish old man,' said then the Pagan wroth,
'That weenest [9] words or charms may force withstond:
Soon shalt thou see, and then believe for troth,
That I can carve with this enchanted brond

[9] Thinkest.

His lord's own flesh.' Therewith out of his hond
That virtuous steel he rudely snatch'd away;
And Guyon's shield about his wrist he bond:
So ready dight,[1] fierce battle to assay,
And match his brother proud in battailous array.

[1] Prepared.

XXIII.

By this, that stranger knight in presence came,
And goodly salvéd[2] them; who naught again
Him answered, as courtesy became;
But with stern looks, and stomachous[3] disdain,
Gave signs of grudge and discontentment vain:
Then, turning to the palmer, he gan spy
Where at his feet, with sorrowful demayne[4]
And deadly hue, an arméd corse did lie,
In whose dead face he read great magnanimity.

[2] Saluted
[3] Haughty.
[4] Demeanour.

XXIV.

Said he then to the palmer; 'Reverend sire,
'What great misfortune hath betidd[5] this knight?
Or did his life her fatal date expire,
Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
However, sure I rue his piteous plight.'
'Not one, nor other,' said the palmer grave,
'Hath him befall'n; but clouds of deadly night
Awhile his heavy eyelids cover'd have,
And all his senses drownéd in deep senseless wave:

[5] Befallen.

XXV.

'Which those his cruel foes, that stand hereby,
Making advantage, to revenge their spite,
Would him disarm and treaten shamefully;
Unworthy usage of redoubted knight!
But you, fair sir, whose honourable sight
Doth promise hope of help and timely grace,
Might I beseech to succour his sad plight,

And by your power protect his feeble case?
First praise of knighthood is, foul outrage to deface.'[1]

[1] Prevent.

XXVI.

'Palmer,' said he, 'no knight so rude, I ween,
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost:[2]
Ne was there ever noble courage[3] seen,
That in advantage would his puissance boast:
Honour is least, where odds appeareth most.
May be, that better reason will assuage
The rash revengers' heat. Words, well dispost,[4]
Have secret power t' appease inflaméd rage:
If not, leave unto me thy knight's last patronage.'

[2] Soul.
[3] Heart, mind.
[4] Set forth.

XXVII.

Tho,[5] turning to those brethren, thus bespoke;
'Ye warlike pair, whose valorous great might,
It seems, just wrongs to vengeance do provoke,
To wreak your wrath on this dead-seeming knight,
Might aught allay the storm of your despite,
And settle patience in so furious heat?
Not to debate the challenge of your right,
But for his carcass pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat.'

[5] Then.

XXVIII.

To whom Cymochles said; 'For what art thou,
That mak'st thyself his days-man,[6] to prolong
The vengeance prest?[7] Or who shall let me now
On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
And make his carcass as the outcast dong?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfy
The guilt, which, if he livéd had thus long,
His life for due revenge should dear abye?[9]
The trespass still doth live, albë[10] the person die.'

[6] Arbitrator.
[7] Ready at hand.
[8] Hinder.
[9] Pay.
[10] Although.

XXIX.

'Indeed,' then said the Prince, 'the evil done
Dies not, when breath the body first doth leave;
But from the grandsire to the nephew's[1] son
And all his seed the curse doth often cleave,
Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave:
So straitly[2] God doth judge. But gentle knight,
That doth against the dead his hand uprear,
His honour stains with rancour and despite,
And great disparagement makes to his former might.'

[1] Grandson, descendant.
[2] Strictly.

XXX.

Pyrochles gan reply the second time,
And to him said; 'Now, felon, sure I read,[3]
How that thou art partaker of his crime:
Therefore, by Termagaunt,[4] thou shalt be dead.'
With that, his hand, more sad[5] than lump of lead,
Uplifting high, he weenéd with Morddure,
His own good sword Morddure, to cleave his head.
The faithful steel such treason no'uld[6] endure,
But, swerving from the mark, his lord's life did assure.

[3] Perceive.
[4] God of the Saracens.
[5] Heavy.
[6] Would not.

XXXI.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reel aside:
Nath'less[7] the Prince would not forsake his sell,[8]
(For well of yore he learnéd had to ride,)
But full of anger fiercely to him cried;
'False traitor, miscreant, thou broken hast
The law of arms, to strike foe undefied:
But thou thy treason's fruit, I hope, shalt taste
Right sour, and feel the law, the which thou hast
defaste.'[9]

[7] Nevertheless.
[8] Saddle.
[9] Broken.

XXXII.

With that his baleful spear he fiercely bent
Against the Pagan's breast, and therewith thought

His cursed life out of her lodge have rent:
But, ere the point arrivéd where it ought,
That seven-fold shield, which he from Guyon brought,
He cast between to ward the bitter stound:[1]
Through all those folds the steelhead passage wrought,
And through his shoulder pierc'd; wherewith to ground
He grovelling fell, all goréd in his gushing wound.

[1] Assault.

XXXIII.

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great grief
And wrath, he to him leapéd furiously,
And foully said; 'By Mahoun,[2] cursed thief,
That direful stroke thou dearly shalt abye.[3]'
Then, hurling up his harmful blade on high
Smote him so hugely on his haughty crest,
That from his saddle forcéd him to fly:
Else must it needs down to his manly breast
Have cleft his head in twain, and life thence dispossest.

[2] Mohammed.
[3] Pay.

XXXIV.

Now was the Prince in dangerous distress,
Wanting his sword when he on foot should fight:
His single spear could do him small redress
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any knight.
And now the other, whom he erst[4] did daunt,
Had rear'd himself again to cruel fight
Three times more furious and more puissant,
Unmindful of his wound, of his fate ignorant.

[4] Before.

XXXV.

So both at once him charge on either side
With hideous strokes and importable[5] power,
That forcéd him his ground to traverse wide,

[5] Not to be borne.

And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre:[1]
For on his shield, as thick as stormy shower,
Their strokes did rain; yet did he never quail,
Ne backward shrink; but as a steadfast tower,
Whom foe with double batt'ry doth assail, [avail.
Them on her bulwark bears, and bids them naught

[1] Attack.

XXXVI.

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay:
Till that at last, when he advantage spied,
His poignant spear he thrust with puissant sway
At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was wide,[2]
That through his thigh the mortal steel did gride:[3]
He, swerving with the force, within his flesh
Did break the lance, and let the head abide:
Out of the wound the red blood flowéd fresh,
That underneath his feet soon made a purple plesh.[4]

[2] Turned away.
[3] Pierce.
[4] Pool.

XXXVII.

Horribly then he gan to rage and rail,
Cursing his gods, and himself damning deep:
Als[5] when his brother saw the red blood rayle[6]
Adown so fast, and all his armour steep,
For very felness[7] loud he gan to weep,
And said; 'Caitiff, curse on thy cruel hond,
That twice hath sped;[8] yet shall it not thee keep
From the third brunt of this my fatal brond:
Lo, where the dreadful Death behind thy back doth stond!'

[5] Also.
[6] Flow.
[7] Fury.
[8] Succeeded.

XXXVIII.

With that he struck, and th' other struck withal,
That nothing seem'd might bear so monstrous might:
The one upon his coverèd shield did fall,
And glancing down would not his owner bite:
But th' other did upon his truncheon[9] smite;

[9] Spear-handle.

Which hewing quite asunder, farther way
It made, and on his hacquéton[1] did light,
The which dividing with impórtune[2] sway,
It seiz'd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

[1] Jacket worn under armour.
[2] Cruel.

XXXIX.

Wide was the wound, and a large lukewarm flood,
Red as the rose, thence gushéd grievously;
That when the Paynim spied the streaming blood,
Gave him great heart and hope of victory.
On th' other side, in huge perplexity
The Prince now stood, having his weapon broke;
Naught could he hurt, but still at ward did lie:
Yet with his truncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twice, that twice him forc'd his foot revoke.

XL.

Whom when the palmer saw in such distress,
Sir Guyon's sword he lightly to him raught,[3]
And said; 'Fair son, great God thy right hand
To use that sword so well as he it ought!'[4] [bless,
Glad was the Knight, and with fresh courage
When as again he arméd felt his hond: [fraught,
Then like a lion, which had long time saught[5]
His robbéd whelps, and at the last them fond
Amongst the shepherd swains, then waxeth wood[6]
and yond:

[3] Reached.
[4] It belonged to.
[5] Sought.
[6] Mad and furious.

XLI.

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blows
On either side, that neither mail could hold,
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:[7]
Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told;
Eft[8] to Cymochles twice so many fold;
Then, back again turning his busy hond,
Them both at once compell'd with courage bold

[7] Strokes.
[8] Then.

To yield wide way to his heart-thrilling brond;[1]
And though they both stood stiff, yet could not both withstond.

[1] Sword.

XLII.

As savage bull, whom two fierce mastiffs bait,
When rancour doth with rage him once engore,[2]
Forgets with wary ward them to await,
But with his dreadful horns them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads down in the floor,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdain,
That all the forest quakes to hear him roar:
So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt his foemen twain,
That neither could his mighty puissance sustain.

[2] Pierce.

XLIII.

But ever at Pyrochles when he smit,
(Who Guyon's shield cast ever him before,
Whereon the Faery Queen's portráit was writ,)
His hand relented and the stroke forbore,
And his dear heart the picture gan adore;
Which oft the Paynim sav'd from deadly stowre:[3]
But him henceforth the same can save no more;
For now arrivéd is his fatal hour,
That no'te[4] avoided be by earthly skill or pow'r.

[3] Blow.

[4] Could not.

XLIV.

For when Cymochles saw the foul reproach,
Which them appeachéd;[5] prick'd with guilty shame
And inward grief, he fiercely gan approach,
Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
Or die with honour and desert of fame;
And on the hauberk[6] struck the Prince so sore,
That quite disparted all the linked frame,
And piercéd to the skin, but bit no more;
Yet made him twice to reel, that never mov'd afore.

[5] Impeached.

[6] Coat of chain armour.

XLV.

Whereat renfierst[1] with wrath and sharp regret,
He struck so hugely with his borrow'd blade,
That it empierc'd the Pagan's burgonet;[2]
And, cleaving the hard steel, did deep invade
Into his head, and cruel passage made [ground,
Quite through his brain: he, tumbling down on
Breath'd out his ghost, which to th' infernal shade
Fast flying, there eternal torment found
For all the sins wherewith his lewd life did abound.

[1] Reinforced.
[2] Steel headpiece.

XLVI.

Which when his german[3] saw, the stony fear
Ran to his heart, and all his sense dismay'd;
Ne[4] thenceforth life ne courage did appear:
But, as a man whom hellish fiends have fray'd;[5]
Long trembling still he stood; at last thus said;
'Traitor, what hast thou done! How ever may
Thy cursed hand so cruelly have sway'd
Against that knight! Harrow and well away![6]
After so wicked deed why liv'st thou longer day!'

[3] Brother.
[4] Nor.
[5] Terrified.
[6] Help, alas!

XLVII.

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge desiring soon to die,
Assembling all his force and utmost might,
With his own sword he fierce at him did fly,
And struck, and foin'd,[7] and lash'd outrageously,
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
The Prince, with patience and suff'rance sly,[8]
So hasty heat soon cooléd to subdue: [renew.
Tho,[9] when this[10] breathless wox, that[11] battle gan

[7] Pushed.
[8] Deliberate.
[9] Then.
[10] The Paynim.
[11] The Prince.

XLVIII.

As when a windy tempest bloweth high,
That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,[12]

[12] Violence.

The clouds, as things afraid, before him fly;
But, all so soon as his outrageous power
Is laid, they fiercely then begin to shower;
And, as in scorn of his spent stormy spite,
Now all at once their malice forth do pour:
So did Prince Arthur bear himself in fight,
And suffer'd rash Pyrochles waste his idle might.

XLIX.

At last whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd
How that strange sword refus'd to serve his need,
But, when he struck most strong, the dint deceiv'd,
He flung it from him; and, devoid of dreed,[1]
Upon him lightly leaping without heed,
Twixt his two mighty arms engraspéd fast,
Thinking to overthrow and down him tread:
But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,
And through his nimble sleight did under him down cast.

[1] Fear.

L.

Naught booted it the Paynim then to strive;
For as a bittur[2] in the eagle's claw,
That may not hope by flight to 'scape alive,
Still waits for death with dread and trembling awe;
So he, now subject to the victor's law,
Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,
For vile disdain and rancour, which did gnaw
His heart in twain with sad meláncholy;
As one that loathéd life, and yet despis'd to die.

[2] Bittern.

LI.

But, full of princely bounty and great mind,
The conqueror naught caréd him to slay;
But, casting wrongs and all revenge behind,
More glory thought to give life than decay,[3]
And said; 'Paynim, this is thy dismal day;

[3] Death.

Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,[1]
And my true liegeman yield thyself for aye,
Life will I grant thee for thy valiance,
And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my sovenance.'[2]

[1] False faith.
[2] Memory.

LII.

'Fool,' said the Pagan, 'I thy gift defy;
But use thy fortune, as it doth befall;
And say, that I not overcome do die,
But in despite of life for death do call.'
Wroth was the Prince, and sorry yet withal,
That he so wilfully refuséd grace;
Yet, sith[3] his fate so cruelly did fall,
His shining helmet he gan soon unlace,
And left his headless body bleeding all the place.

[3] Since.

LIII.

By this, Sir Guyon from his trance awak'd,
Life having masteréd her senseless foe;
And looking up, whenas his shield he lack'd,
And sword saw not, he waxéd wondrous woe:[4]
But when the palmer, whom he long ago
Had lost, he by him spied, right glad he grew,
And said; 'Dear Sir, whom wand'ring to and fro
I long have lack'd, I joy thy face to view!
Firm is thy faith, whom danger never from me drew.

[4] Sad.

LIV.

'But read[5] what wicked hand hath robbéd me
Of my good sword and shield?' The palmer, glad
With so fresh hue uprising him to see,
Him answeréd; 'Fair son, be no whit sad
For want of weapons; they shall soon be had.'
So gan he to discourse the whole debate,[6]
Which that strange Knight for him sustainéd had,
And those two Sarazins confounded late,
Whose carcases on ground were horribly prostráte.

[5] Tell me.
[6] Battle.

LV.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens true,
His heart with great affection was embay'd,[1]
And to the Prince, with bowing reverence due,
As to the patron of his life, thus said;
'My lord, my liege, by whose most gracious aid
I live this day, and see my foes subdu'd,
What may suffice to be for meed repaid
Of so great graces as ye have me shew'd,
But to be ever bound'—

[1] Filled.

LVI.

To whom the Infant[2] thus; 'Fair Sir, what need
Good turns be counted, as a servile bond,
To bind their doers to receive their meed?
Are not all knights by oath bound to withstond
Oppressors' power by arms and puissant hond?
Suffice, that I have done my due[3] in place.'
So goodly purpose[4] they together fond
Of kindness and of courteous aggrace;[5]
The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled apace.

[2] Prince, from *infanta*.
[3] Duty.
[4] Discourse.
[5] Favour.

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## CANTO IX.

The House of Temperance, in which
Doth sober Alma dwell,
Besieg'd of many foes, whom stranger knights to flight compel.

I.

Of all God's works, which do this world adorn,
There is no one more fair and excellent
Than is man's body, both for power and form,
Whiles it is kept in sober government;
But none than it more foul and indecent,

Distemper'd through misrule and passions base;
It grows a monster, and incontinent[1]
Doth lose his dignity and native grace:
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

[1] Immediately.

II.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The Briton Prince recov'ring his stoll'n sword,
And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere[2]
Forth passéd on their way in fair accord,
Till him the prince with gentle court did bord;[3]
'Sir Knight, might I of you this court'sy read,[4]
To weet[5] why on your shield, so goodly scor'd,
Bear ye the picture of that Lady's head? [dead.'
Full lively is the semblaunt,[6] though the substance

[2] Together.
[3] Address.
[4] Ask.
[5] Learn.
[6] Likeness.

III.

'Fair Sir,' said he, 'if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and virtue in vain show;
What might ye ween,[7] if the true lively-head[8]
Of that most glorious visage ye did view!
But if the beauty of her mind ye knew,
That is, her bounty, and imperial power,
Thousand times fairer than her mortal hue,
O! how great wonder would your thoughts devour,
And infinite desire into your spirit pour!

[7] What would you think.
[8] Living original.

IV.

'She is the mighty Queen of Faëry,
Whose fair retrait[9] I in my shield do bear;
She is the flower of grace and chastity,
Throughout the world renowned far and near,
My Life, my Liege, my Sovereign, my Dear,
Whose glory shineth as the morning star,
And with her light the earth illumines clear;

[9] Portrait.

Far reach her mercies, and her praises far,
As well in state of peace, as puíssance in war.'

V.

'Thrice happy man,' said then the Briton Knight,
'Whom gracious lot and thy great valiance
Have made thee soldier of that Princess bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenance
Doth bless her servants, and them high advance!
How may strange knight hope ever to aspire,
By faithful service and meet amenance,[1]
Unto such bliss? sufficient were that hire
For loss of thousand lives, to die at her desire.'

[1] Deportment.

VI.

Said Guyon, 'Noble lord, what meed so great,
Or grace of earthly prince so soveraine,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easily attain?
But were your will her sold[2] to entertain,[3]
And number'd be mongst Knights of Maidenhead,
Great guerdon, well I wote,[4] should you remain,
And in her favour high be reckoned,
As Arthegall and Sophy now been honoured.'

[2] Her pay.
[3] Receive.
[4] Know.

VII.

'Certes,' then said the Prince, 'I God avow,
That sith[5] I arms and knighthood first did plight,
My whole desire hath been, and yet is now,
To serve that Queen with all my power and might.
Now hath the sun with his lamp-burning light
Walk'd round about the world, and I no less,
Sith of that Goddess I have sought the sight,
Yet nowhere can her find; such happiness
Heaven doth to me envý and fortune favourless.'[6]

[5] Since.
[6] Not favouring.

VIII.

'Fortune, the foe of famous chevisance,[1]
Seldom,' said Guyon, 'yields to virtue aid,
But in her way throws mischief and mischance,
Whereby her course is stopt and passage staid.
But you, fair Sir, be not herewith dismay'd,
But constant keep the way in which ye stand;
Which were it not that I am else delay'd
With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
I labour would to guide you through all Faery land.'

[1] Enterprise.

IX.

'Gramercy,[2] Sir,' said he; 'but mote I weet[3]
What strange adventure do ye now pursue?
Perhaps my succour or advisement meet
Might stead[4] you much your purpose to subdue.'
Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew
Of false Acrasia, and her wicked wiles;
Which to avenge, the palmer him forth drew
From Faery Court. So talkéd they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measur'd many miles.

[2] Many thanks.
[3] Might I know.
[4] Help.

X.

And now fair Phœbus gan decline in haste
His weary waggon to the western vale,
Whenas they spied a goodly Castle, plac'd
Foreby[5] a river in a pleasant dale;
Which choosing for that evening's hospitale,[6]
They thither marcht: but when they came in sight,
And from their sweaty coursers did avale,[7]
They found the gates fast barréd long ere night,
And every loop[8] fast lock'd, as fearing foes' despite.

[5] Near to.
[6] Inn.
[7] Alight.
[8] Loophole.

XI.

Which when they saw, they weenéd foul reproach
Was to them done, their entrance to forestall;[9]

[9] Prevent.

Till that the squire gan nigher to approach,
And wind his horn under the Castle wall,
That with the noise it shook as it would fall.
Eftsoons[1] forth lookéd from the highest spire
The watch, and loud unto the knights did call,
To weet[2] what they so rudely did require:
Who gently answeréd, they entrance did desire.

[1] Immediately.
[2] Know.

XII.

'Fly, fly, good knights,' said he, 'fly fast away,
If that your lives ye love, as meet ye should;
Fly fast, and save yourselves from near decay;[3]
Here may ye not have entrance, though we would:
We would and would again, if that we could;
But thousand enemies about us rave,
And with long siege us in this Castle hould:
Seven years this wise they us besiegéd have,
And many good knights slain that have us sought to save.'

[3] Destruction.

XIII.

Thus as he spoke, lo! with outrageous cry
A thousand villains round about them swarm'd
Out of the rocks and caves adjoining nigh;
Vile caitiff wretches, ragged, rude, deform'd,
All threat'ning death, all in strange manner arm'd;
Some with unwieldy clubs, some with long spears,
Some rusty knives, some staves in fiër warm'd:
Stern was their look; like wild amazéd steers,[4]
Staring with hollow eyes, and stiff upstanding heares.[5]

[4] Oxen.
[5] Hairs.

XIV.

Fiercely at first those knights they did assail,
And drove them to recoil: but, when again
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to fail,
Unable their encounter to sustain;

For with such puissance and impetuous main [1]
Those champions broke on them, that forc'd them fly,
Like scatter'd sheep, whenas the shepherd-swain
A lion and a tiger doth espy
With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nigh.

[1] Force.

XV.

A while they fled, but soon return'd again
With greater fury than before was found;
And evermore their cruel capitain
Sought with his rascal routs [2] t'enclose them round,
And overrun to tread them to the ground: [blades
But soon the knights with their bright-burning
Broke their rude troops, and orders did confound,
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades;
For though they bodies seem, yet substance from them fades.

[2] Multitude of low persons.

XVI.

As when a swarm of gnats at eventide
Out of the fens of Allan* do arise,
Their murmuring small trumpets sounden wide,
Whiles in the air their clust'ring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seem to dim the skies;
Ne [3] man nor beast may rest or take repast
For their sharp wounds and noyous [4] injuries,
Till the fierce northern wind with blust'ring blast
Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast.

[3] Nor.

[4] Annoying.

XVII.

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
Unto the Castle gate they come again,
And entrance crav'd, which was deniéd erst.[5]
Now when report of that their perlous [6] pain,
And cumbrous conflict which they did sustain,
Came to the Lady's ear which there did dwell,

[5] First.

[6] Perilous.

* 'Allan:' a bog in Ireland.

She forth issúed with a goodly train
Of squires and ladies equipagéd well,
And entertainéd them right fairly, as befell.

XVIII.

Alma she calléd was; a virgin bright,
That had not yet felt Cupid's wanton rage;
Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle knight,
And many a lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to link in marriage:
For she was fair, as fair might ever be,
And in the flower now of her freshest age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modesty,
That even heaven rejoicéd her sweet face to see.

XIX.

In robe of lily white she was array'd,
That from her shoulder to her heel down raught;[1]
The train whereof loose far behind her stray'd,
Branchéd with gold and pearl most richly wrought,
And borne of two fair damsels which were taught
That service well: her yellow golden heare[2]
Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tire[3] she on her head did wear,
But crownéd with a garland of sweet rosiere.[4]

[1] Reached.
[2] Hair.
[3] Head-dress.
[4] Rose-tree.

XX.

Goodly she entertain'd those noble knights,
And brought them up into her Castle hall;
Where gentle court and gracíous delight
She to them made, with mildness virginal,
Showing herself both wise and liberal.
There when they rested had a season due,
They her besought of favour special
Of that fair Castle to afford them view: [did shew.
She granted; and, them leading forth, the same

XXI.

First she them led up to the Castle wall,
That was so high as foe might not it climb,
And all so fair and fensible[1] withal;
Not built of brick, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that Ægyptian slime,
Whereof king Nine[2] whilome[3] built Babel tower:
But O great pity, that no longer time
So goodly workmanship should not endure!
Soon it must turn to earth: no earthly thing is sure.

[1] Defensible.
[2] Ninus.
[3] Formerly.

XXII.

The frame thereof seem'd partly circular,
And part triangular; O work divine!
Those two the first and last proportions are;
The one imperfect, mortal, feminine;
Th' other immortal, perfect, masculine;
And 'twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportion'd equally by seven and nine;
Nine was the circle set in heavens' place:
All which compacted made a goodly diapase.[4]

[4] Diapason, term in music.

XXIII.

Therein two gates were placed seemly well:
The one before, by which all in did pass,
Did th' other far in workmanship excel;
For not of wood, nor of enduring brass,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was:
Doubly disparted, it did lock and close,
That, when it lockéd, none might thorough pass,
And, when it open'd, no man might it close;
Still open'd to their friends, and closéd to their foes.

XXIV.

Of hewen stone the porch was fairly wrought,
Stone more of value, and more smooth and fine,

Than jet or marble far from Ireland brought;
Over the which was cast a wand'ring vine,
Enchaséd[1] with a wanton ivy twine:
And over it a fair portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline
With comely compass and compacture strong,
Neither unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

[1] Adorned.

XXV.

Within the barbican[2] a porter sate,
Day and night duly keeping watch and ward;
Nor wight nor word might pass out of the gate,
But in good order, and with due regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debarr'd,
Babblers of folly, and blazers of crime:
His larum-bell might loud and wide be heard
When cause requir'd, but never out of time;
Early and late it rung, at evening and at prime.

[2] Out-work.

XXVI.

And round about the porch on every side
Twice sixteen warders sat, all arméd bright
In glist'ring steel, and strongly fortified:
Tall yeomen seeméd they and of great might,
And were enrangéd ready still for fight.
By them as Alma passéd with her guests,
They did obeisance, as beseeméd right,
And then again returned to their rests:
The porter eke to her did lout[3] with humble gests.[4]

[3] Bow.
[4] Gestures.

XXVII.

Thence she them brought into a stately hall,
Wherein were many tables fair dispread,
And ready dight[5] with drapets[6] festival,
Against the viands should be minist'red.
At th' upper end there sat, yclad in red

[5] Dressed.
[6] Linen cloths.

Down to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white rod managed;
He steward was, hight[1] Diet; ripe of age,
And in demeanour sober, and in counsel sage.

[1] Called.

XXVIII.

And through the hall there walkéd to and fro
A jolly yeoman, marshal of the same,
Whose name was Appetite; he did bestow
Both guests and meat, whenever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the steward bade. They both attone[2]
Did duty to their Lady, as became;
Who, passing by, forth led her guests anon
Into the kitchen room, ne spar'd for niceness none.

[2] Together.

XXIX.

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,[3]
With many ranges rear'd along the wall,
And one great chimney, whose long tunnel thence
The smoke forth threw: and in the midst of all
There placéd was a cauldron wide and tall
Upon a mighty furnace, burning hot,
More hot than Ætn', or flaming Mongiball:*
For day and night it brent,[4] ne ceaséd not,
So long as any thing it in the cauldron got.

[3] Expense.

[4] Burnt.

XXX.

But to delay[5] the heat, lest by mischance
It might break out and set the whole on fire,
There added was by goodly ordinance
An huge great pair of bellows, which did stire[6]
Continually, and cooling breath inspire.
About the cauldron many cooks accoyld[7]
With hooks and ladles, as need did require;

[5] Temper.

[6] Stir, move.

[7] Stood round.

* 'Mongiball:' or Mongibello, another name for Ætna.

The whiles the viands in the vessel boil'd,
They did about their business sweat, and sorely toil'd.

XXXI.

The master cook was call'd Concoction;
A careful man, and full of comely guise:
The kitchen clerk, that hight[1] Digestion,
Did order all th' achátes[2] in seemly wise,
And set them forth, as well he could devise.
The rest had several offices assign'd;
Some to remove the scum as it did rise;
Others to bear the same away did mind;
And others it to use according to his kind.

[1] Was called.
[2] Provisions.

XXXII.

But all the liquor, which was foul and waste,
Not good nor serviceable else for aught,
They in another great round vessel placéd,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought;
And all the rest, that noyous[3] was and naught,
By secret ways, that none might it espy,
Was close convey'd, and to the backgate brought,
That clepéd[4] was Port Esquiline, whereby
It was avoided quite, and thrown out privily.

[3] Offensive.
[4] Named.

XXXIII.

Which goodly order and great workman's skill
Whenas those knights beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;
For never had they seen so strange a sight.
Thence back again fair Alma led them right,
And soon into a goodly parlour brought,
That was with royal arras richly dight,[5]
In which was nothing poúrtrayéd nor wrought;
Not wrought nor poúrtrayéd, but easy to be thought:

[5] Dressed.

XXXIV.

And in the midst thereof upon the flour[1]
A lovely bevy of fair ladies* sate,
Courted of many a jolly[2] paramour,
The which them did in modest wise amate,[3]
And each one sought his lady to aggrate.[4]
And eke amongst them little Cupid play'd
His wanton sports, being returnéd late
From his fierce wars, and having from him lay'd
His cruel bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismay'd.

[1] Floor.
[2] Handsome.
[3] Accompany.
[4] Please.

XXXV.

Diverse delights they found themselves to please;
Some sung in sweet consórt;[5] some laugh'd for joy;
Some play'd with straws; some idly sat at ease;
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleasance was to them grief and annoy:
This frown'd; that fawn'd; the third for shame
Another seeméd envious, or coy; [did blush;
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush:
But at these strangers' presence every one did hush.

[5] Concert.

XXXVI.

Soon as the gracious Alma came in place,
They all at once out of their seats arose,
And to her homage made with humble grace:
Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselves to court, and each a damsel chose:
The Prince by chance did on a lady light,
That was right fair and fresh as morning rose,
But somewhat sad and solemn eke in sight,[6]
As if some pensive thought constrain'd her gentle sprite.

[6] In appearance.

* 'Ladies:' the Affections.

XXXVII.

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was fretted[1] all about, she was array'd;
And in her hand a poplar branch did hold;
To whom the Prince in courteous manner said;
'Gentle madáme, why been ye thus dismay'd,
And your fair beauty do with sadness spill?[2]
Lives any that you hath thus ill apayd?[3]
Or doen you love, or doen you lack your will?
Whatever be the cause, it sure beseems you ill.'

[1] Embroidered.
[2] Spoil.
[3] Treated.

XXXVIII.

'Fair Sir,' said she, half in disdainful wise,
'How is it that this word in me ye blame,
And in yourself do not the same advise?[4]
Him ill beseems another's fault to name,
That may unwares be blotted with the same:
Pensive I yield I am, and sad in mind,
Through great desire of glory and of fame;
Ne aught I ween are ye therein behind,
That have twelve months sought one, yet nowhere can her find.'

[4] Perceive.

XXXIX.

The Prince was inly movéd at her speech,
Well weeting[5] true what she had rashly[6] told;
Yet with fair semblaunt[7] sought to hide the breach,
Which change of colour did perforce unfold,
Now seeming flaming hot, now stony cold:
Tho,[8] turning soft aside, he did inquire
What wight she was that poplar branch did hold:
It answer'd was, her name was Praise-desire,
That by well-doing sought to honour to aspire.

[5] Knowing
[6] At a venture.
[7] Appearance.
[8] Then.

XL.

The whiles the Faery Knight did entertain
Another damsel of that gentle crew,

That was right fair and modest of demaine,[1]
But that too oft she chang'd her native hue:
Strange was her tire,[2] and all her garment blue,
Close round about her tuck'd with many a plight:[3]
Upon her fist the bird, which shunneth view,
And keeps in coverts close from living wight,
Did sit, as yet asham'd how rude Pan did her dight.[4]

[1] Demeanour.
[2] Dress.
[3] Fold.
[4] Treat.

XLI.

So long as Guyon with her communéd,
Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anon with rosy red
The bashful blood her snowy cheeks did dye,
That her became, as polish'd ivory
Which cunning craftsman hand hath overlaid
With fair vermilion or pure lastery.[5]
Great wonder had the Knight to see the maid
So strangely passionéd,[6] and to her gently said;

[5] Red colour.
[6] Affected, moved.

XLII.

'Fair damsel, seemeth by your troubled chere,[7]
That either me too bold ye ween,[8] this wise
You to molest, or other ill to fear
That in the secret of your heart close lies,
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, arise:
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But, if aught else that I might not devise,
I will, if please you it discure,[9] assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.'

[7] Air.
[8] Think.
[9] Reveal.

XLIII.

She answer'd naught, but more abash'd for shame
Held down her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion[10] marr'd her modest grace,
That Guyon marvell'd at her uncouth case;[11]

[10] Emotion.
[11] Singular appearance.

Till Alma him bespake; 'Why wonder ye,
Fair sir, at that which ye so much embrace?[1]
She is the fountain of your modesty;
You shamefast are, but Shamefastness itself is she.'

[1] Of which you have so large a share.

XLIV.

Thereat the Elfe did blush in privity,
And turn'd his face away; but she the same
Dissembled[2] fair, and feign'd to oversee.[3]
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game
Themselves did solace each one with his dame,
Till that great Lady thence away them sought
To view her Castle's other wondrous frame:
Up to a stately turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of alabaster wrought.

[2] Pretended not to observe.
[3] Overlook.

XLV.

That turret's frame most admirable was,
Like highest heaven compassèd around,
And lifted high above this earthly mass,
Which it surview'd,[4] as hills doen lower ground:
But not on ground might like to this be found;
Not that, which antique Cadmus whilome[5] built
In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;
Nor that proud tower of Troy, though richly gilt,
From which young Hector's[6] blood by cruel Greeks was spilt.

[4] Overlooked.
[5] Formerly.
[6] Hector's son.

XLVI.

The roof hereof was archèd overhead,
And deck'd with flowers and herbars[7] daintily;
Two goodly beacons, set in watches' stead,
Therein gave light and flam'd continually:
For they of living fire most subtily
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
Cover'd with lids devis'd of substance sly,[8]

[7] Plants.
[8] Finely wrought.

That readily they shut and open might.
O, who can tell the praises of that Maker's might!

XLVII.

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell, [power,
This part's great workmanship and wondrous
That all this other world's work doth excel,
And likest is unto that heavenly tower
That God hath built for his own blessed bower,
Therein were divers rooms, and divers stages;
But three the chiefest and of greatest power,
In which there dwelt three honourable sages,
[1] Think. The wisest men, I ween,[1] that livéd in their ages.

XLVIII.

[2] Socrates. Not he,[2] whom Greece, the nurse of all good arts,
By Phœbus' doom the wisest thought alive,
Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
[3] Nestor. Nor that sage Pylian sire,[3] which did survive
[4] Reckon. Three ages, such as mortal men contrive,[4]
By whose advice old Priam's city fell,
With these in praise of policies might strive.
These three in these three rooms did sundry dwell,
And counselléd fair Alma how to govern well.

XLIX.

The first of them could things to come foresee;
The next could of things present best advise,
The third things past could keep in memory:
So that no time nor reason could arise,
But that the same could one of these comprise.
[5] Therefore. Forthy[5] the first did in the fore-part sit,
[6] Forethought, judgment. That naught might hinder his quick prejudice;[6]
He had a sharp foresight and working wit
That never idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

L.

His chamber was dispainted all within
With sundry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of things dispersèd thin;
Some such as in the world were never yet,
Ne[1] can deviséd be of mortal wit;
Some daily seen and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies do flit;
Infernal hags, centaurs, fiends, hippodames,[2]
pes, lions, eagles, owls, fools, lovers, children, dames.

[1] Nor.

[2] Sea-horses.

LI.

And all the chamber filléd was with flies
Which buzzéd all about, and made such sound
That they encumber'd all men's ears and eyes;
Like many swarms of bees assembled round,
After their hives with honey do abound.
All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,
Devices, dreams, opinions unsound,
Shows, visions, sooth-sayës, and prophecies;
nd all that feignéd is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

LII.

Amongst them all sate he which wonnéd[3] there,
That hight[4] Phantastes by his nature true;
A man of years yet fresh, as might appear,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hue,
That him full of meláncholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle brows, sharp staring eyes,
That mad or foolish seem'd: one by his view
Might deem him born with ill-disposéd skies,
hen oblique[5] Saturn sate in th' house of agonies.

[3] Dwelt.

[4] Is called.

[5] Unpropitious.

LIII.

Whom Alma having showéd to her guests,
Thence brought them to the second room whose
Were painted fair with memorable gests[6] [walls

[6] Deeds.

Of famous wizards; and with picturals
Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commonwealths, of states, of policy,
Of laws, of judgments, and of décretals,
All arts, all science, all philosophy,
And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.[1]

[1] Wisely.

LIV.

Of those that room was full; and them among
There sate a Man* of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continual practice and uságe
He now was grown right wise and wondrous sage
Great pleasure had those stranger knights to see
His goodly reason and grave personage,
That his disciples both desir'd to be: [three
But Alma thence them led to th' hindmost room o

LV.

That chamber seeméd ruinous and old,
And therefore was removéd far behind,
Yet were the walls, that did the same uphold,
Right firm and strong, though somewhat they declin'd;
And therein sat an old old Man,† half blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,[2]
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
And recompens'd them with a bitter scorse:[3]
Weak body well is chang'd for mind's redoubled force.

[2] Body.
[3] Exchange.

LVI.

This man of infinite remembrance was,
And things forgone[4] through many ages held,
Which he recorded still as they did pass,

[4] Gone by.

* 'A Man:' the Judgment.
† 'An old old Man:' Eumnestes, or Good Memory.

Ne suffer'd them to perish through long eld,
As all things else the which this world doth weld;
But laid them up in his immortal scrine,[1]
Where they for ever incorrupted dwell'd:
The wars he well remember'd of king Nine,
Of old Assaracus, and Inachus divine.

[1] Shrine.

LVII.

The years of Nestor nothing were to his,
Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liv'd;
For he remember'd both their infancies:
Ne wonder then if that he were depriv'd
Of native strength now that he them surviv'd.
His chamber all was hang'd about with rolls
And old records from ancient times deriv'd,
Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

LVIII.

Amidst them all he in a chair was set,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unable them to fet,[2]
A little boy did on him still attend
To reach, whenever he for aught did send:
And oft when things were lost, or laid amiss,
That boy them sought and unto him did lend:
Therefore he Anamnestes * clepéd is;
And that old man Eumnestes, by their properties.

[2] Fetch.

LIX.

The knights there ent'ring did him reverence due,
And wonder'd at his endless exercise.
Then as they gan his library to view,
And antique registers for to avise,[3]
There chancéd to the Prince's hand to rise

[3] Examine.

* 'Anamnestes:' Recollection.

An ancient book, hight[1] *Briton Moniments,*
That of this land's first conquest did devise,
And old division into regiments[2]
'Till it reducéd was to one man's governments.

[1] Called.

[2] Governments.

LX.

Sir Guyon chanc'd eke on another book,
That hight *Antiquity of Faery Lond:*
In which whenas he greedily did look,
Th' offspring of Elves and Fairies there he fond
As it delivered was from hond to hond:[3]
Whereat they, burning both with fervent fire
Their country's ancestry to understond,
Crav'd leave of Alma and that aged sire
To read those books; who gladly granted their desi

[3] Hand.

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## CANTO X.

**A chronicle of Briton Kings,***
**From Brute to Uther's reign;**
**And rolls of Elfin Emperors,**
**Till time of Gloriane.**

I.

Who now shall give unto me words and sound
Equal unto this haughty[4] enterprise?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which fr
My lowly verse may loftily arise, [grou
And lift itself unto the highest skies?
More ample spirit than hitherto was wount[5]
Here needs me, whiles the famous ancestries
Of my most dreaded Sov'reign I recount,
By which all earthly princes she doth far surmou

[4] High.

[5] Wont.

* 'A chronicle:' fabulous, and derived from Geoffrey of Monmouth

II.

Ne under sun that shines so wide and fair,
Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,
Lives aught that to her lineage may compare;
Which though from earth it be derivéd right,
Yet doth itself stretch forth to heaven's height,
And all the world with wonder overspread;
A labour huge, exceeding far my might!
How shall frail pen, with fear disparaged,
Conceive such sovereign glory and great bountyhed!

III.

Argument worthy of Mæonian quill;
Or rather worthy of great Phœbus' rote,[1]
Whereon the ruins of great Ossa hill,
And triumphs of Phlegræan Jove, he wrote,
That all the gods admir'd his lofty note.
But, if some relish of that heavenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report
To deck my song withal, I would assay
Thy name, O sovereign Queen, to blazon far away.

[1] The lyre

IV.

Thy name, O sovereign Queen, thy realm, and race,
From this renownéd prince derivéd are,
Who mightily upheld that royal mace[2]
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended far
From mighty kings and conquerors in war,
Thy fathers and great-grandfathers of old,
Whose noble deeds above the northern star
Immortal Fame for ever hath enroll'd;
As in that Old Man's book they were in order told.

[2] Sceptre.

V.

The land which warlike Britons now possess,
And therein have their mighty empire rais'd,

In ántique times was salvage wilderness,
Unpeopled, unmanur'd, unprov'd, unprais'd,
Ne was it island then, ne was it pais'd [1]
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought
Of merchants far for profits therein prais'd;
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have been from the Celtic main-land brought.

[1] Poised.

VI.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
Till that the venturous mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
Which all along the southern sea-coast lay,
Threat'ning unheedy wreck and rash decay,
For safëty that same his sea-mark made,
And nam'd it ALBION: but later day,
Finding in it fit ports for fishers' trade,
Gan more the same frequent, and farther to invade.

VII.

But far inland a savage nation dwelt
Of hideous giants, and half-beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodness felt;
But wild like beasts lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as roebuck through the fen,
All naked without shame or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling livéden; [2]
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That sons of men amaz'd their sternness to behold.

[2] Lived.

VIII.

But whence they sprung, or how they were begot,
Uneath [3] is to assure; uneath to ween [4]
That monstrous error which doth some assott, [5]
That Dioclesian's fifty daughters shene [6]
Into this land by chance have driven been;

[3] Difficult.
[4] Believe.
[5] Beguile, deceive.
[6] Bright.

Where, companing[1] with fiends and filthy sprites
Through vain illusion of their lust unclean,
They brought forth giants, and such dreadful wights
As far exceeded men in their unmeasur'd mights.

[1] Associating.

IX.

They held this land, and with their filthiness
Polluted this same gentle soil long time;
That their own mother loath'd their beastliness,
And gan abhor her brood's unkindly[2] crime,
All[3] were they born of her own native slime:
Until that Brutus, anciently deriv'd
From royal stock of old Assarac's line,
Driven by fatal[4] error here arriv'd,
And them of their unjust possessíon depriv'd.

[2] Unnatural.
[3] Although.
[4] Ordained by fate.

X.

But ere he had establishéd his throne,
And spread his empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great battles with his savage fone:[5]
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many giants left on groaning floor:[6]
That well can witness yet unto this day
The western Hogh,* besprinkled with the gore
Of mighty Goëmot, whom in stout fray
Corineus conqueréd, and cruelly did slay.

[5] Foes.
[6] Ground.

XI.

And eke that ample pit, yet far renown'd
For the large leap which Debon did compel
Coulin† to make, being eight lugs[7] of ground,
Into the which returning back he fell:
But those three monstrous stones do most excel,
Which that huge son of hideous Albion,
Whose father Hercules in France did quell,

[7] Perches.

* 'Hogh:' or Haw, an elevated place near Plymouth.
† 'Coulin:' Old King Coul, well known to readers of songs.

Great Godmer threw, in fierce contentíon,
At bold Canutus; but of him was slain anon.

XII.

In meed of these great conquests by them got,
Corineus had that province utmost west
To him assignéd for his worthy lot,
Which of his name and memorable gest[1]
He calléd Cornwall, yet so calléd best:
And Debon's share was, that is Devonshire:
But Canute had his portion from the rest,
The which he call'd Canutium, for his hire;
Now Cantium, which Kent we commonly inquire.[2]

[1] Deed.
[2] Call.

XIII.

Thus Brute this realm unto his rule subdu'd,
And reignéd long in great felicity,
Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eschew'd:
He left three sons, his famous progeny,
Born of fair Inogene of Italy;
'Mongst whom he parted his imperial state,
And Locrine left chief lord of Brittany.
At last ripe age bade him surrender late
His life, and long good fortune, unto final fate.

XIV.

Locrine was left the sovereign lord of all;
But Albanact had all the northern part,
Which of himself Albania[3] he did call;
And Camber did possess the western quart,[4]
Which Severn now from Logris doth depart:[5]
And each his portion peaceably enjoy'd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in heart,
That once their quiet government annoy'd;
But each his pains to other's profit still employ'd.

[3] Scotland.
[4] Quarter.
[5] Separate.

XV.

Until a nation strange, with visage swart
And courage fierce that all men did affray,
Which through the world then swarm'd in every part,
And overflow'd all countries far away,
Like Noy's[1] great flood, with their impórtune[2]
This land invaded with like violence, [sway,
And did themselves through all the north display;
Until that Locrine for his realm's defence,
Did head against them make and strong munificence.[3]

[1] Noah's.
[2] Cruel.
[3] Defence.

XVI.

He them encounter'd, a confuséd rout,
Foreby[4] the river that whilóme[5] was hight[6]
The ancient Abus,[7] where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chas'd so fiercely after fearful flight,
That forc'd their chieftain, for his safety's sake,
(Their chieftain Humber naméd was aright,)
Unto the mighty stream him to betake,
Where he an end of battle and of life did make.

[4] Near to.
[5] Formerly.
[6] Called.
[7] The Humber.

XVII.

The King returnéd proud of victory,
And insolent wox[8] through unwonted ease,
That shortly he forgot the jeopardy,
Which in his land he lately did appease,
And fell to vain voluptuous disease:
He lov'd fair Lady Estrild, lewdly lov'd,
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
That quite his heart from Guendolene remov'd,
From Guendolene his wife, though always faithful prov'd.

[8] Grew.

XVIII.

The noble daughter of Corinëus
Would not endure to be so vile disdain'd,

But, gathering force and courage valorous,
Encounter'd him in battle well ordain'd,
In which him vanquish'd she to fly constrain'd:
But she so fast pursu'd, that him she took
And threw in bands, where he till death remain'd
Als[1] his fair leman flying through a brook
She overhent,[2] naught movéd with her piteous look

[1] Also.
[2] Overtook.

XIX.

But both herself, and eke[3] her daughter dear
Begotten by her kingly paramour,
The fair Sabrina, almost dead with fear,
She there attachéd,[4] far from all succoúr:
The one she slew upon the present flour;[5]
But the sad virgin innocent of all
Adown the rolling river she did pour,
Which of her name now Severn men do call:
Such was the end that to disloyal love did fall.

[3] Also.
[4] Seized.
[5] On the spot.

XX.

Then for her son, which she to Locrine bore,
(Madan was young, unmeet the rule to sway,)
In her own hand the crown she kept in store,
Till riper years he raught[6] and stronger stay:
During which time her power she did display
Through all this realm, the glory of her sex,
And first taught men a woman to obey:
But, when her son to man's estate did wex,[7]
She it surrender'd, ne[8] herself would longer vex.

[6] Reached.
[7] Grow.
[8] Nor.

XXI.

Tho[9] Madan reign'd, unworthy of his race;
For with all shame that sacred throne he filed.[10]
Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place,
In which being consorted with Manild,
For thirst of single kingdom him he kill'd.

[9] Then.
[10] Defiled.

But Ebranck salvéd[1] both their infamies
With noble deeds, and warrey'd[2] on Brunchild*
In Henault,† where yet of his victories
Brave monuments remain, which yet that land envíes.

[1] Healed.
[2] Made war.

XXII.

An happy man in his first days he was,
And happy father of fair progeny:
For all so many weeks, as the year has,
So many children he did multiply;
Of which were twenty sons, which did apply
Their minds to praise and chivalrous desire:
Those germans[3] did subdue all Germany,
Of whom it hight[4]; but in the end their sire
With foul repulse from France was forcéd to retire.

[3] Brothers
[4] Was called.

XXIII.

Which blot his son succeeding in his seat,
The second Brute, the second both in name
And eke in semblance of his puissance great,
Right well recur'd,[5] and did away that blame
With recompense of everlasting fame:
He with his victor sword first openéd
The bowels of wide France, a forlorn dame,
And taught her first how to be conqueréd;
Since which, with sundry spoils she hath been ran-

[5] Recovered.

XXIV. [sackéd.

Let Scaldis[6] tell, and let tell Hania,
And let the marsh of Esthambruges tell,
What colour were their waters that same day,
And all the moor twixt Elversham and Dell,
With blood of Henalois which therein fell.
How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see
The *green shield* dy'd in dolorous vermell?[7]

[6] The Scheldt.
[7] Red.

* 'Brunchild:' a German hero of romance.
† 'Henault:' or Hainault, a well-known Belgian Province.

That not *scuith guiridh*[1] it might seem to be,
But rather *y scuith gogh*,[2] sign of sad cruelty.

[1] Welsh for "green shield."
[2] Welsh for "red shield."

XXV.

His son king Leill, by father's labour long,
Enjoy'd an heritage of lasting peace,
And built* Cairleill, and built Cairleon strong.
Next Huddibras his realm did not increase,
But taught the land from weary wars to cease.
Whose footsteps Bladud following, in arts
Excell'd at Athens all the learned preace,[3]
From whence he brought them to these savage parts,
And with sweet science mollified their stubborn hearts.

[3] Throng.

XXVI.

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boiling baths at Cairbadon,[4]
Which seethe with secret fire eternally,
And in their entrails, full of quick brimstóne,
Nourish the flames which they are warm'd upon,
That to their people wealth they forth do well,[5]
And health to every foreign natión:
Yet he at last, contending to excel
The reach of men, through flight into fond[6] mischief fell.†

[4] Bath.
[5] Pour.
[6] Foolish

XXVII.

Next him king Leir ‡ in happy peace long reign'd,
But had no issue male him to succeed,
But three fair daughters, which were well uptrain'd
In all that seemed fit for kingly seed;
'Mongst whom his realm he equally decreed
To have divided: tho,[7] when feeble age

[7] Then.

* 'Built:' some make it re-built.

† 'Fond mischief fell:' the story is that, in attempting to fly, he fell and was dashed in pieces.

‡ 'Leir:' Shakspeare wrote his tragedy sixteen years after 'The Faerie Queen.' The story here is essentially different from Shakspeare's.

Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
He call'd his daughters, and with speeches sage
Inquir'd which of them most did love her parentage.

XXVIII.

The eldest Gonoril gan to protest,
That she much more than her own life him lov'd
And Regan greater love to him profest
Than all the world, whenever it were prov'd;
But Cordeill said she lov'd him as behov'd:
Whose simple answer, wanting colours fair
To paint it forth, him to displeasance mov'd,
That in his crown he counted her no heir,
But twixt the other twain his kingdom whole did share.

XXIX.

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scots,
And th' other to the king of Cambria,
And twixt them shar'd his realm by equal lots;
But, without dower, the wise Cordelia
Was sent to Aganip of Celtica:
Their aged sire, thus easéd of his crown,
A private life led in Albania
With Gonoril, long had in great renown,
That naught him griev'd to been from rule deposéd down.

XXX.

But true it is that, when the oil is spent,
The light goes out, and wick is thrown away;
So, when he had resign'd his regiment,[1]
His daughter gan despise his drooping day,
And weary wax of his continual stay:
Tho[2] to his daughter Regan he repair'd,
Who him at first well uséd every way;
But, when of his departure she despair'd,
Her bounty she abated, and his cheer impair'd.

[1] Government.

[2] Then.

XXXI.

The wretched man gan then avise[1] too late,
That love is not where most it is profest;
Too truly tried in his extremest state!
At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
He to Cordelia himself addrest,
Who with entire affection him receiv'd,
As for her sire and king her seemèd best;
And after all an army strong she leav'd,[2]
To war on those which him had of his realm bereav'd.

[1] Reflect.

[2] Levied.

XXXII.

So to his crown she him restor'd again;
In which he died, made ripe for death by eld,[3]
And after will'd it should to her remain:
Who peaceably the same long time did weld,[4]
And all men's hearts in due obedience held;
Till that her sister's children, woxen strong,
Through proud ambition against her rebell'd,
And overcoming kept in prison long,
Till weary of that wretched life herself she hong.

[3] Age.

[4] Wield.

XXXIII.

Then gan the bloody brethren both to reign:
But fierce Cundah gan shortly to envý
His brother Morgan, prick'd with proud disdain
To have a peer in part of sovereignty;
And, kindling coals of cruel enmity,
Rais'd war, and him in battle overthrew:
Whence as he to those woody hills did fly,
Which hight[5] of him Glamorgan, there him slew:
Then did he reign alone, when he none equal knew.

[5] Are called.

XXXIV.

His son Rivall' his dead room did supply;
In whose sad time blood did from heaven rain.

Next great Gurgustus, then fair Cæcily,
In constant peace their kingdoms did contain.
After whom Lago and Kinmarke did reign,
And Gorbogud, till far in years he grew:
Then his ambitious sons unto them twain
Arraught[1] the rule, and from their father drew;
Stout Ferrex and stern Porrex him in prison threw.

[1] Seized.

XXXV.

But O! the greedy thirst of royal crown,
That knows no kindred, nor regards no right,
Stirr'd Porrex up to put his brother down;
Who, unto him assembling foreign might,
Made war on him, and fell himself in fight:
Whose death t' avenge, his mother merciless,
Most merciless of women, Wyden hight,[2]
Her other son fast sleeping did oppress,
And with most cruel hand him murder'd pitiless.

[2] Named.

XXXVI.

Here ended Brutus' sacred progeny,
Which had seven hundred years this sceptre borne
With high renown and great felicity:
The noble branch from th' ántique stock was torn
Through discord, and the royal throne forlorn,[3]
Thenceforth this realm was into factions rent,
Whilst each of Brutus boasted to be born,
That in the end was left no monument
Of Brutus, nor of Britons' glory ancient.

[3] Left vacant.

XXXVII.

Then up arose a man of matchless might,
And wondrous wit to manage high affairs,
Who, stirr'd with pity of the stressed[4] plight
Of this sad realm, cut into sundry shares [heirs,
By such as claim'd themselves Brute's rightful

[4] Distressed.

Gather'd the princes of the people loose[1]
To taken counsel of their common cares;
Who, with his wisdom won, him straight did choose
Their king, and swore him fëalty to win or loose.

[1] Scattered.

XXXVIII.

Then made he head against his enemies,
And Ymner slew of Logris miscreate;
Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allies,
This of Albány newly nominate,
And that of Cambry king confirméd late,
He overthrew through his own valiance;
Whose countries he reduc'd to quiet state,
And shortly brought to civil governance, [variance.
Now one, which erst[2] were many made through

[2] Formerly.

XXXIX.

Then made he sacred laws, which some men say
Were unto him reveal'd in vision;
By which he freed the traveller's high-way,
The church's part, and ploughman's portion,
Restraining stealth and strong extortion;
The gracious Numa of great Brittany:
For, till his days, the chief dominion
By strength was wielded without policy:
Therefore he first wore crown of gold for dignity.

XL.

Donwallo died (for what may live for aye?)
And left two sons, of peerless prowess both,
That sackéd Rome too dearly did assay,[3]
The recompense of their perjúred oath;
And ransack'd Greece well tried,[4] when they were
Besides subjected France and Germany, [wroth;
Which yet their praises speak, all[5] be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of Brennus and Belinus, kings of Brittany.

[3] Learn by experience.

[4] Tested.

[5] Although.

XLI.

Next them did Gurgunt, great Belinus' son,
In rule succeed, and eke in father's praise;
He Easterland subdu'd, and Denmark won,
And of them both did foy[1] and tribute raise,
The which was due in his dead father's days:
He also gave to fugitives of Spain,
Whom he at sea found wand'ring from their ways,
A seat in Ireland safely to remain,
Which they should hold of him as subject to Britáin.

[1] Allegiance.

XLII.

After him reignéd Guitheline his heir,
The justest man and truest in his days,
Who had to wife Dame Mertia the fair,
A woman worthy of immortal praise,
Which for this realm found[2] many goodly lays,[3]
And wholesome statutes to her husband brought:
Her many deem'd to have been of the Fays,
As was Ægerié that Numa taught: [thought.
Those yet of her be Mertian laws both nam'd and

[2] Established.
[3] Laws.

XLIII.

Her son Sifillus after her did reign;
And then Kimarus; and then Danius:
Next whom Morindus did the crown sustain;
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous
And cruel rancour dimm'd his valorous
And mighty deeds, should matchéd have the best:
As well in that same field victorious
Against the foreign Morands he exprest;[4]
Yet lives his memory, though carcase sleep in rest.

[4] Drove out.

XLIV.

Five sons he left begotten of one wife,
All which successively by turns did reign:

First Gorboman, a man of virtuous life;
Next Archigald, who for his proud disdain
Deposéd was from princedom soveraine,
And piteous Elidure put in his stead;
Who shortly it to him restor'd again,
Till by his death he it recoveréd;
But Peridure and Vigent him disthronizéd:

XLV.

In wretched prison long he did remain,
Till they out-reignéd had their utmost date,
And then therein reseizéd[1] was again,
And ruléd long with honourable state,
Till he surrender'd realm and life to fate.
Then all the sons of these five brethren reign'd
By due success,[2] and all their nephews[3] late;
Even thrice eleven descents the crown retain'd,
Till aged Hely by due heritage it gain'd.

[1] Reinstated.
[2] Succession.
[3] Descendants.

XLVI.

He had two sons, whose eldest, calléd Lud,
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endless monuments of his great good:
The ruin'd walls he did re-edify[4]
Of Troynovant,[5] gainst force of enemy,
And built that Gate[6] which of his name is hight,
By which he lies entombéd solemnly:
He left two sons, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his might.

[4] Rebuild.
[5] London.
[6] Ludgate.
[7] Called.

XLVII.

Whilst they were young, Cassibalane their eme[8]
Was by the people chosen in their stead,
Who on him took the royal diadem,
And goodly well long time it governed;
Till the proud Romans him disquieted,

[8] Uncle.

And warlike Cæsar, tempted with the name
Of this sweet Island never conquered,
And envying the Britons' blazéd fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

XLVIII.

Yet twice they were repulséd back again,
And twice enforc'd back to their ships to fly;
The whiles with blood they all the shore did stain,
And the gray ocean into purple dye:
Ne[1] had they footing found at last perdie,[2]
Had not Androgeus, false to native soil,
And envious of uncle's sovereignty,
Betray'd his country unto foreign spoil. [foil![3]
Naught else but treason from the first this land did

[1] Nor.
[2] Truly
[3] Defeat, conquer.

XLIX.

So by him Cæsar got the victory,
Through great bloodshed and many a sad assay,
In which himself was chargéd heavily
Of[4] hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seen this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributary made
T' ambitious Rome, and did their rule obey,
Till Arthur all that reckoning defray'd: [sway'd.[5]
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly

[4] By.
[5] Resisted.

L.

Next him Tenantius reign'd; then Kimbeline,*
What time th' Eternal Lord in fleshly slime
Enwombéd was, from wretched Adam's line
To purge away the guilt of sinful crime.
O joyous memory of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plenteously display'd!
O too high ditty for my simple rhyme!—

* 'Kimbeline:' Shakspeare's Cymbeline.

Soon after this the Romans him warrayd;[1]
For that their tribute he refus'd to let be paid.

[1] Warred upon.

LI.

Good Claudius, that next was Emperour,
An army brought, and with him battle fought,
In which the king was by a treachetour[2]
Disguiséd slain, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceaséd not the bloody fight for aught:
For Arvirage his brother's place supplied
Both in his arms and crown, and by that draught[3]
Did drive the Romans to the weaker side,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacified.

[2] Traitor.

[3] Military Force

LII.

Was never king more highly magnified,
Nor dredd[4] of Romans, than was Arvirage;
For which the Emperor to him allied
His daughter Genuiss' in marriage:
Yet shortly he renounc'd the vassalage
Of Rome again, who hither hast'ly sent
Vespasian, that with great spoil and rage
Forwasted[5] all, till Genuissa gent[6]
Persuaded him to cease, and her lord to relent.

[4] Dreaded.

[5] Laid waste.

[6] Gentle.

LIII.

He died; and him succeeded Marius,
Who joy'd his days in great tranquillity.
Then Coill; and after him good Lucius,
That first received Christianity,
The sacred pledge of Christ's Evangely.
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came Joseph of Arimathy,
Who brought with him the Holy Grail,* (they say,)
And preach'd the truth; but since it greatly did decay.

* 'Holy Grail:" cup of the Last Supper, from gréal, real (blood).

LIV.

This good king shortly without issue died,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdom grew,
That did herself in sundry parts divide,
And with her power her own self overthrew,
Whilst Romans daily did the weak subdue:
Which seeing, stout Bunduca* up arose
And taking arms the Britons to her drew;
With whom she marchéd straight against her foes,
And them unwares besides the Severn did enclose.

LV.

There she with them a cruel battle tried,
Not with so good success as she deserv'd,
By reason that the captains on her side,
Corrupted by Paulinus, from her swerv'd:
Yet such, as were through former flight preserv'd,
Gathering again, her host she did renew,
And with fresh courage on the victor serv'd:
But being all defeated, save a few,
Rather than fly, or be captív'd, herself she slew.

LVI.

O famous monument of women's praise!
Matchable either to Semiramis,
Whom ántique history so high doth raise,
Or to Hypsiphil', or to Thomiris:
Her host two hundred thousand number'd is;
Who, whiles good fortune favouréd her might,
Triumphéd oft against her enemies;
And yet, though overcome in hapless fight,
She triumphéd on death, in enemies' despite.

LVII.

Her relics[1] Fulgent† having gatheréd,

[1] Remnants of her host.

* 'Bunduca:' Boadicea. See Cowper's 'Ode.'
† 'Fulgent:' a fabulous Caledonian Chief.

Fought with Severus, and him overthrew;
Yet in the chase was slain of them that fled;
So made them victors whom he did subdue.
Then gan Carausius * tyrannize anew,
And gainst the Romans bent their proper[1] power;
But him Allectus treacherously slew,
And took on him the robe of emperour:
Nath'less[2] the same enjoyéd but short happy hour:

[1] Own.

[2] Nevertheless.

LVIII.

For Asclepiodate him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquish'd plain,
Without or robe or rag to hide his shame:
Then afterwards he in his stead did reign;
But shortly was by Coyll in battle slain:
Who after long debate,[3] since Lucie's[4] time,
Was of the Britons first crown'd soveraine:
Then gan this realm renew her passéd prime:
He of his name Coylchester built of stone and lime.

Contest. Lucius, st. 53d.

LIX.

Which when the Romans heard, they hither sent
Constantius,† a man of mickle might,
With whom King Coyll made an ágreement,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Fair Helena, the fairest living wight,
Who in all godly thewes[5] and goodly praise
Did far excel, but was most famous hight[6]
For skill in music of all in her days,
As well in curious instruments as cunning lays:

[3] Gifts.

[4] Reputed.

LX.

Of whom he did great Constantine beget,
Who afterward was emperor of Rome;

* Carausius:' a Briton who revolted from the Roman service, and became an independent prince.

† 'Constantius:' Chlorus, father of Constantine the Great.

To which whiles absent he his mind did set,
Octavius here leap'd into his room,
And it usurpéd by unrighteous doom:
But he his title justified by might,
Slaying Trahern, and having overcome
The Roman legion in dreadful fight:
So settled he his kingdom, and confirm'd his right:

LXI.

But, wanting issue male, his daughter dear
He gave in wedlock to Maximian,
And him with her made of his kingdom heir,
Who soon by means thereof the empire wan,
Till murder'd by the friends of Gratian.
Then gan the Huns and Picts invade this land,
During the reign of Maximinian;
Who dying left none heir them to withstand;
But that they overran all parts with easy hand.

LXII.

The weary Britons, whose war-able[1] youth
Was by Maximian lately led away,
With wretched miseries and woeful ruth[2]
Were to those Pagans made an open prey,
And daily spectacle of sad decay:
Whom Roman wars, which now four hundred years
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
Till, by consent of Commons and of Peers,
They crown'd the second Constantine* with joyous tears:

[1] Able for war.
[2] Pity.

LXIII.

Who having oft in battle vanquishéd
Those spoilful Picts, and swarming Easterlings,[3]
Long time in peace his realm establishéd,
Yet oft annoy'd with sundry bordragings[4]
Of neighbour Scots, and foreign scatterlings[5]

[3] The northern nations.
[4] Border forays.
[5] Vagrants.

* 'Second Constantine:' originally a common soldier.

With which the world did in those days abound:
Which to outbar, with painful pionings[1]
From sea to sea he heap'd a mighty mound,
Which from Alcluid to Panwelt did that border bound.

[1] Works of pioneers.

LXIV.

Three sons he dying left, all under age;
By means whereof their uncle Vortigere
Usurp'd the crown during their pupillage;
Which th' infants' tutors gathering to-fere,[2]
Them closely[3] into Armoric* did bear:
For dread of whom, and for those Picts' annoys,
He sent to Germany strange aid to rear;[4]
From whence eftsoons[5] arrivéd here three hoys[6]
Of Saxons, whom he for his safëty employs.

[2] Together.
[3] Secretly.
[4] Raise.
[5] Immediately.
[6] Boats.

LXV.

Two brethren were their capitains, which hight[7]
Hengist and Horsus,† well approv'd in war,
And both of them men of renownéd might;
Who making vantage of their civil jar,
And of those foreigners which came from far,
Grew great, and got large portíons of land,
That in the realm ere long they stronger are
Than they which sought at first their helping hand,
And Vortiger enforc'd the kingdom to aband.[8]

[7] Were named.
[8] Abandon.

LXVI.

But, by the help of Vortimere his son,
He is again unto his rule restor'd;
And Hengist, seeming sad for that was done,
Receivéd is to grace and new accord,
Through his fair daughter's‡ face and flatt'ring
Soon after which, three hundred lords he slew
Of British blood, all sitting at his board;

[word.

* 'Armoric:' Brittany. † 'Horsus:' commonly called Horsa.
‡ 'Fair daughter:' Rowena.

Whose doleful monuments who list to rue,[1]
Th' eternal marks of treason may at Stonehenge view.

[1] Wishes to pity.

LXVII.

By this the sons of Constantine, which fled,
Ambrose and Uther, did ripe years attain,
And, here arriving, strongly challenged
The crown which Vortiger did long detain;
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slain:
And Hengist eke[2] soon brought to shameful death.
Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did reign,
Till that through poison stoppéd was his breath;
So now entombéd lies at Stonehenge by the heath.

[2] Also.

LXVIII.

After him Uther,* which Pendragon hight,[3]
Succeeding—There abruptly did it end,
Without full point, or other cesure[4] right;
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th' author self could not at last attend
To finish it: that so untimely breach
The Prince himself half seeméd to offend;
Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,[5]
And wonder of antiquity long stop'd his speech.

[3] Was named.

[4] *Cæsura*, stop.

[5] Prevent.

LXIX.

At last, quite ravish'd with delight to hear
The royal offspring of his native land,
Cried out; 'Dear country! O how dearly dear
Ought thy remembrance and perpetual band
Be to thy foster child, that from thy hand
Did common breath and nouriture[6] receive!
How brutish is it not to understand
How much to her we owe, that all us gave;
That gave unto us all whatever good we have!'

[6] Nurture.

* 'Uther:' Pendragon, father of Arthur.

LXX.

But Guyon all this while his book did read,
Ne[1] yet has ended: for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leisure so long leaves here to repeat:
It told how first Prometheus did create
A man, of many parts from beasts deriv'd,
And then stole fire from heaven to animate
His work, for which he was by Jove depriv'd
Of life himself, and heart-strings of[2] an eagle riv'd.[3]

[1] Nor.
[2] By.
[3] Torn.

LXXI.

That man so made he called Elfe, to weet[4]
Quick, the first author of all Elfin kind;
Who, wand'ring through the world with weary feet,
Did in the gardens of Adonis find
A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mind
To be no earthly wight, but either sprite,
Or angel, th' author of all woman kind;
Therefore a Fay he her according hight,[5] [right.
Of whom all Fairies spring, and fetch their lineage

[4] To wit.
[5] Called.

LXXII.

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
And puissant kings which all the world warrayd,[6]
And to themselves all nations did subdue:
The first and eldest, which that sceptre sway'd,
Was Elfin: him all India obey'd,
And all that now America men call:
Next him was noble Elfinan, who laid
Cleopolis' foundation first of all:
But Elfilin enclos'd it with a golden wall.

[6] Warred upon.

LXXIII.

His son was Elfinell, who overcame
The wicked Gobbelins in bloody field:

But Elfant was of most renowned fame,
Who all of crystal did Panthea build:
Then Elfar, who two brethren giants kill'd,
The one of which had two heads, th' other three:
Then Elfinor, who was in magic skill'd;
He built by art upon the glassy sea
A bridge of brass, whose sound heaven's thunder
seem'd to be.

LXXIV.

He left three sons, the which in order reign'd,
And all their offspring, in their due descents;
Even seven hundred princes, which maintain'd
With mighty deeds their sundry governments:
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much material:
Yet should they be most famous monuments,
And brave ensample, both of martial
And civil rule, to kings and states imperial.

LXXV.

After all these Elficleos * did reign,
The wise Elficleos in great majesty,
Who mightily that sceptre did sustain,
And with rich spoils and famous victory
Did high advance the crown of Faëry:
He left two sons, of which fair Elferon,
The eldest brother, did untimely die;
Whose empty place the mighty Oberon
Doubly supplied, in spousal and dominion.

LXXVI.

Great was his power and glory over all
Which, him before, that sacred seat did fill,
That yet remains his wide memorial:

* 'Elficleos:' some suppose him to be Henry VII.; 'Elferon,' to be his son Arthur who died young; 'Oberon,' to be Henry VIII.; and 'Tanaquill,' to be Elizabeth.

He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,
Him to succeed therein, by his last will:
Fairer and nobler liveth none this hour,
[1] Nor. Ne[1] like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flower:
Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory and great power!

LXXVII.

Beguil'd thus with delight of novelties,
And natural desire of country's state,
So long they read in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgate;
Till gentle Alma, seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
To think how supper did them long await:
So half unwilling from their books them brought,
And fairly feasted as so noble knights she ought.

## CANTO XI.

**The enemies of Temperance**
**Besiege her dwelling-place;**
**Prince Arthur them repels, and foul**
**Maleger doth deface.**

I.

What war so cruel, or what siege so sore,
As that, which strong Affections do apply
Against the fort of Reason evermore,
To bring the soul into captivity!
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the frail flesh, relenting to their rage;
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the parts, brought into their bondage:
[2] Servitude. No wretchedness is like to sinful villenage.[2]

II.

But in a body which doth freely yield
His parts to Reason's rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the sceptre wield,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is settled there in sure establishment.
There Alma, like a Virgin Queen most bright,
Doth flourish in all beauty excellent;
And to her guests doth bounteous banquet dight,[1] [1] Prepare.
Attemper'd goodly well for health and for delight.

III.

Early, before the Morn with crimson ray
The windows of bright heaven open'd had,
Through which into the world the dawning Day
Might look, that maketh every creature glad,
Uprose Sir Guyon in bright armour clad,
And to his purpos'd journey him prepar'd:
With him the palmer eke in habit sad[2] [2] Sober.
Himself address'd to that adventure hard:
So to the river's side they both together far'd:

IV.

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The ferryman, as Alma had behight,[3] [3] Directed.
With his well-riggéd boat: they go aboard,
And he eftsoons[4] gan launch his bark forthright. [4] Immediately.
Ere long they rowéd were quite out of sight,
And fast the land behind them fled away.
But let them pass, whiles wind and weather right
Do serve their turns: here I a while must stay,
To see a cruel fight done by the Prince this day.

V.

For, all so soon as Guyon thence was gone
Upon his voyage with his trusty guide,

That wicked band of villains fresh begon
That castle to assail on every side,
And lay strong siege about it far and wide.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hide;
So foul and ugly, that exceeding fear
Their visages impress'd, when they approachéd near.

VI.

Them in twelve troops their captain did dispart,
And round about in fittest steads[1] did place,
Where each might best offend[2] his proper part,
And his contráry object most deface,
As every one seem'd meetest in that case.
Seven* of the same against the castle-gate
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessant force and endless hate
They batter'd day and night, and entrance did await.

[1] Positions.
[2] Attack.

VII.

The other five, five sundry ways he set
Against the five great bulwarks of that pile,
And unto each a bulwark did arrett,[3]
T' assail with open force or hidden guile,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoil.
They all that charge did fervently apply[4]
With greedy malice and importune[5] toil,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they daily made most dreadful battery.

[3] Raise.
[4] Attend to.
[5] Restless.

VIII.

The first troop was a monstrous rabblement
Of foul misshapen wights, of which some were
Headed like owls, with beaks uncomely bent;
Others like dogs; others like griffins drear;

* 'Seven:' these seven troops are the seven deadly sins. The 'five,' are the vices that attack the senses.

And some had wings, and some had claws to tear:
And every one of them had lynx's eyes;
And every one did bow and arrows bear:
All those were lawless Lusts, corrupt Envíes,
And covetous Aspécts, all cruel enemies.

IX.

Those same against the bulwark of the Sight
Did lay strong siege and battailous assault,
Ne[1] once did yield it respite day nor night;
But soon as Titan gan his head exalt,
And soon again as he his light withhault,[2]
Their wicked engines they against it bent;
That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault[3]
But two than all more huge and violent,
Beauty and Money, they that bulwark sorely rent.

[1] Nor.
[2] Withdrew.
[3] Offend.

X.

The second bulwark was the Hearing Sense,
Gainst which the second troop designment[4] makes;
Deformed creatures, in strange difference:
Some having heads like harts, some like to snakes,
Some like wild boars late rous'd out of the brakes;
Slanderous Reproaches, and foul Infamies,
Leasings,[5] Backbitings, and vain-glorious Crakes,[6]
Bad Counsels, Praises, and false Flatteries:
All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

[4] Attack.
[5] Falsehoods.
[6] Boastings.

XI.

Likewise that same third fort, that is the Smell,
Of that third troop was cruelly assay'd;
Whose hideous shapes were like to fiends of hell,
Some like to hounds, some like to apes, dismade;[7]
Some, like to puttocks,[8] all in plumes array'd;
All shap'd according their conditíons:
For, by those ugly forms weren pourtray'd

[7] Ill made.
[8] Kites.

Foolish Delights, and fond[1] Abusíons,[2]
Which do that Sense besiege with light illusíons.

[1] Foolish.
[2] Abuses.

XII.

And that fourth band which cruel batt'ry bent
Against the fourth bulwark, that is the Taste,
Was, as the rest, a grysie[3] rabblement;
Some mouth'd like greedy ostriches; some fac'd
Like loathly toads; some fashion'd in the waist
Like swine: for so deform'd is Luxury,
Surfeit, Misdiet, and unthrifty Waste,
Vain Feasts, and idle Superfluity:
All those this Sense's fort assail incessantly.

[3] Filthy.

XIII.

But the fifth troop, most horrible of hue
And fierce of force, is dreadful to report;
For some like snails, some did like spiders shew,
And some like ugly urchins[4] thick and short:
Cruelly they assailéd that fifth fort,
Arméd with darts of sensual Delight,
With stings of carnal Lust, and strong effórt
Of feeling Pleasures, with which day and night
Against that same fifth bulwark they continu'd fight.

[4] Hedgehogs.

XIV.

Thus these twelve troops with dreadful puíssance
Against that castle restless siege did lay,
And evermore their hideous ordinance
Upon the bulwarks cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten near decay:[5]
And evermore their wicked capitain
Provokéd them the breaches to assay,
Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of gain,
Which by the ransack of that piece[6] they should attain.

[5] Destruction.
[6] The fort.

XV.

On th' other side, th' asseigéd[1] castle's ward[2]
Their steadfast stands[3] did mightily maintain,
And many bold repulse and many hard
Achievement wrought, with peril and with pain,
That goodly frame from ruin to sustain:
And those two brethren giants* did defend
The walls so stoutly with their sturdy main,[4]
That never entrance any durst pretend, [send.
But they to direful death their groaning ghosts did

[1] Besieged. [2] Guard. [3] Stations. [4] Force.

XVI.

The noble virgin, Lady of the place,
Was much dismayéd with that dreadful sight,
(For never was she in so evil case,)
Till that the Prince, seeing her woful plight,
Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
Off'ring his service and his dearest life
For her defence against that carl[5] to fight,
Which was their chief and th' author of that strife:
She him remercied[6] as the patron of her life.

[5] Churl. [6] Thanked.

XVII.

Eftsoons[7] himself in glittering arms he dight,
And his well provéd weapons to him hent;[8]
So taking courteous congè[9] he behight[10]
Those gates to be unbarr'd, and forth he went.
Fair might he thee,[11] the prowest[12] and most
That ever brandishéd bright steel on high! [gent,[13]
Whom soon as that unruly rabblement
With his gay squire issúeing did espy,
They rear'd a most outrageous dreadful yelling cry:

[7] Immediately. [8] Took. [9] Leave. [10] Ordered. [11] Well may he prosper. [12] Bravest. [13] Noble high bred.

XVIII.

And therewithal at once at him let fly
Their flutt'ring arrows, thick as flakes of snow,

* 'Giants:' Prince Arthur and his squire, giants in prowess.

And round about him flock impetuously,
Like a great water-flood, that tumbling low
From the high mountains, threats to overflow
With sudden fury all the fertile plain,
And the sad husbandman's long hope doth throw
Adown the stream, and all his vows make vain;
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruin may sustain.

XIX.

Upon his shield their heapéd hail he bore,
And with his sword dispers'd the rascal[1] flocks,
Which fled asunder, and him fell before;
As wither'd leaves drop from their driéd stocks,
When the wroth western wind does reave[2] their locks:
And underneath him his courageous steed,
The fierce Spumador, trod them down like docks;[3]
The fierce Spumador born of heavenly seed;
Such as Laomedon of Phœbus' race did breed.

[1] Base.
[2] Strip.
[3] Weeds.

XX.

Which sudden horror and confuséd cry
When as their captain heard, in haste he yode[4]
The cause to weet,[5] and fault to remedy:
Upon a tiger swift and fierce he rode,
That as the wind ran underneath his load,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught[6] unto the ground:
Full large he was of limb, and shoulders broad;
But of such subtile substance and unsound,
That like a ghost he seem'd whose grave-clothes were unbound:

[4] Came.
[5] Learn.
[6] Reached.

XXI.

And in his hand a bended bow was seen,
And many arrows under his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruel keen,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloody dy'd;

Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
Those could he well direct and straight as line,
And bid them strike the mark which he had ey'd;
Ne[1] was there salve, ne was there medicíne [tine.[2]
That might recure their wounds; so inly they did

[1] Nor.
[2] Inflame.

XXII.

As pale and wan as ashes was his look:
His body lean and meagre as a rake;
And skin all wither'd like a dried rook;
Thereto[3] as cold and dreary as a snake;
That seem'd to tremble evermore and quake:
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,[4]
And girded with a belt of twisted brake:[5]
Upon his head he wore an helmet light, [sight:
Made of a dead man's skull, that seem'd a ghastly

[3] Besides.
[4] Dressed.
[5] Briars.

XXIII.

Maleger* was his name: and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked hags,
With hoary locks all loose, and visage grim;
Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as swift on foot as chaséd stags;
And yet the one her other[6] leg had lame,
Which with a staff all full of little snags[7]
She did support, and Impotence her name:
But th' other was Impatience arm'd with raging flame.

[6] Left.
[7] Knobs.

XXIV.

Soon as the carl[8] from far the Prince espied
Glist'ring in arms and warlike ornament,
His beast he felly prick'd on either side,
And his mischiévous bow full ready bent,
With which at him a cruel shaft he sent:
But he was wary, and it warded well
Upon his shield, that it no farther went,

[8] Churl.

* 'Maleger:' a general name for all the diseases produced by lust.

But to the ground the idle quarrel[1] fell:
Then he another and another did expel.[2]

[1] Bolt.
[2] Shoot.

XXV.

Which to prevent, the Prince his mortal spear
Soon to him raught,[3] and fierce at him did ride,
To be avengéd of that shot whilere:[4]
But he was not so hardy to abide
That bitter stound,[5] but, turning quick aside
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for fear:
Whom to pursue, the Infant[6] after hied
So fast as his good courser could him bear;
But labour lost it was to ween approach him near.

[3] Seized.
[4] Just before.
[5] Assault.
[6] Prince.

XXVI.

For as the wingéd wind his tiger fled,
That view of eye could scarce him overtake,
Ne[7] scarce his feet on ground were seen to tread;
Through hills and dales he speedy way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his ready passage brake,
And in his flight the villain turn'd his face
(As wonts the Tartar by the Caspian lake,
Whenas the Russian him in fight does chase,)
Unto his tiger's tail, and shot at him apace.

[7] Nor.

XXVII.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy Knight nigh to him drew;
And oftentimes he would relent[8] his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely should pursue:
But, when his uncouth manner he did view,
He gan avize[9] to follow him no more,
But keep his standing, and his shafts eschew,
Until he quite had spent his perlous[10] store,
And then assail him fresh, ere he could shift for more.

[8] Slacken.
[9] Determine.
[10] Perilous.

XXVIII.

But that lame hag, still as abroad he strew
His wicked arrows, gather'd them again,
And to him brought, fresh battle to renew;
Which he espying cast[1] her to restrain
From yielding succour to that cursed swain,
And her attaching[2] thought her hands to tie;
But, soon as him dismounted on the plain
That other hag did far away espy
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily;

[1] Resolved.
[2] Seizing.

XXIX.

And catching hold of him, as down he lent,[3]
Him backward overthrew, and down him stay'd[4]
With their rude hands and grisly grapplement:[5]
Till that the villain, coming to their aid,
Upon him fell, and load[6] upon him laid:
Full little wanted, but he had him slain,
And of the battle baleful end had made,
Had not his gentle squire beheld his pain,
And coming to his rescue ere his bitter bane.

[3] Stooped.
[4] Held.
[5] Fearful grasp.
[6] *i. e.* of blows.

XXX.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the help of weaker hand;
So feeble is man's state, and life unsound,
That in assurance it may never stand,
Till it dissolvéd be from earthly band!
Proof be thou, Prince, the prowest[7] man alive,
And noblest born of all in Briton land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearly drive,
That, had not Grace thee blest, thou shouldest not survive.

[7] Bravest

XXXI.

The squire arriving, fiercely in his arms
Snatch'd first the one, and then the other jade,

His chiefest letts[1] and authors of his harms,
And them perforce withheld with threaten'd blad
Lest that his lord they should behind invade;
The whiles the Prince, prick'd with reproachful shame,
As one awak'd out of long slumb'ring shade,
Reviving thought of glory and of fame,
United all his powers to purge himself from blame

[1] Obstructions.

XXXII.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long been underkept and down supprest,
With murmurous disdain doth inly rave,
And grudge, in so strait prison to be prest,
At last breaks forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount into his native seat;
All that did erst[2] it hinder and molest,
It now devours with flames and scorching heat,
And carries into smoke with rage and horror grea

[2] Before.

XXXIII.

So mightily the Briton Prince him rous'd
Out of his hold, and broke his caytive[3] bands;
And as a bear, whom angry curs have touz'd,[4]
Having off-shak'd them and escap'd their hands
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads down and overthrows. Now had the ca
Alighted from his tiger, and his hands
Dischargéd of his bow and deadly quar'le,[5]
To seize upon his foe flat lying on the marle.[6]

[3] Captive.
[4] Worried.
[5] Bolts.
[6] Ground.

XXXIV.

Which now him turn'd to disavantage dear;[7]
For neither can he fly, nor other[8] harm,
But trust unto his strength and manhood mere
Sith[9] now he is far from his monstrous swarm,

[7] Excessive.
[8] Other person.
[9] Since.

And of his weapons did himself disarm.
The Knight, yet wrothful for his late disgrace,
Fiercely advanc'd[1] his valorous right arm,
And him so sore smote with his iron mace,
That grovelling to the ground he fell, and fill'd his place.*

[1] Raised.

XXXV.

Well weenéd[2] he that field was then his own,
And all his labour brought to happy end;
When sudden, up the villain overthrown,
Out of his swoon arose, fresh to contend,
And gan himself to second battle bend,
As hurt he had not been. Thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,
And had not been removéd many a day; [way:
Some land-mark seem'd to be, or sign of sundry[3]

[2] Thought.

[3] Diverging.

XXXVI.

The same he snatch'd, and with exceeding sway[4]
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To shun the engine of his meant decay;[5]
It booted not to think that throw to bear,
But ground he gave, and lightly leap'd arear;[6]
Eft[7] fierce returning, as a falcon fair,
That once hath failéd of her souse[8] full near,
Remounts again into the open air,
And unto better fortune doth herself prepare:

[4] Force.

[5] Destruction.

[6] Back.

[7] Again.

[8] Swoop.

XXXVII.

So brave returning, with his brandish'd blade,
He to the carl himself again addrest,
And struck at him so sternly, that he made
An open passage through his riven breast,
That half the steel behind his back did rest;
Which drawing back, he lookéd evermore

* 'Filled his place:' covered with his body the place where he lay.

When the heart blood should gush out of his chest
Or his dead corse [1] should fall upon the floor;[2]
But his dead corse upon the floor fell nathëmore:[3]

[1] Body.
[2] On the ground.
[3] None the more.

XXXVIII.

Ne drop of blood appearéd shed to be,
All [4] were the wound so wide and wonderous
That through his carcass one might plainly see.
Half in amaze with horror hideous,
And half in rage to be deluded thus,
Again through both the sides he struck him quite
That made his sprite to groan full piteous;
Yet nathëmore forth fled his groaning sprite,
But freshly, as at first, prepar'd himself to fight.

[4] Although.

XXXIX.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his heart appal;
Ne wist [5] he what to think of that same sight,
Ne what to say, ne what to do at all:
He doubted lest it were some magical
Illusion that did beguile his sense,
Or wand'ring ghost that wanted funeral,
Or airy spirit under false pretence,
Or hellish fiend rais'd up through devilish sciénce.

[5] Nor knew.

XL.

His wonder far exceeded reason's reach,
That he began to doubt his dazzled sight,
And oft of error did himself appeach:[6]
Flesh without blood, a person without sprite,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could do harm, yet could not harméd be,
That could not die, yet seem'd a mortal wight,
That was most strong in most infirmity;
Like did he never hear, like did he never see.

[6] Accuse.

XLI.

Awhile he stood in this astonishment,
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Give over to effect his first intent,
And th' utmost means of victory assay,
Or th' utmost issue of his own decay,[1]
His own good sword Morddure, that never fail'd
At need till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield that naught him now avail'd;
And with his naked hands him forcibly assail'd.

[1] Destruction.

XLII.

Twixt his two mighty arms him up he snatch'd,
And crush'd his carcass so against his breast,
That the disdainful soul he thence despatch'd,
And th' idle breath all utterly exprest:[2]
Tho,[3] when he felt him dead, adown he kest[4]
The lumpish corse unto the senseless ground;
Adown he kest it with so puissant wrest,[5]
That back again it did aloft rebound,
And gave against his mother Earth a groanful sound.

[2] Pressed out.
[3] Then.
[4] Cast.
[5] Force.

XLIII.

As when Jove's harness-bearing[6] bird from high
Stoops at a flying heron with proud disdain,
The stone-dead quarrey[7] falls so forcibly,
That it rebounds against the lowly plain,
A second fall redoubling back again.
Then thought the Prince all peril sure was past,
And that he victor only did remain;
No sooner thought, than that the carl[8] as fast
Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down was cast.

[6] Armour bearing.
[7] Prey.
[8] Churl.

XLIV.

Nigh his wits' end then wox[9] th' amazéd Knight,
And thought his labour lost, and travail vain,

[9] Grew.

Against this lifeless shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty main,
That, whiles he marvell'd still, did still him pain
Forthy[1] he gan some other ways advise,[2]
How to take life from that dead-living swain,
Whom still he markéd freshly to arise [reprize.[3]
From th' earth, and from her womb new spirits to

[1] Therefore.
[2] Consider.
[3] Take again.

XLV.

He then remember'd well, that had been said,
How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore;
She eke,[4] so often as his life decay'd,
Did life with usury to him restore,
And rais'd him up much stronger than before,
So soon as he unto her womb did fall:
Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,
Ne[5] him commit to grave terrestrial,
But bear him far from hope of succour usual.

[4] Also.
[5] Nor.

XLVI.

Tho[6] up he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
And having scruzd[7] out of his carrion corse
The loathful life, now loos'd from sinful bands,
Upon his shoulders carried him perforce
Above three furlongs, taking his full course,
Until he came unto a standing lake;
Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
Ne stirr'd, till hope of life did him forsake:
So end of that carl's[8] days and his own pains did make.

[6] Then.
[7] Pressed.
[8] Churl.

XLVII.

Which when those wicked hags from far did spy,
Like to mad dogs they ran about the lands;
And th' one of them with dreadful yelling cry,
Throwing away her broken chains and bands,
And having quench'd her burning fiër-brands,

Headlong herself did cast into that lake:
But Impotence with her own wilful hands
One of Maleger's cursed darts did take, [make.
So riv'd[1] her trembling heart, and wicked end did

[1] Divided, pierced.

XLVIII.

Thus now alone he conqueror remains:
Tho,[2] coming to his squire that kept his steed,
Thought to have mounted; but his feeble veins
Him fail'd thereto, and served not his need,
Through loss of blood which from his wounds did bleed,
That he began to faint, and life decay: [
But his good squire, him helping up with speed,
With steadfast hand upon his horse did stay,
And led him to the castle by the beaten way.

[2] Then.

XLIX.

Where many grooms and squiers ready were
To take him from his steed full tenderly;
And eke the fairest Alma met him there
With balm, and wine, and costly spicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity:
Eftsoons[3] she caus'd him up to be convey'd,
And of his arms despoiléd easily
In sumptuous bed she made him to be laid;
And, all the while his wounds were dressing, by him staid.

[3] Immediately.

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## CANTO XII.

Guyon, by Palmer's governance,
Passing through perils great,
Doth overthrow the Bower of Bliss,
And Acrasy defeat.

I.

Now 'gins that goodly frame of Temperance
Fairly to rise, and her adornéd head

To prick[1] of highest praise forth to advance,
Formerly grounded and fast setteléd
On firm foundation of true bountyhed[2]
And this brave Knight,[3] that for this virtue fights,
Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,[4]
Where Pleasure dwells in sensual delights,
Mongst thousand dangers and ten thousand magic mights.

[1] Pitch, point.
[2] Virtue.
[3] Guyon.
[4] Place.

II.

Two days now in that sea he sailéd has,
Ne[5] ever land beheld, ne living wight,
Ne aught save peril, still as he did pass:
Tho,[6] when appearéd the third morrow bright
Upon the waves to spread her trembling light,
An hideous roaring far away they heard,
That all their senses filléd with affright;
And straight they saw the raging surges rear'd
Up to the skies, that them of drowning made affeard.

[5] Nor.
[6] Then.

III.

Said then the boatman, 'Palmer, steer aright,
And keep an even course; for yonder way
We needs must pass (God do us well acquight![7])
That is the Gulf of Greediness, they say,
That deep engorgeth[8] all this worldës prey;
Which having swallow'd up excessively,
He soon in vomit up again doth lay,[9]
And belcheth forth his superfluity,
That all the seas for fear do seem away to fly.

[7] Bring through.
[8] Swallows.
[9] Throw.

IV.

'On th' other side an hideous rock is pight[10]
Of mighty magnes stone,[11] whose craggy clift
Depending from on high, dreadful to sight,
Over the waves his rugged arms doth lift,
And threat'neth down to throw his ragged rift[12]

[10] Placed.
[11] Magnet.
[12] Rent.

On whoso cometh nigh; yet nigh it draws
All passengers, that none from it can shift:
For, whiles they fly that Gulf's devouring jaws,
They on the rock are rent, and sunk in helpless wawes.'[1]

[1] Waves.

V.

Forward they pass, and strongly he them rows,
Until they nigh unto that Gulf arrive,
Where stream more violent and greedy grows:
Then he with all his puíssance[2] doth strive
To strike his oars, and mightily doth drive
The hollow vessel through the threatful wave;
Which, gaping wide to swallow them alive
In th' huge abyss of his engulfing grave, [rave.
Doth roar at them in vain, and with great terror

[2] Strength.

VI.

They, passing by, that grisly[3] mouth did see
Sucking the seas into his entrails deep,
That seem'd more horrible than hell to be,
Or that dark dreadful hole of Tartare steep
Through which the damnéd ghosts doen often
Back to the world, bad livers to torment: [creep
But naught that falls into this direful deep,
Ne that approacheth nigh the wide descent,
May back return, but is condemnéd to be drent.[4]

[3] Terrible.

[4] Drowned.

VII.

On th' other side they saw that perilous rock,
Threat'ning itself on them to ruinate,[5]
On whose sharp clifts the ribs of vessels broke;
And shiver'd ships, which had been wreckéd late,
Yet stuck with carcases exanimate[6]
Of such, as having all their substance spent
In wanton joys and lusts intemperate,

[5] Dash in ruins.

[6] Lifeless

Did afterwards make shipwreck violent
Both of their life and fame for ever foully blent.[1]

[1] Disgraced.

VIII.

Forthy[2] this hight[3] the Rock of vile Reproach,
A dangerous and détestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowl did once approach,
But yelling mews,[4] with sea gulls hoarse and base,
And cormorants, with birds of ravenous race,
Which still sat waiting on that wasteful clift
For spoil of wretches, whose unhappy case,
After lost credit and consuméd thrift,
At last them driven hath to this despairful drift.[5]

[2] Therefore.
[3] Is called.
[4] Sea-mews.
[5] Desperate course.

IX.

The Palmer, seeing them in safety past,
Thus said; 'Behold th' ensamples in our sights
Of lustful luxury and thriftless wast![6]
What now is left of miserable wights
Which spent their looser days in lewd delights,
But shame and sad reproach, here to be red[7]
By these rent relics speaking their ill plights!
Let all that live hereby be counselléd
To shun Rock of Reproach, and it as death to dread!'

[6] Waste.
[7] Perceived.

X.

So forth they rowéd; and that ferryman
With his stiff oars did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoar waters from his frigate ran,
And the light bubbles dancéd all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billows sprong.
At last far off they many islands spy
On every side floating the floods among:
Then said the Knight: 'Lo! I the land descry;
Therefore, old sire, thy course do thereunto apply.'

XI.

'That may not be,' said then the ferryman,
'Lest we unweeting[1] hap to be fordone:[2]
For those same islands, seeming[3] now and than,[4]
Are not firm land, nor any certain wonne,[5]
But straggling plots, which to and fro do run
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight[6]
The Wand'ring Islands: therefore do them shun;
For they have oft drawn many a wand'ring wight
Into most deadly danger and distressed plight.

[1] Unknowing.
[2] Undone.
[3] Appearing.
[4] Then.
[5] Habitation.
[6] Called.

XII.

'Yet well they seem to him, that far doth view,
Both fair and fruitful, and the ground dispread
With grassy green of délectable hue;
And the tall trees with leaves appareléd
Are deck'd with blossoms dy'd in white and red,
That might the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoever once hath fastenéd
His foot thereon, may never it recure,[7]
But wand'reth evermore uncertain and unsure.

[7] Recover.

XIII.

'As th' isle of Delos whilome,[8] men report,
Amid th' Ægæan sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certain port,
Till that Latona travelling that way,
Flying from Juno's wrath and hard assay,[9]
Of her fair twins[10] was there deliveréd,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmly was establishéd,
And for Apollo's temple highly herriéd.'[11]

[8] Formerly.
[9] Pursuit.
[10] Diana and Apollo.
[11] Celebrated.

XIV.

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meet;
And pass on forward: so their way does lie,

That one of those same islands, which do fleet[1]
In the wide sea, they needs must passen by,
Which seem'd so sweet and pleasant to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Upon the bank they sitting did espy
A dainty damsel dressing of her heare,[2]
By whom a little skippet[3] floating did appear.

[1] Float.
[2] Hair.
[3] Skiff.

XV.

She, them espying, loud to them gan call,
Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,
For she had cause to busy them withal;
And therewith loudly laugh'd: but nathëmore[4]
Would they once turn, but kept on as afore:
Which when she saw, she left her locks undight,[5]
And running to her boat, withouten oar
From the departing land it launchéd light,
And after them did drive with all her power and might.

[4] None the more.
[5] Undressed.

XVI.

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
Them gan to bord,[6] and purpose diversly;[7]
Now feigning dalliance and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lewd words immodestly;
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke for being loose and light:
Which not abiding, but more scornfully
Scoffing at him that did her justly wite,[8]
She turn'd her boat about, and from them rowéd quite.

[6] Accost.
[7] Speak of various things.
[8] Blame.

XVII.

That was the wanton Phædria, which late
Did ferry him over the Idle Lake:
Whom naught regarding, they kept on their gate,[9]
And all her vain allurements did forsake;
When them the wary boatman thus bespake;

[9] Way.

'Here now behoveth us well to avise,[1] [1] Consider.
And of our safëty good heed to take;
For here before a perlous[2] passage lies, [2] Perilous.
Where many mermaids haunt making false melodies:

XVIII.

'But by the way there is a great quicksand
And a whirlpool of hidden jeopardy;
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keep an even hand;
For twixt them both the narrow way doth lie.'
Scarce had he said, when hard at hand they spy
That quicksand nigh with water coveréd;
But by the checkéd[3] wave they did descry [3] Checkered.
It plain, and by the sea discolouréd:
It calléd was the Quicksand of Unthriftyhed.

XIX.

They, passing by, a goodly ship did see
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And bravely furnishéd as ship might be,
Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,[4] [4] Mistake.
Herself had run into that hazardize;[5] [5] Hazardous situation.
Whose mariners and merchants with much toil
Labour'd in vain to have recur'd[6] their prize, [6] Recovered.
And the rich wares to save from piteous spoil;
But neither toil nor travail might her back recoil.

XX.

On th' other side they see that perilous pool,
That calléd was the Whirlpool of Decay;
In which full many had with hapless dool[7] [7] Sorrow.
Been sunk, of whom no memory did stay:
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like to a restless wheel, still running round,
Did covet, as they passéd by that way,
To draw their boat within the utmost[8] bound [8] Outmost.
Of his wide labyrinth, and then to have them drown'd.

XXI.

But th' heedful boatman strongly forth did stretch
His brawny arms, and all his body strain,
That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,*
[1] Dreaded. Whiles the dredd[1] danger does behind remain.
Sudden they see from midst of all the main
The surging waters like a mountain rise,
And the great sea, puff'd up with proud disdain,
[2] Usual level. To swell above the measure of his guise,[2]
As threat'ning to devour all that his power despise.

XXII.

The waves come rolling, and the billows roar
Outrageously, as they enragéd were,
Or wrathful Neptune did them drive before
His whirling chariot for exceeding fear;
For not one puff of wind there did appear;
[3] Waxed. That all the three thereat wox[3] much afraid,
[4] Unknowing. Unweeting[4] what such horror strange did rear.[5]
[5] Raise. Eftsoons[6] they saw an hideous host array'd
[6] Immediately. Of huge sea-monsters, such as living sense dismay'd:

XXIII.

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspécts,
Such as dame Nature self might fear to see,
[7] Be ashamed. Or shame,[7] that ever should so foul defects
From her most cunning hand escapéd be;
All dreadful portraits of deformity:
Spring-headed hydras; and sea-should'ring whales,
Great whirlpools,† which all fishes make to flee;
Bright scolopendras arm'd with silver scales;
[8] Immeasurable. Mighty monoceros with immeasur'd[8] tails;

* 'Shortly fetch:' *i. e.*, they reach the outside of the quicksand, which is called a 'sandy breach,' because the sea breaks over it.

† 'Whirlpool:' a general name for any large fish.—'Scolopendra:' name of the centipede; also applied to a sea-fish fabled to resemble it.—'Monocero:' perhaps the sword-fish.—'Dreadful fish:' the walrus, or morse. (*mors*, Latin for death).—'Wasserman:' an imaginary monster of

XXIV.

The dreadful fish, that hath deserv'd the name
Of Death, and like him looks in dreadful hue;
The grisly wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ship with swiftness to pursue;
The horrible sea-satyr, that doth shew
His fearful face in time of greatest storm;
Huge ziffius, whom mariners eschew
No less than rocks, as travellers inform;
And greedy rosmarines with visages deform:

XXV.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformèd monsters thousand fold,
With dreadful noise and hollow rumbling roar
Came rushing, in the foamy waves enrold,[1]
Which seem'd to fly for fear them to behold:
Ne[2] wonder, if these did the Knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreadful hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen[3] babes withal,
Comparèd to the creatures in the sea's entráll.[4] *

[1] Enveloped.
[2] No.
[3] Frighten.
[4] Entrails, depths.

XXVI.

'Fear naught,' then said the palmer well avis'd,
'For these same monsters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearful shapes disguis'd
By that same wicked Witch,[5] to work us dreed,
And draw from on this journey to proceed.'
Tho,[6] lifting up his virtuous staff on high,
He smote the sea, which calméd was with speed,
And all that dreadful army fast gan fly
Into great Tethys' bosom, where they hidden lie.

[5] Acrasia.
[6] Then.

the sea, in the shape of a man.—'Sea-satyr:' another imaginary creature.—'Ziffius:' probably xiphias, the sword-fish.—'Rosmarine:' an imaginary sea animal said to feed upon the dew on the rocks, whence its name, from *ros*, dew, and *marinus*, marine.

* This description will remind our readers of one equally powerful on the same objects in Schiller's 'Diver.'

XXVII.

Quit from that danger, forth their course they kept;
And as they went they heard a rueful cry
Of one that wail'd and pitifully wept,
That through the sea th' resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an island did espy
A seemly maiden, sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony
Seeméd some great misfortune to deplore,
And loud to them for succour calléd evermore.

XXVIII.

Which Guyon hearing, straight his palmer bade
To steer the boat towards that doleful maid,
That he might know and ease her sorrow sad:
Who, him avising[1] better, to him said;
'Fair Sir, be not displeas'd if disobey'd:
For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
For she is inly nothing ill apayd;[2]
But only womanish fine forgery,
Your stubborn heart t' affect with frail infirmity:

[1] Understanding.
[2] Distressed.

XXIX.

'To which when she your courage[3] hath inclin'd
Through foolish pity, then her guileful bait
She will embosom deeper in your mind,
And for your ruin at the last await.'
The Knight was ruléd, and the boatman straight
Held on his course with stayéd steadfastness,
Ne[4] ever shrunk, ne ever sought to bait[5]
His triéd arms for toilsome weariness:
But with his oars did sweep the wat'ry wilderness.

[3] Heart.
[4] Nor.
[5] Rest.

XXX.

And now they nigh approachéd to the sted[6]
Whereas those mermaids dwelt: it was a still

[6] Place.

And calmy bay, on th' one side shelteréd
With the broad shadow of an hoary hill;
On th' other side an high rock toweréd still,
That 'twixt them both a pleasant port they made,
And did like an half theatre [1] fulfill: [2]
There those five Sisters had continual trade, [3]
And us'd to bathe themselves in that deceitful shade.

[1] Amphitheatre. [2] Enclose. [3] Occupation.

XXXI.

They were fair ladies, till they fondly striv'd
With th' Heliconian maids for mastery;
Of whom they, over-comen, were depriv'd
Of their proud beauty, and th' one moiety
Transform'd to fish for their bold surquedry; [4]
But th' upper half their hue retainéd still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
Which ever after they abus'd to ill,
T' allure weak travellers, whom gotten, they did kill.

[4] Insolence.

XXXII.

So now to Guyon, as he passéd by,
Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus applied;
'O thou fair son of gentle Faëry,
That art in mighty arms most magnified
Above all knights that ever battle tried,
O turn thy rudder hitherward awhile:
Here may thy storm-bett [5] vessel safely ride;
This is the port of rest from troublous toil, [moil.'
The world's sweet inn from pain and wearisome tur-

[5] Beaten.

XXXIII.

With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answeréd;
And on the rock the waves breaking aloft
A solemn mean [6] unto them measuréd;
The whiles sweet Zephyrus loud whisteléd

[6] Tenor.

His treble, a strange kind of harmony;
Which Guyon's senses softly tickeléd,
That he the boatman bade row easily,
And let him hear some part of their rare melody.

XXXIV.

But him the Palmer from that vanity
With temperate advice discounselléd,
That they it pass'd, and shortly gan descry
The land to which their course they levelléd;[1]
When suddenly a gross fog overspread
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heaven's cheerful face envelopéd,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great universe seem'd one confuséd mass.

[1] Aimed.

XXXV.

Thereat they greatly were dismay'd, ne wist[2]
How to direct their way in darkness wide,
But fear'd to wander in that wasteful mist,
For tumbling into mischief unespied:
Worse is the danger hidden than descried.
Suddenly an innumerable flight
Of harmful fowls about them fluttering cried,
And with their wicked wings them oft did smite,
And sore annoyéd, groping in that grisly night.

[2] Nor knew.

XXXVI.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatal birds about them flockéd were,
Such as by nature men abhor and hate;
The ill-fac'd owl, death's dreadful messengere;
The hoarse night-raven, trump of doleful drere;[3]
The leather-wingéd bat, day's enemy;
The rueful strich,[4] still waiting on the bier;
The whistler shrill, that whoso hears doth die;
The hellish harpies, prophets of sad destiny:

[3] Sorrow.

[4] The screech-owl.

XXXVII.

All those, and all that else does horror breed,
About them flew, and fill'd their sails with fear;
Yet stay'd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stiffly steer,
Till that at last the weather gan to clear,
And the fair land itself did plainly show.
Said then the Palmer; 'Lo! where does appear
The sacred[1] soil where all our perils grow! [throw.'
Therefore, Sir Knight, your ready arms about you

[1] Cursed.

XXXVIII.

He hearken'd, and his arms about him took,
The whiles the nimble boat so well her sped,
That with her crooked keel the land she strook:
Then forth the noble Guyon salliéd,
And his sage Palmer that him governéd;
But th' other by his boat behind did stay.
They marchéd fairly forth, of naught ydred,[2]
Both firmly arm'd for every hard assay,
With constancy and care, gainst danger and dismay.

[2] Afraid.

XXXIX.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roar'd outrageously,
As if that hunger's point or Venus' sting
Had them enragéd with fell surquedry;[3]
Yet naught they fear'd, but past on hardily,
Until they came in view of those wild beasts,
Who all at once, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their upstaring[4] crests,
Ran towards to devour those unexpected guests.

[3] Insolence.

[4] High-advanced.

XL.

But, soon as they approach'd with deadly threat,
The Palmer over them his staff upheld,
His mighty staff, that could all charms defeat:

Eftsoons[1] their stubborn courages were quell'd,
And high advancéd crests down meekly fell'd;[2]
Instead of fraying[3] they themselves did fear,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous power did in that staff appear,
All monsters to subdue to him that did it bear.

[1] Immediately.
[2] Were felled.
[3] Terrifying.

XLI.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which Caducëus whilome[4] was made,
Caducëus, the rod of Mercury,
With which he wonts the Stygian realms invade
Through ghastly horror and eternal shade;
Th' infernal fiends with it he can assuage,
And Orcus tame, whom nothing can persuade,
And rule the Furies when they most do rage:
Such virtue in his staff had eke this Palmer sage.

[4] Formerly.

XLII.

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive
Whereas the Bower of Bliss was situate;
A place pick'd out by choice of best alive,
That nature's work by art can imitate:
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may daintest fantasy aggrate,[5]
Was pouréd forth with plentiful dispense,[6]
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

[5] Delight.
[6] Expense.

XLIII.

Goodly it was encloséd round about,
As well their enter'd guests to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin;
Naught fear'd their force that fortilage[7] to win,
But Wisdom's power, and Temperance's might,

[7] Fortress.

By which the mightiest things efforcéd bin:[1]
And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,
Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.

[1] Are.

XLIV.

It framéd was of precious ivory,
That seem'd a work of admirable wit;
And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medæa was ywrit;
Her mighty charms, her furious loving fit;
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falséd faith, and love too lightly flitt;[2]
The wonder'd[3] Argo, which in vent'rous piece[4]
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flow'r of Greece.

[2] Departed.
[3] Wondered at, or admired.
[4] Ship.

XLV.

Ye might have seen the frothy billows fry[5]
Under the ship as thorough them she went,
That seem'd the waves were into ivory,
Or ivory into the waves were sent;
And otherwhere the snowy substance sprent[6]
With vermell,[7] like the boys' blood* therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent;
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeléd
It seem'd th' enchanted flame, which did Crëusa wed.

[5] Foam.
[6] Sprinkled.
[7] Vermilion.

XLVI.

All this and more might in that goodly gate
Be red,[8] that ever open stood to all
Which thither came: but in the porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing, more then natural,
That travellers to him seem'd to entise;

[8] Perceived.

* 'Boys' blood:' Medea, deserted by her husband, Jason, killed her children, and gave Creusa, the wife taken by Jason, an enchanted garment which burned her to ashes.

His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
Not fit for speedy pace or manly exercise.

XLVII.

They in that place him Genius did call:
Not that celestial Power, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertains in charge particular,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And strange phantoms, doth let us oft foresee,
And oft of secret ills bids us beware:
That is our Self,[1] whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himself it well perceive to be:

[1] Our soul.

XLVIII.

Therefore a god him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call:
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envíes to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall
Through guileful semblants,[2] which he makes us
He of this garden had the governall,[3] [see:
And Pleasure's porter was devis'd to be,
Holding a staff in hand for more formality.

[2] Appearances.
[3] Government.

XLIX.

With diverse flowers he daintily was deckt,
And strewéd round about; and by his side
A mighty mazer[4] bowl of wine was set,
As if it had to him been sacrified;
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratified:
So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by;
But he his idle courtesy defied,
And overthrew his bowl disdainfully,
And broke his staff, with which he charméd[5] semblants sly.[6]

[4] Maple.
[5] Conjured up.
[6] Thin phantoms.

L.

Thus being enter'd, they behold around
A large and spacious plain, on every side
Strewéd with pleasauns;[1] whose fair grassy ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beautified
With all the ornaments of Flora's pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,
When forth from virgin bower she comes in th' early morn.

[1] Objects inspiring pleasure.

LI.

Thereto the heavens always jovial
Look'd on them lovely, still in steadfast state,
Ne[2] suffer'd storm nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate;
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the mild air with season moderate
Gently attemper'd and dispos'd so well,
That still it breathéd forth sweet spirit[3] and wholesome smell:

[2] Nor.

[3] Breath.

LII.

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill
Of Rhodope, on which the nymph, that bore
A giant babe herself for grief did kill;
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
Fair Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repair,
Whenever they their heavenly bowers forlore;[4]
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fair;
Or Eden self, if aught with Eden might compare.

LIII.

Much wonder'd Guyon at the fair aspéct
Of that sweet place, yet suffer'd no delight
To sink into his sense, nor mind affect;
But passéd forth, and look'd still forward right,
Bridling his will and mastering his might:
Till that he came unto another gate:
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight[1]
With boughs and branches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping arms in wanton wreathings intricate:

[1] Adorned.

LIV.

So fashionéd a porch with rare device,
Arch'd over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bunches hanging down seem'd to entice
All passers-by to taste their luscious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gatheréd;
Some deep empurpled as the hyacine,[2]
Some as the rubin[3] laughing sweetly red,
Some like fair emeralds, not yet well ripenéd:

[2] Hyacinth.
[3] Ruby.

LV.

And them amongst some were of burnish'd gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
That the weak boughs with so rich load opprest
Did bow adown as overburdenéd.
Under that porch a comely dame did rest
Clad in fair weeds but foul disorderéd,
And garments loose that seem'd unmeet for woman-hed:

LVI.

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,

Whose sappy liquor, that with fulness swell'd,
Into her cup she scruzd[1] with dainty breach[2]
Of her fine fingers, without foul empeach,[3]
That so fair winepress made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she us'd to give to drink to each,
Whom passing by she happenéd to meet:
It was her guise all strangers goodly so to greet.

[1] Squeezed. [2] Pressure. [3] Injury.

LVII.

So she to Guyon offer'd it to tast;
Who, taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in pieces it was broken fond,[4]
And with the liquor stainéd all the lond:
Whereat Excess exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te[5] the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffer'd him to pass, all[6] were she loth;
Who, naught regarding her displeasure, forward go'th.

[4] Found. [5] Could not. [6] Although.

LVIII.

There the most dainty paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does other's happiness envý;
The painted flowers; the trees upshooting high;
The dales for shade; the hills for breathing space;
The trembling groves; the crystal running by;
And, that which all fair works doth most aggrace,[7]
The art, which all that wrought, appearéd in no place.

[7] Give grace to.

LIX.

One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude
And scornéd parts were mingled with the fine,)
That Nature had for wantonness ensude[8]
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,

[8] Followed, imitated.

Each did the other's work more beautify;
So diff'ring both in wills agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweet diversity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

LX.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channel running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious imagery
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boys,
Of which some seem'd with lively jollity
To fly about playing their wanton toys,[1]
Whilst others did themselves embay[2] in liquid joys.

[1] Sports.
[2] Bathe.

LXI.

And over all of purest gold was spread
A trail of ivy in his native hue;
For the rich metal was so colouréd,
That wight, who did not well avis'd[3] it view,
Would surely deem it to be ivy true:
Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowers they fearfully did steep,
Which drops of crystal seem'd for wantonness to weep.

[3] With attention.

LXII.

Infinite streams continually did well
Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantity,
That like a little lake it seem'd to be;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits' height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jaspar shining bright,
That seem'd the fountain in that sea did sail upright.

LXIII.

And all the margent round about was set
With shady laurel trees, thence to defend
The sunny beams which on the billows bett,[1] [1] Did beat.
And those which therein bathéd might offend.
As Guyon happen'd by the same to wend,[2] [2] Go.
Two naked damsels he therein espied,
Which therein bathing seeméd to contend
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hide
Their dainty parts from view of any which them ey'd.

LXIV.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quite
Above the waters, and then down again
Her plunge, as over-masteréd by might,
Where both awhile would coveréd remain,
And each the other from to rise restrain;
The whiles their snowy limbs, as through a vele,[3] [3] Veil.
So through the crystal waves appearéd plain:
Then suddenly both would themselves unhele,[4] [4] Expose.
And th' amorous sweet spoils to greedy eyes reveal.

LXV.

As that fair star, the messenger of morn,
His dewy face out of the sea doth rear:
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly born
Of th' ocean's fruitful froth, did first appear:
Such seeméd they, and so their yellow heare[5] [5] Hair.
Crystalline humour droppéd down apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him near,
And somewhat gan relent[6] his earnest pace; [6] Slacken.
His stubborn breast gan secret pleasance to embrace.

LXVI.

The wanton maidens him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;

Then th' one herself low duckéd in the flood,
Abash'd that her a stranger did avise:[1]
But th' other rather higher did arise,
And her two lily paps aloft display'd,
And all, that might his melting heart entice
To her delights, she unto him bewray'd;
The rest, hid underneath, him more desirous made.

[1] Perceive.

LXVII.

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her fair locks, which formerly were bound
Up in one knot, she low adown did lose,
Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd around,
And th' ivory in golden mantle gown'd:[2]
So that fair spectacle from him was reft,[3]
Yet that which reft it no less fair was found:
So hid in locks and waves from looker's theft,
Naught but her lovely face she for his looking left.

[2] Robed.
[3] Taken away.

LXVIII.

Withal she laughéd, and she blush'd withal,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.[4]
Now when they spied the Knight to slack his pace,
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secret signs of kindled lust appear,
Their wanton merriments they did increase,
And to him beckon'd to approach more near,
And show'd him many sights that courage cold could rear:[5]

[4] Befall.
[5] Raise.

LXIX.

On which when gazing him the palmer saw,
He much rebuk'd those wand'ring eyes of his,
And, counsell'd well, him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bower of Bliss,
Of her fond[6] favourites so nam'd amiss;

[6] Foolish.

When thus the palmer; 'Now, Sir, well avise;[1]
For here the end of all our travail is:
Here wonnes[2] Acrasia, whom we must surprise,
Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise.'

[1] Reflect.
[2] Dwells.

LXX.

Eftsoons[3] they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read[4] what manner music that might be;
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree:

[3] Immediately.
[4] Explain.

LXXI.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet;
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the waters' fall;
The waters' fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answeréd to all.

LXXII.

There, whence that music seeméd heard to be,
Was the fair witch herself now solacing
With a new lover, whom, through sorcery
And witchcraft, she from far did thither bring:
There she had him now laid a slumbering
In secret shade after long wanton joys;
Whilst round about them pleasantly did sing
Many fair ladies and lascivious boys,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious toys.[5]

[5] Sport.

LXXIII.

And all that while right over him she hong
With her false eyes fast fixéd in his sight,[1]
As seeking medicine whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight;
And oft inclining down, with kisses light,
For fear of waking him, his lips bedew'd,
And through his humid eyes did suck his sprite,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighéd soft, as if his case she rued.[2]

[1] Fixed on his eyes.

[2] Pitied.

LXXIV.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
*Ah! see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see,*
*In springing flower the image of thy day!*[3]
*Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she*
*Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,*
*That fairer seems the less ye see her may!*
*Lo! see soon after how more bold and free*
*Her baréd bosom she doth broad display;*
*Lo! see soon after how she fades and falls away!*

[3] Of thy life.

LXXV.

*So passeth, in the passing of a day,*
*Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower;*
*Ne*[4] *more doth flourish after first decay,*
*That erst*[5] *was sought to deck both bed and bower*
*Of many a lady, and many a paramour!*
*Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,*
*For soon comes age that will her pride deflower:*
*Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,*
*Whilst loving thou mayst lovéd be with equal crime.*[6]

[4] Nor.

[5] Before.

[6] Equal offence.

LXXVI.

He ceas'd; and then gan all the choir of birds
Their diverse notes t' attune unto his lay,

As in approvance[1] of his pleasing words.
The constant[2] pair heard all that he did say,
Yet swervéd not, but kept their forward way
Through many covert groves and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display[3]
That wanton Lady with her lover lose,
Whose sleepy head she in her lap did soft dispose.

[1] Approval. [2] Resolute. [3] Discover.

LXXVII.

Upon a bed of roses she was laid,
As faint through heat, or dight[4] to pleasant sin;
And was array'd, or rather disarray'd,
All in a veil of silk and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather shew'd more white, if more might be:
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin;
Nor the fine nets,[5] which oft we woven see
Of scorchéd dew, do not in th' air more lightly flee.

[4] Dressed. [5] The gossamer.

LXXVIII.

Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoil
Of hungry eyes, which n'ote[6] therewith be fill'd;
And yet through languor of her late sweet toil,
Few drops, more clear then nectar, forth distill'd,
That like pure orient pearls adown it trill'd;[7]
And her fair eyes, sweet smiling in delight,
Moisten'd their fiery beams, with which she thrill'd
Frail hearts, yet quenchéd not; like starry light,
Which, sparkling on the silent waves, does seem more bright.

[6] Could not. [7] Flowed.

LXXIX.

The young man, sleeping by her, seem'd to be
Some goodly swain of honourable place;[8]
That certes[9] it great pity was to see
Him his nobility so foul deface:
A sweet regard and amiable grace,

[8] Rank. [9] Certainly.

Mixéd with manly sternness, did appear,
Yet sleeping, in his well-proportion'd face;
And on his tender lips the downy hair
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms bear.

LXXX.

His warlike arms, the idle instruments
Of sleeping praise, were hung upon a tree;
And his brave shield, full of old moniments,[1]
Was foully ras'd,[2] that none the signs might see;
Ne[3] for them, ne for honour caréd he,
Ne aught that did to his advancement tend;
But in lewd loves, and wasteful luxury,
His days, his goods, his body he did spend:
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend![4]

[1] Memorials.
[2] Erased.
[3] Nor.
[4] Blind.

LXXXI.

The noble Elfe and careful Palmer drew
So nigh them, minding naught but lustful game,
That sudden forth they on them rush'd, and threw
A subtile net, which only for that same[5]
The skilful palmer formally[6] did frame:
So held them under fast; the whiles the rest
Fled all away for fear of fouller shame.
The fair enchantress, so unwares opprest,
Tried all her arts and all her sleights thence out to wrest;[7]

[5] Same purpose.
[6] Expressly.
[7] Escape.

LXXXII.

And eke[8] her lover strove; but all in vain:
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distrain.[9]
They took them both, and both them strongly bound
In captive bands, which there they ready found:
But her in chains of adamant he tied;

[8] Also.
[9] Rend.

For nothing else might keep her safe and sound:
But Verdant (so he hight[1]) he soon untied,
And counsel sage in stead thereof to him applied.

[1] Was called.

LXXXIII.

But all those pleasant bowers, and palace brave,[2]
Guyon broke down with rigour pitiless:
Ne[3] aught their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulness,
But that their bliss he turn'd to balefulness,
Their groves he fell'd; their gardens did deface;
Their arbours spoil; their cabinets[4] suppress;
Their banquet-houses burn; their buildings race;[5]
And, of the fairest late, now made the foullest place.

[2] Beautiful.
[3] Nor.
[4] Cottages.
[5] Raze.

LXXXIV.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowful and sad:
The way they came, the same return'd they right,
Till they arrivéd where they lately had
Charm'd those wild beasts that rag'd with fury mad;
Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistress' rescue, whom they lad;[6]
But them the Palmer soon did pacify.
Then Guyon ask'd, what meant those beasts which there did lie.

[6] Led.

LXXXV.

Said he; 'These seeming beasts are men in deed,
Whom this enchantress hath transformed thus;
Whilome[7] her lovers, which her lusts did feed,
Now turnéd into figures hideous,
According to their minds like monstruous.'
'Sad end,' quoth he, 'of life intemperate,
And mournful meed of joys delicious!
But, Palmer, if it might thee so aggrate,[8]
Let them returnéd be unto their former state.'

[7] Formerly.
[8] Please

LXXXVI.

Straightway he with his virtuous[1] staff them strook
And straight of beasts they comely men became;
Yet being men they did unmanly look,
And staréd ghastly; some for inward shame,
And some for wrath to see their captive Dame:
But one above the rest in special
That had an hog been late, hight[2] Gryll by name,
Repinéd greatly, and did him miscall[3]
That had from hoggish form him brought to natural.

[1] Having virtue, or power.
[2] Called.
[3] Abuse.

LXXXVII.

Said Guyon; 'See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soon forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference
To be a beast, and lack intelligence!'
To whom the Palmer thus; 'The dunghill kind
Delights in filth and foul incontinence:
Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish mind;
But let us hence depart whilst weather serves and wind.'

THE THIRD BOOK

OF

# THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

I.

It falls me here to write of Chastity,
That fairest virtue, far above the rest:
For which what needs me fetch from Faëry
Foreign ensamples it to have exprest?
Sith[1] it is shrinéd in my Sovereign's breast,
And form'd so lively in each perfect part,
That to all ladies, which have it profest,
Need but behold the portrait of her heart;
If pourtray'd it might be by any living art:

II.

But living art may not least part express,
Nor life-resembling pencil it can paint:
All[2] were it Zeuxis or Praxiteles,
His dædal[3] hand would fail and greatly faint,
And her perfections with his error taint:
Ne poet's wit, that passeth painter far
In picturing the parts of beauty daint,[4]
So hard a workmanship adventure dare,
For fear through want of words her excellence to mar.

[2] Although.
[3] Creative.
[4] Dainty.

III.

How then shall I, apprentice of the skill
That whilome[1] in divinest wits did reign,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my luckless lot doth me constrain
Hereto perforce: but, O dread Soveraine,
Thus far forth pardon, sith[2] that choicest wit
Cannot your glorious portrait figure plain,
That I in colour'd shows may shadow it,
And ántique praises unto present persons fit.

[1] Formerly.

[2] Since.

IV.

But if in living colours, and right hue,
Thyself thou covet to see picturéd,
Who can it do more lively, or more true,
Than that sweet verse, with nectar sprinkeled,
In which a gracious servant* pictured
His Cynthia, his heaven's fairest light?
That with his melting sweetness ravished,
And with the wonder of her beamës bright,
My senses lulléd are in slumber of delight.

V.

But let that same delicious poet lend
A little leave unto a rustic Muse
To sing his Mistress' praise; and let him mend,
If aught amiss her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fairest Cynthia refuse
In mirrors more than one herself to see;
But either Gloriana let her chuse,
Or in Belphœbe fashionéd to be;
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare chastity.

* 'Servant:' Sir Walter Raleigh, who wrote a poem called 'Cynthia,' eulogising Queen Elizabeth.

## CANTO I.

Guyon encount'reth Britomart:
Fair Florimell is chas'd:
Duessa's trains and Malecasta's champions are defac'd.

I.

The famous Briton Prince and Faery Knight,
After long ways and perilous pains endur'd,
Having their weary limbs to perfect plight
Restor'd, and sorry wounds right well recur'd,
Of the fair Alma greatly were procur'd[1]
To make there longer sojourn and abode;
But, when thereto they might not be allur'd
From seeking praise and deeds of arms abroad,
They courteous congé[2] took, and forth together yode.[3]

[1] Entreated.
[2] Farewell
[3] Went.

II.

But the captív'd Acrasia he sent,
Because of travel long, a nigher way,
With a strong guard, all rescue to prevent,
And her to Faery Court safe to convey;
That her for witness of his hard assay
Unto his Faery Queen he might present:
But he himself betook another way,
To make more trial of his hardiment,[4]
And seek adventures, as he with Prince Arthur went.

[4] Courage.

III.

Long so they travelléd through wasteful ways,
Where dangers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,[5]
To hunt for glory and renownéd praise:
Full many countries they did overrun,
From the uprising to the setting sun,
And many hard adventures did achieve;

[5] Dwell.

Of all the which they honour ever won,
Seeking the weak oppresséd to relieve,
And to recover right for such as wrong did grieve.

IV.

[1] Went. At last, as through an open plain they yode,[1]
They spied a knight that towards prickéd fair;
And him beside an aged squire there rode,
[2] Bend. That seem'd to couch[2] under his shield three-square,
As if that age bade him that burden spare,
And yield it those that stouter could it wield.
He, them espying, gan himself prepare,
[3] Make ready. And on his arm address[3] his goodly shield
That bore a lion passant in a golden field.

V.

Which seeing, good Sir Guyon dear besought
The Prince, of grace, to let him run that turn.
Reached. He granted: then the Faery quickly raught[4]
[5] Spur. His poignant spear, and sharply gan to spurn[5]
His foamy steed, whose fiery feet did burn
The verdant grass as he thereon did tread;
[6] Nor. Ne[6] did the other back his foot return,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful spear against the other's head.

VI.

[7] Struck. They been ymet, and both their points arriv'd;[7]
But Guyon drove so furious and fell, [riv'd;
That seem'd both shield and plate it would have
Saddle. Nathdless it bore his foe not from his sell,[8]
[9] As if. But made him stagger, as[9] he were not well:
But Guyon self, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a spear's length behind his crupper fell;
Yet in his fall so well himself he bare, [spare.
That mischievous mischance his life and limbs did

VII.

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he took;
For never yet, sith[1] warlike arms he bore
And shivering spear in bloody field first shook,
He found himself dishonouréd so sore.
Ah! gentlest knight, that ever armour bore,
Let not thee grieve dismounted to have been,
And brought to ground, that never wast before;
For not thy fault, but secret power unseen;
That spear enchanted was which laid thee on the green!

[1] Since.

VIII.

But weenedst thou what wight thee overthrew,
Much greater grief and shamefuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
That of a single damsel thou wert met
On equal plain, and there so hard beset:
Even the famous Britomart it was,
Whom strange adventure did from Britain fet[2]
To seek her lover (love far sought alas!)
Whose image she had seen in Venus' looking-glass.

IX.

Full of disdainful wrath, he fierce uprose
For to revenge that foul reproachful shame,
And snatching his bright sword began to close
With her on foot, and stoutly forward came;
Die rather would he than endure that same.
Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to fear
His toward[3] peril, and untoward blame,[4]
Which by that new rencounter he should rear;[5]
For Death sate on the point of that enchanted spear:

[3] Near at hand.
[4] Injury.
[5] Bring upon himself

X.

And hasting towards him, gan fair persuade
Not to provoke misfortune, nor to ween

His spear's default to mend with cruel blade;
For by his mighty science he had seen
The secret virtue of that weapon keen,
That mortal puissance might not withstond:
Nothing on earth might always happy[1] been!
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,[2]
To lose long-gotten honour with one evil hond[3]

[1] Successful.
[2] Rash.
[3] Enterprise.

XI.

By such good means he him discounselled
From prosecuting his revenging rage:
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathful will with reason to assuage;
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed that swerv'd aside,
And to the ill purveyance of his page,
That had his furnitures[4] not firmly tied:
So is his angry courage fairly pacified.

[4] Equipments.

XII.

Thus reconcilement was between them knit,
Through goodly temperance and affection chaste;
And either vow'd with all their power and wit
To let not other's honour be defac'd
Of[5] friend or foe, whoever it embas'd,[6]
Ne[7] arms to bear against the other's side:
In which accord[8] the Prince was also plac'd,
And with that golden chain of concord tied:
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere[9] did ride.

[5] By.
[6] Dishonoured.
[7] Nor.
[8] Agreement.
[9] Together.

XIII.

O, goodly usage of those antique times,
In which the sword was servant unto right;
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for praise, and proof of manly might,
The martial brood accustoméd to fight:

Then honour was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquishéd had no despite:
Let later age that noble use envý,
Vile rancour to avoid and cruel surquedry![1]

[1] Insolence.

XIV.

Long they thus travelléd in friendly wise,
Through countries waste, and eke[2] well edify'd,[3]
Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
Their puíssance, whilome[4] full dernly[5] tried:
At length they came into a forest wide,
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sound
Full grisly[6] seem'd: therein they long did ride,
Yet track of living creature none they found,
Save bears, lions, and bulls, which roaméd them around.

[2] Also.
[3] Peopled.
[4] Formerly.
[5] Earnestly.
[6] Terrible.

XV.

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone,
A goodly lady * did foreby[7] them rush,
Whose face did seem as clear as crystal stone,
And eke, through fear, as white as whalës bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with tinsel trappings shone,
Which fled so fast that nothing might him hold,
And scarce them leisure gave her passing to behold.

[7] Hard.

XVI.

Still as she fled her eye she backward threw,
As fearing evil that pursu'd her fast;
And her fair yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely dispers'd with puff of every blast:
All as a blazing star doth far outcast
His hairy beams, and flaming locks dispread,

* 'A goodly lady:' Florimell, a character meant, says one, 'to express the gentle delicacy and timid sensitiveness of woman, and the perils and rude encounters to which these qualities are exposed in the world.'

At sight whereof the people stand aghast;
But the sage wizard tells, as he has redd,[1]
That it impórtunes[2] death and doleful drerihed.[3]

[1] Divined
[2] Threatens.
[3] Disaster.

XVII.

So as they gazéd after her awhile,
Lo! where a grisly foster[4] forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly lust her to defile:
His tireling[5] jade[6] he fiercely forth did push
Through thick and thin, both over bank and bush,
In hope her to attain by hook or crook,
That from his gory sides the blood did gush:
Large were his limbs, and terrible his look,
And in his clownish hand a sharp boar-spear he shook.

[4] Forester.
[5] Weary.
[6] Horse.

XVIII.

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
Full of great envy and fell jealousy
They staid not to avise[7] who first should be,
But all spurr'd after, fast as they might fly,
To rescue her from shameful villany.
The Prince and Guyon equally bylive[8]
Herself pursu'd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meed, the fairest Dame alive:
But after the foul foster Timias* did strive.

[7] Consider.
[8] Instantly.

XIX.

The whiles fair Britomart, whose constant mind
Would not so lightly follow beauty's chase,
Ne[9] reck'd of ladies' love, did stay behind;
And them awaited there a certain space,
To weet[10] if they would turn back to that place:
But, when she saw them gone, she forward went,
As lay her journey, through that perlous pace,[11]

[9] Nor.
[10] Learn.
[11] Country.

* 'Timias:' Prince Arthur's squire, supposed to represent Sir W. Raleigh.

With steadfast courage and stout hardiment;[1]
Ne[2] evil thing she fear'd, ne evil thing she meant.

[1] Boldness.
[2] No.

XX.

At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately castle far away she spied,
To which her steps directly she did frame.[3]
That castle was most goodly edify'd,[4]
And plac'd for pleasure nigh that forest side:
But fair before the gate a spacious plain,
Mantled with green, itself did spredden[5] wide,
On which she saw six knights, that did darrayne[6]
Fierce battle against one * with cruel might and main.

[3] Direct.
[4] Built.
[5] Spread.
[6] Prepare.

XXI.

Mainly[7] they all at once upon him laid,
And sore beset on every side around,
That nigh he breathless grew, yet naught dismay'd,
Ne ever to them yielded foot of ground,
All[8] had he lost much blood through many a wound;
But stoutly dealt his blows, and every way,
To which he turnéd in his wrathful stound,[9]
Made them recoil, and fly from dread decay,
That none of all the six before[10] him durst assay:[11]

[7] Violently.
[8] Although.
[9] Assault.
[10] In front.
[11] Attack.

XXII.

Like dastard curs, that, having at a bay
The savage beast embost[12] in weary chase,
Dare not adventure on the stubborn prey,
Ne bite before, but roam from place to place
To get a snatch when turnéd is his face.
In such distress and doubtful jeopardy
When Britomart him saw, she ran apace
Unto his rescue, and with earnest cry
Bade those same six forbear that single enemy.

[12] Hard pressed.

* 'Against one:' this is the Red-cross Knight of the First Book.

XXIII.

But to her cry they list not lenden[1] ear, [cease;
Ne[2] aught the more their mighty strokes sur-
But, gathering him round about more near,
Their direful rancour rather did increase;
Till that she rushing through the thickest preace
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,[5]
And soon compell'd to hearken unto peace:
Tho[6] gan she mildly of them to inquire
The cause of their dissension and outrageous ire.

[1] Will not lend.
[2] Nor.
[3] Leave off.
[4] Press.
[5] Circle.
[6] Then.

XXIV.

Whereto that single knight did answer frame;
'These six would me enforce, by odds of might,
To change my liefe,[7] and love another dame;
That death me liefer[8] were then such despite,
So unto wrong to yield my wrested right:
For I love one, the truest one on ground,
Ne list me change; she th' Errant Damsel[9] hight;[10]
For whose dear sake full many a bitter stound[11]
I have endur'd, and tasted many a bloody wound.'

[7] Love.
[8] Preferable.
[9] Una.
[10] Is called.
[11] Assault.

XXV.

'Certes,' said she, 'then been ye six to blame,
To ween[12] your wrong by force to justify:
For knight to leave his lady were great shame
That faithful is; and better were to die.
All loss is less, and less the infamy,
Than loss of love to him that loves but one:
Ne may love be compell'd by mastery;[13]
For, soon as mast'ry comes, sweet love anon
Taketh his nimble wings, and soon away is gone.'

[12] Think.
[13] Superior power.

XXVI.

Then spake one of those six; 'There dwelleth her
Within this castle-wall a Lady fair,

Whose sovereign beauty hath no living peer;
Thereto[1] so bounteous and so debonaire,[2]
That never any might with her compare:
She hath ordain'd this law, which we approve,
That every knight which doth this way repair,
In case he have no lady nor no love,
Shall do unto her service, never to remove:

[1] Besides.
[2] Gracious.

XXVII.

'But if he have a lady or a love,
Then must he her forego with foul defame,[3]
Or else with us by dint of sword approve,
That she is fairer than our fairest Dame;
As did this knight, before ye hither came.'
'Perdy,'[4] said Britomart, 'the choice is hard!
But what reward had he that overcame?'
'He should advancéd be to high regard,'
Said they, 'and have our Lady's love for his reward.

[3] Dishonour.
[4] Truly.

XXVIII.

'Therefore aread,[5] Sir, if thou have a love.'
'Love have I sure,' quoth she, 'but lady none;
Yet will I not from mine own love remove,
Ne[6] to your Lady will I service done,[7] [alone,
But wreak your wrongs wrought to this knight
And prove his cause.' With that, her mortal
She mightily aventred[8] towárds one, [spear
And down him smote ere well aware he weare;[9]
Then to the next she rode, and down the next did bear.

[5] Declare.
[6] Nor.
[7] Do.
[8] Pushed at a venture.
[9] Were.

XXIX.

Ne did she stay till three on ground she laid,
That none of them himself could rear again:
The fourth was by that other knight dismay'd,[10]
All[11] were he weary of his former pain;
That now there do but two of six remain;

[10] Subdued.
[11] Although.

Which two did yield before she did them smite.
'Ah!' said she then, 'now may ye all see plain,
That Truth is strong, and true Love most of might
That for his trusty servants doth so strongly fight.'

XXX.

'Too well we see,' said they, 'and prove too well
Our faulty weakness, and your matchless might:
[1] Therefore. Forthy,[1] fair Sir, yours be the damosel,
Which by her own law to your lot doth light,
And we your liegemen faith unto you plight.'
[2] Cast. So underneath her feet their swords they mard,[2]
And, after, her besought, well as they might,
To enter in and reap the due reward:
She granted; and then in they all together far'd.

XXXI.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame
And stately port of Castle Joyous,
[3] Is called. (For so that castle hight[3] by common name,)
Where they were entertain'd with courteous
And comely glee of many gracious
Fair ladies, and of many a gentle knight;
Who, through a chamber long and spacious,
[4] Immediately. Eftsoons[4] them brought unto their Lady's sight,
[5] Called. That of them clepéd[5] was the Lady of Delight.

XXXII.

But, for to tell the sumptuous array
Of that great chamber, should be labour lost;
For living wit, I ween, cannot display
The royal riches and exceeding cost
Of every pillar and of every post,
Which all of purest bullion framéd were,
[6] Adorned. And with great pearls and precious stones embost;[6]
That the bright glister of their beamës clear
Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious did appear

XXXIII.

These stranger knights, through passing, forth
Into an inner room, whose royalty [were led
And rich purveyance[1] might uneath[2] be red;[3]
Might prince's place beseem so deckt to be.
Which stately manner whenas they did see,
The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of mean[4] degree,
They greatly wonder'd whence so sumptuous guise
Might be maintain'd, and each gan diversely devise.

[1] Furniture. [2] Scarcely. [3] Described. [4] Moderate.

XXXIV.

The walls were round about apparelléd
With costly cloths of Arras and of Tour;
In which with cunning hand was pourtrayed
The love of Venus and her paramour,
The fair Adonis, turnéd to a flower;
A work of rare device and wondrous wit.
First did it show the bitter baleful stowre,[5]
Which her assay'd with many a fervent fit, [smit:
When first her tender heart was with his beauty

XXXV.

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements
Entic'd the boy, as well that art she knew, [she
And wooéd him her paramour to be;
Now making garlands of each flower that grew,
To crown his golden locks with honour due;
Now leading him into a secret shade [view,
From his beauperes,[6] and from bright heaven's
Where him to sleep she gently would persuade,
Or bathe him in a fountain by some covert glade:

[6] Fair companions.

XXXVI.

And, whilst he slept, she over him would spread
Her mantle colour'd like the starry skies,

And her soft arm lay underneath his head,
And with ambrosial kisses bathe his eyes;
And, whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spies[1]
She secretly would search each dainty limb,
And throw into the well sweet rosemaries,
And fragrant violets, and pansies trim;
And ever with sweet nectar she did sprinkle him.

[1] Eyes.

XXXVII.

So did she steal his heedless heart away,
And joy'd his love in secret unespied:
But for[2] she saw him bent to cruel play,
To hunt the savage beast in forest wide,
Dreadful[3] of danger that might him betide
She oft and oft advis'd him to refrain
From chase of greater beasts, whose brutish pride
Might breed him scath unwares: but all in vain;
For who can shun the chance that dest'ny doth ordain?

[2] Because.
[3] Fearful.

XXXVIII.

Lo! where beyond[4] he lieth languishing,
Deadly engoréd of a great wild boar;
And by his side the goddess grovelling
Makes for him endless moan, and evermore
With her soft garment wipes away the gore
Which stains his snowy skin with hateful hue:
But, when she saw no help might him restore,
Him to a dainty flower[5] she did transmew,[6]
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively[7] grew.

[4] In the distance.
[5] Anemone.
[6] Change.
[7] Living.

XXXIX.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wise:
And round about it many beds were dight,[8]
As whilome[9] was the ántique worldës guise,
Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
As pleaséd them to use that use it might:

[8] Prepared.
[9] Formerly.

And all was full of damsels and of squires,
Dancing and revelling both day and night,
And swimming deep in sensual desires;
And Cupid still amongst them kindled lustful fires.

XL.

And all the while sweet Music did divide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony;
And all the while sweet birds thereto applied
Their dainty lays and dulcet melody,
Aye carolling of love and jollity,
That wonder was to hear their trim consórt.[1]
Which when those knights beheld, with scornful eye
They sdeignéd[2] such lascivious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanour of that wanton sort.[3]

[1] Pleasing concert.
[2] Disdained.
[3] Company.

XLI.

Thence they were brought to that great Lady's view,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed
That glist'red all with gold and glorious shew,
As the proud Persian queens accustomed:
She seem'd a woman of great bountyhed
And of rare beauty, saving that askance
Her wanton eyes (ill signs of womanhed)
Did roll too lightly, and too often glance,
Without regard of grace or comely amenance.[4]

[4] Behaviour.

XLII.

Long work it were, and needless, to devise[5]
Their goodly entertainment and great glee:
She causéd them be led in courteous wise
Into a bower,[6] disarméd for to be,
And cheeréd well with wine and spicery:
The Redcross Knight was soon disarméd there;
But the brave Maid would not disarméd be,
But only vented up her umbriëre,[7]
And so did let her goodly visage to appear.

[5] Describe.
[6] Chamber.
[7] Lifted up her visor.

XLIII.

As when fair Cynthia, in darksome night,
Is in a noyous[1] cloud envelopéd,
Where she may find the substance thin and light,
Breaks forth her silver beams, and her bright head
Discovers to the world discomfited;[2]
Of the poor traveller that went astray
With thousand blessings she is herried:[3]
Such was the beauty and the shining ray,
With which fair Britomart gave light unto the day.

[1] Baleful.
[2] Troubled at her absence.
[3] Praised.

XLIV.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarm'd, and did themselves present
Unto her view, and company unsought;
For they all seeméd courteous and gent,[4]
And all six brethren, born of one parent,
Which had them train'd in all civility,
And goodly taught to tilt and tournament;
Now were they liegemen to this Lady free,
And her knight's-service ought,[5] to hold of her in fee.

[4] Accomplished.
[5] Owed.

XLV.

The first of them by name Gardantè[6] hight,[7]
A jolly person, and of comely view;
The second was Parlantè,[8] a bold knight;
And next to him Jocantè[9] did ensue;
Basciantè[10] did himself most courteous shew;
But fierce Bacchantè[11] seem'd too fell and keen;
And yet in arms Noctantè[12] greater grew:
All were fair knights, and goodly well beseen;
But to fair Britomart they all but shadows been.

[6] The Ogler.
[7] Called.
[8] The Prattler.
[9] The Jester.
[10] The Kisser.
[11] The Drinker.
[12] The Night Reveller.

XLVI.

For she was full of amiable grace
And manly terror mixéd therewithal

That as the one stirr'd up affections base,
So th' other did men's rash desires appal,
And hold them back that would in error fall:
As he that hath espied a vermeil rose,
To which sharp thorns and briars the way forestall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But, wishing it far off, his idle wish doth lose.

XLVII.

Whom when the Lady saw so fair a wight,
All ignorant of her contráry sex,
(For she her ween'd a fresh and lusty knight,)
She greatly gan enamouréd to wex,[1]
And with vain thoughts her falsed[2] fancy vex:
Her fickle heart conceivéd hasty fire,
Like sparks of fire which fall in slender flex,[3]
That shortly brent[4] into extreme desire,
And ransack'd all her veins with passíon entire.

[1] Grow.
[2] Deceived.
[3] Fine flax.
[4] Burnt.

XLVIII.

Eftsoons[5] she grew to great impatience,
And into terms of open outrage burst,
That plain discover'd her incontinence;
Ne[6] reck'd she who her meaning did mistrust;
For she was given all to fleshly lust,
And pouréd forth in sensual delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,[7]
And meet respect of honour put to flight:
So shameless beauty soon becomes a loathly sight.

[5] Immediately.
[6] Nor.
[7] Shaken off.

XLIX.

Fair ladies, that to love captíved are,
And chaste desires do nourish in your mind,
Let not her fault your sweet affections mar;
Ne blot the bounty[8] of all womankind
'Mongst thousands good, one wanton dame to find:

[8] Goodness.

Amongst the roses grow some wicked weeds:
For this was not to love, but lust, inclin'd;
[1] Noble. For love does always bring forth bounteous[1] deeds,
And in each gentle heart desire of honour breeds.

L.

[2] Understand. Naught so of love this looser Dame did skill,[2]
But as a coal to kindle fleshly flame,
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading under foot her honest name:
Such love is hate, and such desire is shame.
[3] Shoot. Still did she rove[3] at her with crafty glance
Of her false eyes, that at her heart did aim,
And told her meaning in her countenance;
But Britomart dissembled it with ignorance.

LI.

[4] Prepared. Supper was shortly dight,[4] and down they sat;
Where they were servéd with all sumptuous fare,
[5] Bacchus. Whiles fruitful Ceres and Lyæus[5] fat
[6] Grudging. Pour'd out their plenty, without spite[6] or spare;
Naught wanted there that dainty was and rare:
And aye the cups their banks did overflow;
And aye between the cups she did prepare
Way to her love, and secret darts did throw,
But Britomart would not such guileful message know.

LII.

So, when they slakéd had the fervent heat
Of appetite with meats of every sort,
The Lady did fair Britomart entreat
Her to disarm, and with delightful sport
To loose her warlike limbs and strong effórt:
[7] Disguise. But when she might not thereunto be won,
(For she her sex under that strange purpórt[7]
Did use to hide, and plain appearance shun,)
In plainer wise to tell her grievance she begun;

LIII.

And all at once discover'd her desire [grief,
With sighs, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous
The outward sparks of her in-burning fire:
Which spent in vain, at last she told her brief,[1]
That, but if[2] she did lend her short[3] relief
And do her comfort, she mote algates[4] die.
But the chaste Damsel, that had never prief[5]
Of such malengine[6] and fine forgery,[7]
Did easily believe her strong extremity.

[1] Briefly.
[2] Unless.
[3] Speedy.
[4] At all events.
[5] Proof.
[6] Guile.
[7] Deceit.

LIV.

Full easy was for her to have belief,
Who by self-feeling of her feeble sex,
And by long trial of the inward grief
Wherewith imperious love her heart did vex,
Could judge what pains do loving hearts perplex.
Who means no guile, be guiléd soonest shall,
And to fair semblance doth light[8] faith annex:
The bird, that knows not the false fowler's call,
Into his hidden net full easily doth fall.

[8] Ready.

LV.

Forthy[9] she would not in discourteous wise
Scorn the fair offer of good will profest;
For great rebuke[10] it is love to despise,
Or rudely sdeign[11] a gentle heart's request;
But with fair count'nance, as beseeméd best,
Her entertain'd; nath'less she inly deem'd
Her love too light, to woo a wand'ring guest;
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteem'd
That from like inward fire that outward smoke had steem'd.

[9] Therefore
[10] Rudeness.
[11] Disdain.

LVI.

Therewith awhile she her flit[12] fancy fed,
Till she might win fit time for her desire;

[12] Rapid.

But yet her wound still inward freshly bled,
And through her bones the false instilléd fire
Did spread itself, and venom close [1] inspire.
Tho [2] were the tables taken all away;
And every knight, and every gentle squire,
Gan choose his dame with *basciomani* [3] gay,
With whom he meant to make his sport and courtly play.

[1] Secret.
[2] Then.
[3] Kissing hands.

LVII.

Some fell to dance; some fell to hazardry; [4]
Some to make love; some to make merriment;
As diverse wits to diverse things apply:
And all the while fair Malecasta bent
Her crafty engines to her close intent.[5]
By this th' eternal lamps, wherewith high Jove
Doth light the lower world, were half yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove
Into the ocean deep to drive their weary drove.

[4] Gaming.
[5] Secret purpose.

LVIII.

High time it seeméd then for every wight
Them to betake unto their kindly rest:
Eftsoons [6] long waxen torches weren light
Unto their bowers [7] to guiden every guest:
Tho,[8] when the Britoness saw all the rest
Avoided [9] quite, she gan herself despoil,
And safe commit to her soft feather'd nest; [toil,
Where through long watch, and late day's weary
She soundly slept, and careful thoughts did quite assoil.[10]

[6] Immediately.
[7] Chambers.
[8] Then.
[9] Departed.
[10] Put off.

LIX.

Now whenas all the world in silence deep
Yshrouded was, and every mortal wight
Was drownéd in the depth of deadly sleep;
Fair Malecasta, whose engrievéd sprite

Could find no rest in such perplexéd plight,
Lightly arose out of her weary bed,
And, under the black veil of guilty night,
Her with a scarlet mantle coveréd
That was with gold and ermines fair enveloped.

LX.

Then panting soft, and trembling every joint,
Her fearful feet towards the bower she mov'd,
Where she for secret purpose did appoint
To lodge the warlike Maid, unwisely lov'd;
And, to her bed approaching, first she prov'd
Whether she slept or wak'd: with her soft hand
She softly felt if any member mov'd,
And lent her wary ear to understand
If any puff of breath or sign of sense she fond.[1]

LXI.

Which whenas none she fond, with easy shift,[2]
For fear lest her unwares she should abrayd,[3]
Th' embroider'd quilt she lightly up did lift,
And by her side herself she softly laid,
Of every finest finger's touch afraid;
Ne[4] any noise she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sigh'd. At last the royal Maid
Out of her quiet slumber did awake,
And chang'd her weary side the better ease to take.

[2] Gentle c
trivance.
[3] Awake.
[4] Nor.

LXII.

Where feeling one close couchéd by her side,
She lightly leapt out of her filéd[5] bed,
And to her weapon ran, in mind to gride[6]
The loathéd lecher: but the Dame, half dead
Through sudden fear and ghastly drerihed,[7]
Did shriek aloud, that through the house it rong,
And the whole family therewith adredd[8]

[5] Defiled.
[6] Pierce.
[7] Horror.
[8] Alarme

[1] Hurriedly.

Rashly[1] out of their rouséd couches sprong
And to the troubled chamber all in arms did throng.

LXIII.

And those six knights, that Lady's champions,
[2] Also.
[3] Noise.
[4] At once.
And eke[2] the Redcross Knight ran to the stound,[3]
Half arm'd and half unarm'd, with them attons:[4]
Where when confusedly they came, they found
Their Lady lying on the senseless ground:
On th' other side they saw the warlike Maid
All in her snow-white smock, with locks unbound,
Threat'ning the point of her avenging blade;
That with so troublous terror they were all dismay'd.

LXIV.

About their Lady first they flock'd around;
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they rear'd out of her frozen swound;
And afterwards they gan with foul reproach
[5] Contention.
[6] Commence.
To stir up strife, and troublous conteck[5] broach:[6]
But, by ensample of the last day's loss,
None of them rashly durst to her approach,
[7] Nor.
[8] Adorn.
Ne[7] in so glorious spoil themselves emboss:[8]
Her succour'd eke the champion of the Bloody Cross.

LXV.

[9] Named.
But one of those six knights, Gardantè hight,[9]
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keen,
Which forth he sent with felonous despite
[10] Bright.
And fell intent against the virgin sheen:[10]
The mortal steel stay'd not till it was seen
To gore her side; yet was the wound not deep,
But lightly raséd her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood thereout did weep,
Which did her lily smock with stains of vermeil steep.

LXVI.

Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her laid,
That none of them foul mischief could eschew,[1]
But with her dreadful strokes were all dismay'd:
Here, there, and everywhere, about her sway'd
Her wrathful steel, that none might it abide;
And eke[2] the Redcross Knight gave her good aid,
Aye joining foot to foot, and side to side; [fied.
That in short space their foes they have quite terri-

[1] Avoid.
[2] Also.

LXVII.

Tho,[3] whenas all were put to shameful flight,
The noble Britomartis her array'd,
And her bright arms about her body dight:[4]
For nothing would she longer there be stay'd,
Where so loose life, and so ungentle trade,[5]
Was us'd of[6] knights and ladies seeming gent:[7]
So, early, ere the gross earth's gryesy[8] shade
Was all dispers'd out of the firmament, [went.
They took their steeds, and forth upon their journey

[3] Then.
[4] Put on.
[5] Conduct
[6] By.
[7] Courteous.
[8] Moist, o foggy.

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## CANTO II.

The Redcross Knight to Britomart
Describeth Artegall:
The wondrous mirror, by which she
In love with him did fall.

I.

Here have I cause in men just blame to find,
That in their proper praise too partial be,
And not indifferent[9] to woman kind,
To whom no share in arms and chivalry
They do impart, ne[10] maken memory

[9] Impartial.
[10] Nor.

Of their brave gests[1] and prowess martial:
Scarce do they spare to one, or two, or three,
Room in their writtes;[2] yet the same writing small
Does all their deeds deface, and dims their glories all.

[1] Deeds.
[2] Writings.

II.

But by recórd of ántique times I find
That women wont in wars to bear most sway,
And to all great exploits themselves inclin'd,
Of which they still the garland bore away;
Till envious men, fearing their rule's decay,
Gan coin streight[3] laws to curb their liberty:
Yet, sith[4] they warlike arms have laid away,
They have excell'd in arts and policy,
That now we foolish men that praise gin eke[5] t' envý.

[3] Strict.
[4] Since.
[5] Also.

III.

Of warlike puíssance in ages spent,[6]
Be thou,[7] fair Britomart, whose praise I write;
But of all wisdom be thou precedent,
O sov'reign Queen, whose praise I would indite;
Indite I would as duty doth excite;
But ah! my rhymes too rude and rugged are,
When in[8] so high an object they do light,
And, striving fit to make, I fear, do mar:
Thyself thy praises tell, and make them knowen far.

[6] Past.
[7] Be thou the example.
[8] On.

IV.

She, travelling with Guyon, by the way
Of sundry things fair purpose[9] gan to find,
T' abridge their journey long and ling'ring day:
Mongst which it fell into that Faery's mind
To ask this Briton Maid, what uncouth wind
Brought her into those parts, and what inquest[10]
Made her dissemble her disguiséd kind:
Fair lady she him seem'd like lady drest,
But fairest knight alive when arméd was her breast.

[9] Discourse.
[10] Errand, search.

V.

Thereat, she sighing softly, had no power
To speak awhile, ne[1] ready answer make;
But with heart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,[2]
As if she had a fever fit, did quake,
And every dainty limb with horror shake;
And ever and anon the rosy red
Flash'd through her face, as it had been a flake
Of lightning through bright heaven fulminéd:
At last, the passion past, she thus him answeréd:

[1] Nor.
[2] Emotion.

VI.

'Fair Sir, I let you weet,[3] that from the hour
I taken was from nurse's tender pap,
I have been trainéd up in warlike stowre,[4]
To tossen[5] spear and shield, and to affrap[6]
The warlike rider to his most mishap;
Sithence[7] I loathéd have my life to lead,
As ladies wont, in Pleasure's wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nice thread;
Me lever[8] were with point of foeman's spear be dead.

[3] Inform you.
[4] Exercise.
[5] Toss.
[6] Strike down.
[7] Since that time.
[8] I would rather.

VII.

'All my delight on deeds of arms is set,
To hunt out perils and adventures hard,
By sea, by land, whereso they may be met,
Only for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of riches or reward:
For such intent into these parts I came,
Withouten compass or withouten card,
Far from my native soil, that is by name [fame.
The Greater Britain,* here to seek for praise and

VIII.

'Fame blazéd hath, that here in Faery Lond

* 'Greater Britain:' understood to be Wales, so called to distinguish it from Lesser Brittany, in France. Fairy Land is England proper.

Do many famous knights and ladies wonne,[1]
And many strange adventures to be fond,
Of which great worth and worship[2] may be won:
Which to prove, I this voyage have begun.
But might I weet[3] of you, right courteous Knight,
Tidings of one that hath unto me done
Late foul dishonour and reproachful spite,
The which I seek to wreak,[4] and Arthegall he hight.'[5]

[1] Dwell.
[2] Honour.
[3] I learn.
[4] Avenge.
[5] Is called.

IX.

The word gone out she back again would call,
As her repenting so to have missaid,
But that he, it uptaking ere the fall,[6]
Her shortly answeréd; 'Fair martial Maid,
Certes[7] ye misadviséd been t' upbraid
A gentle knight with so unknightly blame:
For, weet ye well, of all that ever play'd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.

[6] Ere the words fell.
[7] Certainly.

X.

'Forthy[8] great wonder were it, if such shame
Should ever enter in his bounteous[9] thought,
Or ever do that might deserven blame:
The noble courage[10] never weeneth aught
That may unworthy of itself be thought.
Therefore, fair damsel, be ye well aware,
Lest that too far ye have your sorrow sought:
You and your country both I wish welfare,
And honour both; for each of other worthy are.'

[8] Therefore.
[9] Noble.
[10] Heart.

XI.

The royal Maid wox[11] inly wondrous glad,
To hear her love so highly magnified;
And joy'd that ever she affixéd had
Her heart on knight so goodly glorified.

[11] Grew.

However finely she it feign'd to hide.
The loving mother, that nine months did bear
In the dear closet of her painful side
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appear,
Doth not so much rejoice as she rejoicéd there.

XII.

But to occasion him to farther talk,
To feed her humour with his pleasing style,
Her list[1] in strifeful terms with him to balk,[2]
And thus replied; 'However, Sir, ye file[3]
Your courteous tongue his praises to compile,[4]
It ill beseems a knight of gentle sort,
Such as ye have him boasted, to beguile
A simple maid, and work so heinous tort,[5]
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

[1] She was pleased.
[2] Contradict.
[3] Smooth.
[4] Heap up
[5] Wrong

XIII.

'Let be[6] therefore my vengeance to dissuade,
And read,[7] where I that faytour[8] false may find.'
'Ah! but if reason fair might you persuade
To slake your wrath, and mollify your mind,'
Said he, 'perhaps ye should it better find:
For hardy thing it is, to ween by might
That man to hard conditións to bind;
Or ever hope to match in equal fight,
Whose prowess' paragon[9] saw never living wight.

[6] Cease.
[7] Declare.
[8] Villain.
[9] Equal.

XIV.

'Ne soothlich[10] is it easy for to read
Where now on earth, or how, he may be found;
For he ne wonneth[11] in one certain stead,[12]
But restless walketh all the world around,
Aye doing things that to his fame redound,
Defending ladies' cause and orphans' right,
Whereso[13] he hears that any doth confound

[10] Nor truly
[11] Not dwelleth.
[12] Place.
[13] Wheresoever.

Them comfortless through tyranny or might;
So is his sov'reign honour rais'd to heaven's height.'

XV.

His feeling words her feeble sense much pleas'd,
And softly sunk into her molten heart:
Heart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eas'd
With hope of thing that may allegge[1] his smart;
For pleasing words are like to magic art,
That doth the charméd snake in slumber lay:
Such secret ease felt gentle Britomart,
Yet list[2] the same efforce[3] with feign'd gainsay;
(So discord oft in music makes the sweeter lay;)

[1] Alleviate.
[2] Pleased.
[3] Struggle against.

XVI.

And said; 'Sir Knight, these idle terms forbear;
And, sith[4] it is uneath[5] to find his haunt,
Tell me some marks by which he may appear,
If chance I him encounter paravaunt;[6]
For perdy[7] one shall other slay, or daunt:
What shape, what shield, what arms, what steed, what stedd,[8]
And whatso else his person most may vaunt?'[9]
All which the Redcross Knight to point ared,[10]
And him in every part before her fashionéd.

[4] Since.
[5] Difficult.
[6] Peradventure.
[7] Truly.
[8] What manner of person.
[9] Display.
[10] Described.

XVII.

Yet him in every part before she knew,
However list[11] her now her knowledge feign,
Sith him whilome[12] in Britain she did view,
To her revealéd in a mirror plain;
Whereof did grow her first engrafted pain,
Whose root and stalk so bitter yet did taste,
That, but the fruit more sweetness did contain,
Her wretched days in dolour she must waste,
And yield, the prey of love, to loathsome death at last.

[11] She was pleased.
[12] Formerly.

XVIII.

By strange occasion she did him behold,
And much more strangely gan to love his sight,
As it in books hath written been of old.
In Deheubarth, that now South-Wales is hight,[1]
What time king Ryence reign'd and dealéd right,
The great magician Merlin had devis'd,
By his deep science and hell-dreaded might,
A looking-glass, right wondrously aguiz'd,[2]
Whose virtues through the wide world soon were solemniz'd.

[1] Called.
[2] Contrived.

XIX.

It virtue had to show in perfect sight
Whatever thing was in the world contain'd,
Betwixt the lowest earth and heaven's height,
So that it to the looker appertain'd:
Whatever foe had wrought, or friend had feign'd,
Therein discover'd was, ne[3] aught might pass,
Ne aught in secret from the same remain'd;
Forthy[4] it round and hollow shapéd was,
Like to the world itself, and seem'd a world of glass.

[3] Nor.
[4] Therefore.

XX.

Who wonders not, that reads so wondrous work?
But who does wonder, that has read the tower
Wherein th' Ægyptian Phao long did lurk
From all men's view, that none might her discoure,[5]
Yet she might all men view out of her bower?[6]
Great Ptolomæe* it for his leman's sake
Ybuilded all of glass, by magic power,
And also it impregnable did make;
Yet, when his love was false, he with a peaze[7] it brake.

[5] Discover.
[6] Chamber.
[7] Strea.

* 'Ptolomæe:' probably Ptolemy the astronomer.

XXI.

Such was the glassy globe that Merlin made,
And gave unto king Ryence for his guard,
That never foes his kingdom might invade,
But he it knew at home before he heard
Tidings thereof, and so them still debarr'd:
It was a famous present for a Prince,
And worthy work of infinite reward,
That treasons could bewray, and foes convince:[1]
Happy this realm, had it remainéd ever since!

[1] Convict.

XXII.

One day it fortunéd fair Britomart
Into her father's closet to repair;
For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
Being his only daughter and his heir;
Where when she had espied that mirror fair,
Herself awhile therein she view'd in vain:*
Tho,[2] her avizing[3] of the virtues rare
Which thereof spoken were, she gan again
Her to bethink of that might to herself pertain.

[2] Then.
[3] Considering.

XXIII.

But as it falleth, in the gentlest hearts
Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them, that to him buxom[4] are and prone:
So thought this maid (as maidens us'd to done)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot;
Not that she lusted after any one,
For she was pure from blame of sinful blot;
Yet wist[5] her life at last must link in that same knot.

[4] Obedient, yielding.
[5] Knew.

XXIV.

Eftsoons[6] there was presented to her eye

[6] Immediately.

* 'Viewed in vain:' looking into it without any particular object, it merely reflected her own features.

A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wise,[1]
Through whose bright ventayle[2] lifted up on high
His manly face, that did his foes agrize[3]
And friends to terms of gentle truce entice,
Look'd forth, as Phœbus' face out of the east
Betwixt two shady mountains doth arise:
Portly his person was, and much increast
Through his heroic grace and honorable gest.[4]

[1] Manner.
[2] Front of the helmet.
[3] Terrify.
[4] Demeanour.

XXV.

His crest was cover'd with a couchant hound,
And all his armour seem'd of ántique mould,
But wondrous massy and assuréd sound,
And round about yfretted[5] all with gold,
In which there written was, with ciphers old,
*Achilles' arms which Arthegall did win:*
And on his shield envelop'd sevenfold
He bore a crownéd little ermilin,[6] [skin.
That deckt the azure field with her fair pouldred[7]

[5] Adorned with fretwork.
[6] Ermine.
[7] Spotted.

XXVI.

The damsel well did view his personage,[8]
And likéd well; ne farther fast'ned[9] not,
But went her way; ne her unguilty[10] age
Did ween,[11] unwares, that her unlucky lot
Lay hidden in the bottom of the pot:
Of hurt unwist[12] most danger doth redound:
But the false archer, which that arrow shot
So slyly that she did not feel the wound,
Did smile full smoothly at her weetless[13] woful stound.[14]

[8] Personal appearance.
[9] Fixed her thoughts
[10] Innocent
[11] Think.
[12] Unknown.
[13] Unconscious.
[14] Grief.

XXVII.

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty crest,
Rufféd[15] of love, gan lowly to availe;[16]
And her proud portance[17] and her princely gest,
With which she erst[18] triumphéd, now did quail:

[15] Ruffled.
[16] Droop.
[17] Carriage.
[18] Before.

Sad, solemn, sour, and full of fancies frail,
She wox; yet wist she neither how, nor why;
She wist not, silly maid, what she did ail,
[1] Truly. Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy;[1]
Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy.

XXVIII.

So soon as Night had with her pallid hue
Defac'd the beauty of the shining sky,
And reft from men the world's desiréd view,
She with her nurse adown to sleep did lie;
But sleep full far away from her did fly:
Instead thereof sad sighs and sorrows deep
Kept watch and ward about her warily;
That naught she did but wail, and often steep
[2] Secretly. Her dainty couch with tears which closely[2] she did weep.

XXIX.

And if that any drop of slumb'ring rest
[3] Drop. Did chance to still[3] into her weary sprite,
When feeble nature felt herself opprest,
Straightway with dreams, and with fantastic sight
Of dreadful things, the same was put to flight;
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with view of ghastly fiends affright:
[4] Then. Tho[4] gan she to renew her former smart,
And think of that fair visage written in her heart.

XXX.

One night, when she was toss'd with such unrest,
[5] Called. Her aged nurse, whose name was Glaucé hight,[4]
Feeling her leap out of her loathéd nest,
[6] Caught. Betwixt her feeble arms her quickly keight,[6]
[7] Placed. And down again in her warm bed her dight:[7]
[8] Object of regard. 'Ah! my dear daughter, ah! my dearest dread,[8]
What uncouth fit,' said she, 'what evil plight

Hath thee opprest, and with sad drerihed[1] [dead?
Changéd thy lively cheare,[2] and living made thee

[1] Sorrow.
[2] Air.

XXXI.

'For not of naught these sudden ghastly fears
All night afflict thy natural repose;
And all the day, whenas thine equal peers
Their fit disports with fair delight do chose,
Thou in dull corners dost thyself inclose;
Ne tastest princes' pleasures, ne dost spread
Abroad thy fresh youth's fairest flower, but lose
Both leaf and fruit, both too untimely shed,
As one in wilful bale[3] for ever buried.

[3] Affliction.

XXXII.

'The time that mortal men their weary cares
Do lay away, and all wild beasts do rest,
And every river eke[4] his course forbears,
Then doth this wicked evil thee infest,
And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilléd
breast:
Like an huge Ætn' of deep engulféd grief,
Sorrow is heapéd in thy hollow chest,
Whence forth it breaks in sighs and anguish rife,
As smoke and sulphur mingled with confuséd strife.

[4] Also.

XXXIII.

'Ay me! how much I fear lest love it be!
But if that love it be, as sure I read
By knowen signs and passions which I see,
Be it worthy of thy race and royal seed,
Then I avow, by this most sacred head
Of my dear foster child, to ease thy grief
And win thy will: therefore away do[5] dread;
For death nor danger from thy due relief
Shall me debar: tell me therefore, my liefest lief!'[6]

[5] Put away.
[6] Dearest love.

XXXIV.

So having said, her twixt her armës twain
She straitly strain'd, and colléd[1] tenderly;
And every trembling joint and every vein
She softly felt, and rubbéd busily,
To do[2] the frozen cold away to fly;
And her fair dewy eyes with kisses dear
She oft did bathe, and oft again did dry:
And ever her impórtun'd not to fear
To let the secret of her heart to her appear.

[1] Embraced.
[2] To cause.

XXXV.

The damsel paus'd; and then thus fearfully;
'Ah! nurse, what needeth thee to eke[3] my pain?
Is not enough that I alone do die,
But it must doubled be with death of twain?
For naught for me but death there doth remain!'
'O daughter dear,' said she, 'despair no whit;
For never sore but might a salve obtain:
That blinded god, which hath ye blindly smit,
Another arrow hath your lover's heart to hit.'

[3] Increase.

XXXVI.

'But mine is not,' quoth she, 'like other wound;
For which no reason can find remedy.'
'Was never such, but might the like be found,'
Said she; 'and though no reason may apply
Salve to your sore, yet Love can higher stye[4]
Than reason's reach, and oft hath wonders done.'
'But neither god of love nor god of sky
Can do,' said she, 'that which cannot be done.'
'Things oft impossible,' quoth she, 'seem ere begun.'

[4] Mount.

XXXVII.

'These idle words,' said she, 'do naught assuage
My stubborn smart, but more annoyance breed:

For no, no usual fire, no usual rage
It is, O nurse, which on my life doth feed,
And sucks the blood which from my heart doth bleed.
But since thy faithful zeal lets me not hide
My crime, (if crime it be,) I will it reed.[1]
Nor prince nor peer it is, whose love hath gryde[2]
My feeble breast of late, and launchéd[3] this wound wide:

[1] Declare. [2] Pierced. [3] Inflicted

XXXVIII.

'Nor man it is, nor other living wight;
For then some hope I might unto me draw;
But th' only shade[4] and semblant[5] of a knight,
Whose shape or person yet I never saw,
Hath me subjected to Love's cruel law:
The same one day, as me misfortune led,
I in my father's wondrous mirror saw,
And, pleaséd with that seeming goodlyhed,[6]
Unwares the hidden hook with bait I swallowed:

[4] Only the shade. [5] Appearance. [6] Goodly appearance.

XXXIX.

'Sithens[7] it hath infixéd faster hold
Within my bleeding bowels, and so sore
Now rankleth in this same frail fleshly mould,
That all mine entrails flow with pois'nous gore,
And th' ulcer groweth daily more and more;
Ne can my running sore find remedy,
Other than my hard fortune to deplore,
And languish as the leaf fall'n from the tree,
Till death make one end of my days and misery!'

[7] Since that time.

XL.

'Daughter,' said she, 'what need ye be dismay'd?
Or why make ye such monster of your mind?[8]
Of much more uncouth thing I was afraid;
Of filthy lust, contráry unto kind:[9]

[8] Your passion. [9] Nature.

But this affection nothing strange I find;
For who with reason can you aye reprove
To love the semblant[1] pleasing most your mind,
And yield your heart whence ye cannot remove?
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of Love.

[1] Appearance.

XLI.

'Not so th' Arabian Myrrh' did set her mind;
Nor so did Biblis spend her pining heart;
But lov'd their native flesh against all kind,
And to their purpose usèd wicked art:
Yet play'd Pasiphaë a more monstrous part,
That lov'd a bull, and learn'd a beast to be:
Such shameful lusts who loathes not, which depart
From course of nature and of modesty? [company.
Sweet Love such lewdness bands[2] from his fair

[2] Banishes.

XLII.

'But thine, my dear, (welfare thy heart, my dear!)
Though strange beginning had, yet fixèd is
On one that worthy may perhaps appear;
And certes seems bestowèd not amiss:
Joy thereof have thou and eternal bliss!'
With that, upleaning on her elbow weak,
Her alabaster breast she soft did kiss,
Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,
As it an earthquake were: at last she thus bespake;

XLIII.

'Beldame,[3] your words do work me little ease;
For though my love be not so lewdly bent
As those ye blame, yet may it naught appease
My raging smart, ne[4] aught my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpless grief augment.
For they, however shameful and unkind,[5]
Yet did possess their horrible intent:

[3] Fair dame.

[4] Nor

[5] Unnatural.

Short end of sorrows they thereby did find; [mind.
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their

XLIV.

'But wicked fortune mine, though mind be good,
Can have no end nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadows whiles I die for food,
And like a shadow wax, whiles with entire[1]
Affection I do languish and expire.
I, fonder[2] than Cephisus' foolish child,[3]
Who, having viewéd in a fountain shere[4]
His face, was with the love thereof beguil'd;
I, fonder, love a shade, the body far exil'd.'

[1] Inward.
[2] More foolish.
[3] Narcissus.
[4] Clear.

XLV.

'Naught like,' quoth she; 'for that same wretched boy
Was of himself the idle paramour, [
Both love and lover, without hope of joy;
For which he faded to a wat'ry flow'r.
But better fortune thine, and better hour,[5]
Which lov'st the shadow of a warlike knight;
No shadow, but a body hath in pow'r:*
That body, wheresoever that it light,[6]
May learnéd be by ciphers, or by magic might.

[5] Lot.
[6] Happens to be.

XLVI.

'But if thou may with reason yet repress
The growing evil, ere it strength have got,
And thee abandon'd wholly do possess;
Against it strongly strive, and yield thee not
Till thou in open field adown be smott:[7]
But if the passion master thy frail might,
So that needs love or death must be thy lot,
Then I avow to thee, by wrong or right
To compass thy desire, and find that lovéd knight.

[7] Smitten.

* 'Power:' there is no shadow but has a body belonging to it.

XLVII.

Her cheerful words much cheer'd the feeble sprite
Of the sick virgin, that her down she laid
In her warm bed to sleep, if that she might.
And the old-woman carefully display'd
The clothes about her round with busy aid;
So that at last a little creeping sleep
Surpris'd her sense: she, therewith well apay'd,[1]
The drunken[2] lamp down in the oil did steep,
And set her by to watch, and set her by to weep.

[1] Satisfied.
[2] Which drinks the oil.

XLVIII.

Early, the morrow next, before that Day
His joyous face did to the world reveal,
They both uprose and took their ready way
Unto the church, their prayérs to appeal,[3]
With great devotion, and with little zeal:
For the fair damsel from the holy herse[4]
Her love-sick heart to other thoughts did steal;
And that old dame said many an idle verse,
Out of her daughter's heart fond fancies to reverse.[5]

[3] Cause to depart.

XLIX.

Returnéd home, the royal Infant[6] fell
Into her former fit; for why? no power
Nor guidance of herself in her did dwell.
But th' aged nurse, her calling to her bow'r,[7]
Had gather'd rue, and savine, and the flow'r
Of camphora, and calamint, and dill;
All which she in an earthen pot did pour,
And to the brim with coltwood did it fill,
And many drops of milk and blood through it did spill.

[6] Princess.
[7] Chamber.

L.

Then, taking thrice three hairs from off her head,
Them trebly braided in a threefold lace,
And round about the pot's mouth bound the thread;

And, after having whisperéd a space
Certain sad words with hollow voice and base,[1]
She to the virgin said, thrice said she it;
'Come, daughter, come; come, spit upon my face;
Spit thrice upon me, thrice upon me spit;
Th' uneven number for this business is most fit.'

[1] Low.

LI.

That said, her round about she from her turn'd,
She turnéd her contráry to the sun;
Thrice she her turn'd contráry, and return'd
All cóntrary; for she the right did shun;
And ever what she did was straight undone.
So thought she to undo her daughter's love:
But love, that is in gentle breast begun,
No idle charms so lightly may remove;
That well can witness, who by trial it does prove.

LII.

Ne[2] aught it might the noble maid avail,
Ne slake the fury of her cruel flame,
But that she still did waste, and still did wail,
That, through long languor and heart-burning
She shortly like a pinéd ghost became
Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond:
That when old Glaucè saw, for fear lest blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
She wist[4] not how t' amend, nor how it to withstond.

[2] Nor.
[3] Vexation.
[4] Knew.

## CANTO III.

[1] Reveals.

Merlin bewrays[1] to Britomart
The state of Arthegall:
And shows the famous progeny,
Which from them springen shall.

I.

Most sacred fire, that burnest mightily
In living breasts, ykindled first above
[2] Shining. Amongst th' eternal spheres and lamping[2] sky,
And thence pour'd into men, which men call Love;
Not that same, which doth base affections move
In brutish minds, and filthy lust inflame;
[3] Passion. But that sweet fit[3] that doth true beauty love,
And chooseth Virtue for his dearest Dame,
Whence spring all noble deeds and never-dying fame:

II.

Well did Antiquity a god thee deem,
That over mortal minds hast so great might,
To order them as best to thee doth seem,
And all their actions to direct aright:
[4] Ordained by fate. The fatal[4] purpose of divine foresight
Thou dost effect in destinéd descents,
Through deep impression of thy secret might,
And stirredst up th' heroës high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous monuments.

III.

But thy dread darts in none do triumph more,
[5] Nor. Ne[5] braver proof in any of thy pow'r
Shewd'st thou, than in this royal maid of yore,
[6] Peril. Making her seek an unknown paramour,
From the world's end, through many a bitter stowre:[6]
From whose two loins thou afterwards did raise

Most famous fruits of matrimonial bow'r,
Which through the earth have spread their living praise,
That fame in trump of gold eternally displays.

IV.

Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame,
Daughter of Phœbus and of Memory,
That dost ennoble with immortal name
The warlike worthies, from antiquity,
In thy great volume of Eternity;
Begin, O Clio, and recount from hence
My glorious Sovereign's goodly ancestry,
Till that by due degrees, and long protense,[1]
Thou have it lastly brought unto her Excellence.

[1] Extension.

V.

Full many ways within her troubled mind
Old Glaucè cast to cure this Lady's grief;
Full many ways she sought, but none could find,
Nor herbs, nor charms, nor counsel that is chief
And choicest med'cine for sick hearts' relief:
Forthy[2] great care she took, and greater fear,
Lest that it should her turn to foul reprief[3]
And sore reproach, whenso her father dear
Should of his dearest daughter's hard misfortune hear.

[2] Therefore.
[3] Reproof.

VI.

At last she her avis'd,[4] that he which made
That mirror, wherein the sick damosel
So strangely viewéd her strange lover's shade,
To wit, the learned Merlin, well could tell
Under what coast of heaven the man did dwell,
And by what means his love might best be wrought:
For, though beyond the Afric Ismaël
Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought
Him forth through infinite endeavour to have sought.

[4] Bethought.

VII.

Forthwith themselves disguising both in strange
And base attire, that none might them bewray,[1]
To Maridunum, that is now by change
Of name Cayr-Merdin[2] call'd, they took their way:
There the wise Merlin whilome[3] wont (they say)
To make his wonne,[4] low underneath the ground
In a deep delve,[5] far from the view of day,
That of no living wight he might be found,
Whenso he counsell'd with his sprites encompass'd round.

[1] Discover.
[2] Caermarthen.
[3] Formerly.
[4] Dwelling.
[5] Cave.

VIII.

And, if thou ever happen that same way
To travel, go to see that dreadful place:
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
Under a rock that lies a little space
From the swift Barry, tumbling down apace
Amongst the woody hills of Dinevowr:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,
To enter into that same baleful bower,[6]
For fear the cruel fiends should thee unwares devour:

[6] Dwelling.

IX.

But standing high aloft, low lay thine ear,
And there such ghastly noise of iron chains
And brazen cauldrons thou shalt rumbling hear,
Which thousand sprites with long enduring pains
Do toss, that it will stun thy feeble brains;
And oftentimes great groans, and grievous stounds,[7]
When too huge toil and labour them constrains;
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sounds
From under that deep rock most horribly rebounds.

[7] Noises.

X.

The cause, some say, is this: A little while
Before that Merlin died, he did intend

A brazen wall in compass to compile
About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Unto these sprites to bring to perfect end:
During which work the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in haste did send;
Who, thereby forc'd his workmen to forsake,
Them bound, till his return, their labour not to slake.[1]

[1] Slack.

XI.

In the mean time, through that false lady's train[2]
He was surpris'd, and buried under bier,
Ne[3] ever to his work return'd again:
Nath'less[4] those fiends may not their work forbear,
So greatly his commandëment they fear,
But there do toil and travail day and night,
Until that brazen wall they up do rear:
For Merlin had in magic more insight
Than ever him before or after living wight:

[2] Artifice.
[3] Nor.
[4] Nevertheless.

XII.

For he by words could call out of the sky
Both sun and moon, and make them him obey;
The land to sea, and sea to mainland dry,
And darksome night he eke[5] could turn to day;
Huge hosts of men he could alone dismay,
And hosts of men of meanest things could frame,
Whenso him list[6] his enemies to fray:[7]
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The fiends do quake when any him to them does name.

[5] Also.
[6] He pleased.
[7] Terrify.

XIII.

And, sooth, men say that he was not the son
Of mortal sire or other living wight,
But wondrously begotten, and begun
By false illusion of a guileful sprite
On a fair lady nun, that whilome[8] hight[9]
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius

Who was the lord of Mathtraval* by right,
And cousin unto king Ambrosius;
Whence he enduéd was with skill so marvellous.

XIV.

They, here arriving, staid awhile without,
[1] Nor. Ne[1] durst adventure rashly in to wend,[2]
[2] Go. But of their first intent gan make new doubt
For dread of danger, which it might portend:
[3] For a friend. Until the hardy maid (with Love to friend[3])
[4] Magician. First entering, the dreadful Mage[4] there found
Deep busiéd 'bout work of wondrous end,
And writing strange charácters in the ground,
With which the stubborn fiends he to his service [bound.

XV.

He naught was movéd at their entrance bold,
[5] Knew. For of their coming well he wist[5] afore;
[6] Pleased. Yet list[6] them bid their business to unfold,
As if aught in this world in secret store
Were from him hidden, or unknown of yore.
Then Glaucè thus; 'Let not it thee offend,
That we thus rashly through thy darksome door
[7] Decree of the fates. Unwares have press'd; for either fatal end,[7]
Or other mighty cause, us two did hither send.'

XVI.

He bade tell on: and then she thus began; [light
'Now have three moons with borrow'd brother's
Thrice shinéd fair, and thrice seem'd dim and wan,
[8] Since. Sith[8] a sore evil, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth and doth plunge in doleful plight,
First rooting took; but what thing it might be,
[9] Learn. Or whence it sprung, I cannot read[9] aright:
[10] Unless. But this I read, that, but if[10] remedy
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.'

* 'Mathtraval:' a province of Wales.

XVII.

Therewith th' enchanter softly gan to smile
At her smooth speeches, weeting[1] inly well
That she to him dissembled womanish guile,
And to her said; 'Beldame,[2] by that ye tell,
More need of leech-craft[3] hath your damosel,
Than of my skill: who help may have elsewhere,
In vain seeks wonders out of magic-spell.' [hear;
Th' old woman wox[4] half blank[5] those words to
And yet was loth to let her purpose plain appear;

[1] Knowing.
[2] Fair dame.
[3] Medical skill.
[4] Grew.
[5] Confounded.

XVIII.

And to him said; 'If any leech's skill,
Or other learned means, could have redrest
This my dear daughter's deep-engrafféd ill,
Certes[6] I should be loth thee to molest:
But this sad evil, which doth her infest,
Doth course of natural cause far exceed,
And houséd is within her hollow breast,
That either seems some cursed witch's deed,
Or evil sprite, that in her doth such torment breed.'

[6] Certainly.

XIX.

The wizard could no longer bear her bord,[7]
But, bursting forth in laughter, to her said;
'Glaucè, what needs this colourable word
To cloak the cause that hath itself bewray'd?[8]
Ne ye, fair Britomartis, thus array'd,
More hidden are than sun in cloudy veil;
Whom thy good fortune, having fate obey'd,
Hath hither brought for succour to appeal;
The which the Powers to thee are pleaséd to reveal.'

[7] Pretence.
[8] Revealed.

XX.

The doubtful maid, seeing herself descried,
Was all abash'd, and her pure ivory
Into a clear carnation sudden dy'd:

As fair Aurora, rising hastily,
Doth by her blushing tell that she did lie
All night in old Tithonus' frozen bed,
Whereof she seems ashaméd inwardly:
But her old nurse was naught disheartened,
But vantage made of that which Merlin had ared;[1]

[1] Explained.

XXI.

And said; 'Sith[2] then thou knowest all our grief,
(For what dost not thou know?) of grace I pray,
Pity our plaint, and yield us meet relief!'
With that the prophet still awhile did stay,
And then his spirit thus gan forth display;
'Most noble Virgin, that by fatal[3] lore
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay
The hard begin[4] that meets thee in the door,
And with sharp fits thy tender heart oppresseth sore:

[2] Since.
[3] Ordained by fate.
[4] Beginning.

XXII.

'For so must all things excellent begin;
And eke[5] enrooted deep must be that tree,
Whose big embodied branches shall not lin[6]
Till they to heaven's height forth stretched be.
For from thy womb a famous progeny
Shall spring out of the ancient Trojan blood,
Which shall revive the sleeping memory
Of those same ántique peres,[7] the heaven's brood,
Which Greek and Asian rivers stainéd with their blood.

[5] Also.
[6] Stop.
[7] Companions.

XXIII.

'Renowned kings, and sacred emperors,
Thy fruitful offspring, shall from thee descend;
Brave captains, and most mighty warriors,
That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
And their decayéd kingdoms shall amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long war,

They shall uprear, and mightily defend
Against their foreign foe that comes from far,
Till universal peace compound all civil jar.

XXIV.

'It was not, Britomart, thy wand'ring eye
Glancing unwares in charmed looking-glass,
But the straight course of heavenly destiny,
Led with Eternal Providence, that has
Guided thy glance, to bring His will to pass:
Ne[1] is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To love the prowest[2] knight that ever was:
Therefore submit thy ways unto His will,
And do, by all due means, thy destiny fulfil.'

[1] Nor.
[2] Bravest.

XXV.

'But read,'[3] said Glaucè, 'thou magician,
What means shall she out-seek, or what ways take?
How shall she know, how shall she find the man?
Or what needs her to toil, sith[4] fates can make
Way for themselves their purpose to partake?'
Then Merlin thus; 'Indeed the fates are firm,
And may not shrink, though all the world do shake:
Yet ought men's good endeavours them confirm,
And guide the heavenly causes to their constant term.

[3] Explain.
[4] Since.

XXVI.

'The man, whom heavens have ordain'd to be
The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall:
He wonneth[5] in the land of Faëry,
Yet is no Fairy born, ne sib[6] at all
To Elves, but sprung of seed terrestrial,
And whilome[7] by false Fairies stol'n away,
Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crawl;
Ne other to himself is known this day,
But that he by an Elf was gotten of a Fay:

[5] Dwelleth.
[6] Related to.
[7] Formerly.

XXVII.

'But sooth[1] he is the son of Gorloïs,
And brother unto Cador, Cornish king;
And for his warlike feats renownéd is,
From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
Until the closure of the evening:
From thence him, firmly bound with faithful band,
To this his native soil thou back shalt bring,
Strongly to aid his country to withstand
The power of foreign Paynims which invade thy land.

[1] Truly.

XXVIII.

'Great aid thereto his mighty puissance
And dreaded name shall give in that sad day;
Where also proof of thy prow[2] valiance[3]
Thou then shalt make, t' increase thy lover's prey:
Long time ye both in arms shall bear great sway,
Till thy womb's burden thee from them do call,
And his last fate him from thee take away;
Too rathe[4] cut off by practice criminal
Of secret foes, that him shall make in mischief fall.

[2] Brave.
[3] Valour.
[4] Early.

XXIX.

'With thee yet shall he leave, for memory
Of his late puissance, his image dead,
That living him in all activity
To thee shall represent: he, from the head
Of his cousin Constantius, without dread,
Shall take the crown that was his father's right,
And therewith crown himself in th' other's stead:
Then shall he issue forth with dreadful might
Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

XXX.

'Like as a lion that in drowsy cave
Hath long time slept, himself so shall he shake;
And, coming forth, shall spread his banner brave

Over the troubled South, that it shall make
The warlike Mertians* for fear to quake: [win;
Thrice shall he fight with them, and twice shall
But the third time shall fair accordance make:
And, if he then with victory can lin,[1]
He shall his days with peace bring to his earthly inn.[2]

[1] Stop.
[2] The grave.

XXXI.

'His son, hight[3] Vortipore, shall him succeed
In kingdom, but not in felicity:
Yet shall he long time war with happy speed,
And with great honour many battles try;
But at the last to th' importunity
Of froward fortune shall be forc'd to yield:
But his son Malgo shall full mightily
Avenge his father's loss with spear and shield,
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

[3] Called.

XXXII.

'Behold the man! and tell me, Britomart,
If aye[4] more goodly creature thou didst see?
How like a giant in each manly part
Bears he himself with portly majesty,
That one of th' old heroës seems to be!
He the six islands, comprovincial[5]
In ancient times unto great Brittany,
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
Their sundry kings to do their homage several.

[4] Ever.
[5] In one province with.

XXXIII.

'All which his son Careticus awhile
Shall well defend, and Saxons' power suppress;
Until a stranger king, from unknown soil
Arriving, him with multitude oppress;
Great Gormond, having with huge mightiness
Ireland subdu'd, and therein fixt his throne,

* 'Mertians:' Mercia was one of the kingdoms of the Heptarchy.

Like a swift otter, fell[1] through emptiness,[2]
Shall overswim the sea with many one
Of his Norveyses,[3] to assist the Britons' fone.[4]

[1] Cruel.
[2] Hunger.
[3] Norwegians.
[4] Foes.

XXXIV.

'He in his fury all shall over-run,
And holy church with faithless hands deface,
That thy sad people, utterly fordone,[5]
Shall to the utmost mountains fly apace;
Was never so great waste in any place,
Nor so foul outrage done by living men;
For all thy cities they shall sack and race,[6]
And the green grass that groweth they shall bren,[7]
That even the wild beast shall die in starvéd den.

[5] Undone.
[6] Raze.
[7] Burn.

XXXV.

'Whiles thus thy Britons do in languor pine,
Proud Etheldred shall from the North arise,
Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,
And, passing Dee, with hardy enterprise
Shall back repulse the valiant Brockwell twise,
And Bangor with massácred martyrs fill;
But the third time shall rue his fool-hardise:
For Cadwan, pitying his people's ill,
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons kill.

XXXVI.

'But, after him, Cadwallin mightily
On his son Edwin all those wrongs shall wreak;
Ne[8] shall avail the wicked sorcery
Of false Pellite his purposes to break,
But him shall slay, and on a gallows bleak
Shall give th' enchanter his unhappy hire:
Then shall the Britons, late dismay'd and weak,
From their long vassalage gin to respire,[9]
And on their Paynim foes avenge their rankled ire.

[8] Nor.
[9] Recover.

XXXVII.

'Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the sons of Edwin he have slain,
Offrick and Osrick, twins unfortunate,
Both slain in battle upon Layburn plain,
Together with the king of Lothian,
Hight[1] Adin, and the king of Orkeney,
Both joint partakers of their fatal pain:
But Penda, fearful of like destiny,
Shall yield himself his liegeman, and swear fëalty:

[1] Called.

XXXVIII.

'Him shall he make his fatal instrument
T' afflict the other Saxons unsubdu'd:
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good king Oswald, who endu'd
With heavenly pow'r, and by angels rescu'd,
All holding crosses in their hands on high,
Shall him defeat withouten blood imbru'd:
Of which that field for endless memory
Shall Heavenfield be call'd to all posterity.

XXXIX.

'Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall forth issue,
And an huge host into Northumber lead,
With which he godly Oswald shall subdue,
And crown with martyrdom his sacred head:
Whose brother Oswin, daunted with like dread,
With price of silver shall his kingdom buy;
And Penda, seeking him adown to tread,
Shall tread adown, and do[2] him foully die;
But shall with gifts his lord Cadwallin pacify.

[2] Cause.

XL.

'Then shall Cadwallin die; and then the reign
Of Britons eke[3] with him at once shall die;
Ne[4] shall the good Cadwallader, with pain

[3] Also.
[4] Nor.

Or power, be able it to remedy,
When the full time, prefixt by destiny,
Shall be expir'd of Britons' regiment:[1]
For Heaven itself shall their success envý,
And them with plagues and murrains pestilent
Consume, till all their warlike puissance be spent.

[1] Government.

XLI.

'Yet after all these sorrows, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight years' space,
Cadwallader, not yielding to his ills,
From Armoric,[2] where long in wretched case
He liv'd, returning to his native place,
Shall be by vision stay'd from his intent:
For th' Heavens have decreëd to displace
The Britons for their sins' due punishment,
And to the Saxons over-give[3] their government.

[2] Brittany, in France.

[3] Give over.

XLII.

'Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
Be to the Briton babe that shall be born
To live in thraldom of his father's foe!
Late king, now captive; late lord, now forlorn;[4]
The world's reproach; the cruel victor's scorn;
Banish'd from princely bower to wasteful wood!
O! who shall help me to lament and mourn
The royal seed, the ántique Trojan blood,
Whose empire longer here then ever any stood!'

[4] Ruined.

XLIII.

The Damsel was full deep impassioned
Both for his grief, and for her people's sake,
Whose future woes so plain he fashioned;
And, sighing sore, at length him thus bespake;
'Ah! but will Heaven's fury never slake,
Nor vengeance huge relent itself at last?
Will not long misery late mercy make,

But shall their name for ever be defac'd,
And quite from off the earth their memory be ras'd?' [1] [1] Erased.

XLIV.

'Nay but the term,' said he, 'is limited,
That in this thraldom Britons shall abide;
And the just revolution measuréd
That they as strangers shall be notified:
For twice four hundred years shall be supplied,
Ere they to former rule restor'd shall be,
And their impórtune[2] fates all satisfied: [2] Full of trouble.
Yet, during this their most obscurity,
Their beams shall oft break forth, that men them
fair may see.

XLV.

'For Roderick, whose surname shall be Great,
Shall of himself a brave ensample shew,
That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat;
And Howell Dha shall goodly well indue
The savage minds with skill of just and true:
Then Griffith Conan also shall uprear
His dreaded head, and the old sparks renew
Of native courage, that his foes shall fear [bear.
Lest back again the kingdom he from them should

XLVI.

'Ne[3] shall the Saxons selves all peaceably [3] Nor.
Enjoy the crown, which they from Britons won
First ill, and after ruléd wickedly:
For, ere two hundred years be full outrun,
There shall a Raven,* far from rising sun,
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithless chickens[4] overrun [4] Heathen brood.
The fruitful plains, and with fell cruelty
In their avenge tread down the victors' surquedry.[5] [5] Insolence.

* 'A Raven:' the Danes.

XLVII.

'Yet shall a third both these and thine subdue:
There shall a Lion* from the sea-board wood
Of Neustria come roaring, with a crew
Of hungry whelps, his battailous bold brood,
[1] Curdled. Whose claws were newly dipt in cruddy[1] blood.
That from the Danisk tyrant's head shall rend
[2] Mad. Th' usurpéd crown, as if that he were wood,[2]
And the spoil of the country conqueréd
Amongst his young ones shall divide with bountyhed.

XLVIII.

[3] Then. 'Tho,[3] when the term is full accomplished,
There shall a spark of fire, which hath long while
Been in his ashes rakéd up and hid,
Be freshly kindled in the fruitful Isle
Of Mona, where it lurkéd in exíle;
Which shall break forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house that bears the style
Of royal majesty and sovereign name:
So shall the Briton blood their crown again reclaim.†

XLIX.

'Thenceforth eternal union shall be made
Between the nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall lovingly persuade
The warlike minds to learn her goodly lore,
And civil arms to exercise no more:
Then shall a Royal Virgin‡ reign, which shall
Stretch her white rod over the Belgic shore,
And the great Castle smite so sore withal, [fall:
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn to

* 'Lion:' William of Normandy.—† Llewellyn, the last of the native Welsh princes, after an unsuccessful resistance, was defeated and slain by Edward I., who soon after created his own infant son Prince of Wales.—‡ 'Royal Virgin:' Queen Elizabeth, who aided the Belgian provinces, and defeated the Armada.

L.

'But yet the end is not'—There Merlin stay'd,
As overcomen of the spirit's pow'r,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismay'd,
That secretly he saw, yet note[1] discoure:[2]
Which sudden fit and half ecstatic stoure[3]
When the two fearful women saw, they grew
Greatly confuséd in behaviour:
At last, the fury past, to former hue
He turn'd again, and cheerful looks as erst[4] did shew.

[1] Could not.
[2] Discover.
[3] Paroxysm.
[4] Before.

LI.

Then, when themselves they well instructed had
Of all that needed them to be inquir'd,
They both, conceiving hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts unto their home retir'd;
Where they in secret counsel close conspir'd,
How to effect so hard an enterprise,
And to possess[5] the purpose they desir'd:
Now this, now that, twixt them they did devise,
And diverse plots did frame to mask in strange disguise.

[5] Accomplish.

LII.

At last the nurse in her fool-hardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold device, and thus bespake;
'Daughter, I deem that counsel aye most fit,
That of the time doth due advantage take:
Ye see that good king Uther now doth make
Strong war upon the Paynim brethren, hight[6]
Octa and Oza, whom he lately brake
Beside Cayr Verolam in victorious fight,
That now all Brittany doth burn in armës bright.

[6] Called.

LIII.

'That therefore naught our passage may empeach,[7]
Let us in feignéd arms ourselves disguise,

[7] Prevent.

And our weak hands (need makes good scholars) teach
The dreadful spear and shield to exercise:
1 Nor. Ne[1] certes, daughter, that same warlike wise,
I ween, would you misseem; for ye been tall
And large of limb t' achieve an hard emprise;
Ne aught ye want but skill, which practice small
Will bring, and shortly make you a maid martial.

LIV.

2 Truly. 'And, sooth,[2] it ought your courage much inflame
To hear so often, in that royal house,
From whence to none inferior ye came,
Bards tell of many women valorous,
Which have full many feats adventurous
3 Rivalry. Perform'd, in paragon[3] of proudest men:
The bold Bonduca, whose victorious
Exploits made Rome to quake; stout Guendolen;
Renownéd Martia; and redoubted Emmilen;

LV.

'And, that which more than all the rest may sway,
Late days' ensample, which these eyes beheld:
In the last field before Menevia,
Which Uther with those foreign Pagans held,
I saw a Saxon virgin, the which fell'd
Great Ulfin thrice upon the bloody plain;
And, had not Carados her hand withheld
From rash revenge, she had him surely slain;
Yet Carados himself from her escap'd with pain.'

LVI.

4 Tell. 'Ah! read,'[4] quoth Britomart, 'how is she hight?'[5]
5 Called. 'Fair Angela,' quoth she, 'men do her call,
No whit less fair than terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a martial
And mighty people, dreaded more than all

The other Saxons, which do, for her sake
And love, themselves of her name *Angles* call.
Therefore, fair Infant,[1] her ensample make
Unto thyself, and equal courage to thee take.'

[1] Princess.

LVII.

Her hearty words so deep into the mind
Of the young Damsel sunk, that great desire
Of warlike arms in her forthwith they tin'd,[2]
And generous stout courage did inspire,
That she resolv'd, unweeting[3] to her sire,
Advent'rous knighthood on herself to don;[4]
And counsell'd with her nurse her maid's attire
To turn into a massy habergeon;[5]
And bade her all things put in readiness anon.

[2] Kindled.
[3] Unknown.
[4] Put on.
[5] Coat of mail.

LVIII.

Th' old woman naught that needed did omit;
But all things did conveniently purvey.
It fortunéd (so time their turn did fit)
A band of Britons, riding on foray
Few days before, had gotten a great prey
Of Saxon goods; amongst the which was seen
A goodly armour, and full rich array,
Which long'd[6] to Angela, the Saxon queen,
All fretted round with gold and goodly well beseen.

[6] Belonged.

LIX.

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King Ryence causéd to be hangéd high
In his chief church, for endless monuments
Of his success and gladful victory:
Of which herself avizing[7] readily,
In th' evening late old Glaucè thither led
Fair Britomart, and, that same armoury
Down taking, her therein apparelléd
Well as she might, and with brave baldric[8] garnishéd.

[7] Bethinking.
[8] Belt.

LX.

Beside those arms there stood a mighty spear,
Which Bladud made by magic art of yore,
And us'd the same in battle aye to bear;
[1] Since. Sith[1] which it had been here preserv'd in store,
For his great virtues provéd long afore:
[2] Saddle. For never wight so fast in sell[2] could sit,
But him perforce unto the ground it bore:
Both spear she took and shield which hung by it;
Both spear and shield of great pow'r, for her purpose fit.

LXI.

Thus when she had the virgin all array'd,
Another harness which did hang thereby
[3] Put. About herself she dight,[3] that the young maid
She might in equal arms accompany,
And as her squire attend her carefully:
[4] Then. Tho[4] to their ready steeds they clomb full light;
And through back ways, that none might them espy,
Cover'd with secret cloud of silent night,
Themselves they forth convey'd, and passéd forward right.

LXII.

Ne rested they, till that to Faery Lond
They came, as Merlin them directed late:
Where, meeting with this Redcross Knight, she
[5] Enlarge upon. Of diverse things discourses to dilate,[5] [fond
But most of Arthegall and his estate.
At last their ways so fell, that they must part:
[6] Very. Then each to other, well[6] affectionate,
Friendship professéd with unfeigned heart:
[7] Diverged. The Redcross Knight diverst;[7] but forth rode Britomart.

## CANTO IV.

Bold Marinell of Britomart
Is thrown on the Rich Strond:
Fair Florimell of Arthur is
Long follow'd, but not fond.

I.

WHERE is the ántique glory now become,
That whilome[1] wont in women to appear?
Where be the brave achievements done by some?
Where be the battles, where the shield and spear,
And all the conquests which them high did rear,
That matter made for famous poets' verse,
And boastful men so oft abash'd to hear?
Been they all dead, and laid in doleful hearse?
Or doen they only sleep, and shall again reverse?[2]

[1] Formerly.

[2] Return.

II.

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore;
But if they sleep, O let them soon awake!
For all too long I burn with envy sore
To hear the warlike feats which Homer spake
Of bold Penthesilee, which made a lake
Of Greekish blood so oft in Trojan plain;
But when I read, how stout Deborah strake
Proud Sisera, and how Camill' hath slain
The huge Orsilochus, I swell with great disdain.

III.

Yet these, and all that else had puissance,
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,
As well for glory of great valiance,
As for pure chastity and virtue rare,
That all her goodly deeds do well declare.
Well worthy stock, from which the branches sprong

That in late years so fair a blossom bare,
As thee, O Queen,[1] the matter of my song,
Whose lineage from this Lady I derive along!

[1] Elizabeth.

IV.

Who when, through speeches with the Redcross Knight,
She learnéd had th' estate of Arthegall,
And in each point herself inform'd aright,
A friendly league of love perpetual
She with him bound, and congé[2] took withal.
Then he forth on his journey did proceed,
To seek adventures which might him befall,
And win him worship through his warlike deed,
Which always of his pains he made the chiefest meed.

[2] Leave.

V.

But Britomart kept on her former course,
Ne ever doff'd her arms; but all the way
Grew pensive through that amorous discourse,
By which the Redcross Knight did erst[3] display
Her lover's shape and chivalrous array:
A thousand thoughts she fashion'd in her mind;
And in her feigning fancy did pourtray
Him, such as fittest she for love could find,
Wise, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

[3] Before.

VI.

With such self-pleasing thoughts her wound she fed,
And thought so to beguile her grievous smart;
But so her smart was much more grievous bred,
And the deep wound more deep engor'd her heart,
That naught but death her dolour might depart.[4]
So forth she rode, without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and each remotest part,
Following the guidance of her blinded guest,[5]
Till that to the sea-coast at length she her addrest.[6]

[4] Remove.
[5] Love.
[6] Directed her course

VII.

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And, sitting down upon the rocky shore,
Bade her old squire unlace her lofty crest:
Tho,[1] having view'd awhile the surges hoar
That gainst the craggy clifts did loudly roar,
And in their raging surquedry[2] disdain'd
That the fast earth affronted[3] them so sore,
And their devouring covetise restrain'd;
Thereat she sighéd deep, and after thus complain'd:

[1] Then.
[2] Conceit.
[3] Opposed.

VIII.

'Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous grief,
Wherein my feeble bark is tosséd long
Far from the hopéd haven of relief,
Why do thy cruel billows beat so strong,
And thy moist mountains each on others throng,
Threat'ning to swallow up my fearful life?
O, do thy cruel wrath and spiteful wrong
At length allay, and stint[4] thy stormy strife, [rife!
Which in these troubled bowels reigns and rageth

[4] Stop.

IX.

'For else my feeble vessel, craz'd and crack'd
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blows,
Cannot endure, but needs it must be wrack'd
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallóws,
The whiles that Love it steers, and Fortune rows:
Love, my lewd[5] pilot, hath a restless mind;
And Fortune, boatswain, no assurance knows;
But sail withouten stars gainst tide and wind:
How can they other do, sith[6] both are bold and blind!

[5] Ignorant
[6] Since.

X.

'Thou god of winds, that reignest in the seas,
That reignest also in the continent,
At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,

The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
Unto the gladsome port of her intent!
Then, when I shall myself in safety see,
A table,[1] for eternal monument
Of thy great grace and my great jeopardy,
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee!'

[1] Votive tablet.

XI.

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deep,
She shut up all her plaint in privy grief;
(For her great courage would not let her weep;)
Till that old Glaucè gan with sharp reprief[2]
Her to restrain, and give her good relief
Through hope of those, which Merlin had her told
Should of her name and nation be chief,
And fetch their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortal womb, to be in heaven enroll'd.

[2] Reproof.

XII.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spied
Where far away one, all in armour bright,
With hasty gallop towards her did ride:
Her dolour soon she ceas'd, and on her dight[3]
Her helmet, to her courser mounting light:
Her former sorrow into sudden wrath
(Both cousin[4] passions of distroubled sprite)
Converting, forth she beats the dusty path:
Love and despite at once her courage kindled hath.

[3] Put.

[4] Kindred.

XIII.

As, when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of heaven and the clear air engrost,[5]
The world in darkness dwells; till that at last
The wat'ry south wind from the sea-board coast
Upblowing doth disperse the vapour lo'st,[6]
And pours itself forth in a stormy shower;
So the fair Britomart, having disclost[7]

[5] Made thick.

[6] Dissolved.

[7] Unclosed, let loose.

Her cloudy care into a wrathful stowre,[1]
The mist of grief dissolv'd did into vengeance pour.

[1] Passion.

XIV.

Eftsoons,[2] her goodly shield addressing[3] fair,
That mortal spear she in her hand did take,
And unto battle did herself prepare.
The knight, approaching, sternly her bespake;
'Sir knight, that dost thy voyage rashly make
By this forbidden way in my despite,
Ne[4] dost by others' death ensample take;
I read[5] thee soon retire, whiles thou hast might,
Lest afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.'

[2] Immediately.
[3] Adjusting.
[4] Nor.
[5] Advise.

XV.

Ythrill'd with deep disdain of his proud threat,
She shortly thus; 'Fly they, that need to fly;
Words fearen[6] babes: I mean not thee entreat
To pass; but maugre[7] thee will pass or die:'
Ne longer staid for th' other to reply,
But with sharp spear the rest made dearly known.
Strongly the strange knight ran, and sturdily
Struck her full on the breast, that made her down
Decline her head, and touch her crupper with her crown.

[6] Frighten.
[7] In spite of.

XVI.

But she again him in the shield did smite
With so fierce fury and great puissance,
That, through his three-square scutcheon[8] piercing quite
And through his mailéd hauberk,[9] by mischance
The wicked steel through his left side did glance:
Him so transfixéd she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her lance;
Till, sadly sousing[10] on the sandy shore,
He tumbled on[11] an heap, and wallow'd in his gore.

[8] Escutcheon on his shield.
[9] Coat of mail.
[10] Falling.
[11] In.

XVII.

Like as the sacred ox that careless stands
With gilden horns and flow'ry garlands crown'd,
Proud of his dying honour and dear bands,
Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense around,
All suddenly with mortal stroke astound
Doth grovelling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distains the pillars and the holy ground,
And the fair flowers that deckéd him afore:
So fell proud Marinell upon the Precious Shore.

XVIII.

The martial Maid staid not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the Strand; which, as she over-went,
She saw bestrowéd all with rich array
Of pearls and precious stones of great assay,[1]
And all the gravel mix'd with golden ore:
Whereat she wonder'd much, but would not stay
For gold, or pearls, or precious stones, an hour,
But them despiséd all; for[2] all was in her power.

[1] Value.

[2] Notwithstanding.

XIX.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
Tidings hereof came to his mother's ear;
His mother was the black-brow'd Cymoënt,
The daughter of great Nereus, which did bear
This warlike son unto an earthly pere,[3]
The famous Dumarin; who on a day
Finding the nymph asleep in secret wheare,[4]
As he by chance did wander that same way,
Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

[3] Companion.

[4] Place.

XX.

There he this knight of her begot, whom born
She, of his father, Marinell did name;
And in a rocky cave as wight forlorn

Long time she foster'd up, till he became
A mighty man at arms, and mickle[1] fame
Did get through great adventures by him done:
For never man he suffer'd by that same
Rich Strand to travel, whereas he did wonne,[2]
But that he must do battle with the sea-nymph's son.

[1] Much.
[2] Dwell.

XXI.

An hundred knights of honourable name
He had subdu'd, and them his vassals made:
That through all Faery Land his noble fame
Now blazéd was, and fear did all invade,
That none durst passen through that per'lous glade:
And, to advance his name and glory more,
Her sea-god sire she dearly did persuade
T' endow her son with treasure and rich store
'Bove all the sons that were of earthly wombs ybore.[3]

[3] Born.

XXII.

The god did grant his daughter's dear demand,
To doen[4] his nephew[5] in all riches flow:
Eftsoons[6] his heapéd waves he did command
Out of their hollow bosom forth to throw
All the huge treasure, which the sea below
Had in his greedy gulf devoured deep,
And him enrichéd through the overthrow
And wrecks of many wretches, which did weep
And often wail their wealth which he from them did keep.

[4] Make.
[5] Grandson.
[6] Immediately.

XXIII.

Shortly upon that shore there heapéd was
Exceeding riches and all precious things,
The spoil of all the world; that it did pass
The wealth of th' East, and pomp of Persian kings:
Gold, amber, ivory, pearls, owches,[7] rings,
And all that else was precious and dear,

[7] Jewels.

The sea unto him voluntary brings;
That shortly he a great lord did appear,
As was in all the Land of Faery, or elsewheare.

XXIV.

Thereto[1] he was a doughty dreaded knight,
Tried often to the scathe of many dear,[2]
That none in equal arms him matchen might:
The which his mother seeing gan to fear
Lest his too haughty hardiness might rear[3]
Some hard mishap in hazard of his life:
Forthy[4] she oft him counsell'd to forbear
The bloody battle, and to stir up strife,
But after all his war to rest his weary knife:

[1] Besides.
[2] Dearly.
[3] Raise up.
[4] Therefore.

XXV.

And, for his more assurance, she inquir'd
One day of Proteus, by his mighty spell
(For Proteus was with prophecy inspir'd)
Her dear son's destiny to her to tell,
And the sad end of her sweet Marinell:
Who, through foresight of his eternal skill,
Bade her from womankind to keep him well;
For of a woman he should have much ill;
A virgin strange and stout him should dismay[5] or kill.

[5] Defeat.

XXVI.

Forthy she gave him warning every day
The love of women not to entertain;
A lesson too, too hard for living clay,
From love in course of nature to refrain!
Yet he his mother's lore did well retain,
And ever from fair ladies' love did fly;
Yet many ladies fair did oft complain,
That they for love of him would algates[6] die:
Die whoso list for him, he was love's enemy.

[6] At any rate.

XXVII.

But ah! who can deceive his destiny,
Or ween by warning to avoid his fate?
That, when he sleeps in most security
And safest seems, him soonest doth amate,[1]
And findeth due effect or soon or late;
So feeble is the pow'r of fleshly arm!
His mother bade him women's love to hate,
For she of woman's force did fear no harm;
So weening to have arm'd him, she did quite disarm.

[1] Subdue.

XXVIII.

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
That Proteus prophesied should him dismay;
The which his mother vainly did expound
To be heart-wounding love, which should assay
To bring her son unto his last decay.
So tickle[2] be the terms of mortal state
And full of subtle sophisms, which do play
With double senses, and with false debate,
T' approve the unknown purpose of eternal fate.

[2] Uncertain.

XXIX.

Too true the famous Marinell it found;
Who, through late trial, on that Wealthy Strond
Inglorious now lies in senseless swound,
Through heavy stroke of Britomartis' hond.
Which when his mother dear did understond,
And heavy tidings heard, whereas[3] she play'd
Amongst her wat'ry sisters by a pond,
Gathering sweet daffodillies, to have made [shade;
Gay garlands, from the sun their foreheads fair to

[3] Where.

XXX.

Eftsoons[4] both flowers and garlands far away
She flung, and her fair dewy locks yrent;
To sorrow huge she turn'd her former play,

[4] Immediately.

And gamesome mirth to grievous dreriment:[1]
She threw herself down on the continent,[2]
Ne[3] word did speak, but lay as in a swoun,
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament
With yelling outcries, and with shrieking soun';
And every one did tear her garland from her crown.

[1] Sorrow.
[2] Ground.
[3] Nor.

XXXI.

Soon as she up out of her deadly fit
Arose, she bade her chariot to be brought;
And all her sisters, that with her did sit,
Bade eke[4] at once their chariots to be sought:
Tho,[5] full of bitter grief and pensive thought,
She to her waggon clomb; clomb all the rest,
And forth together went, with sorrow fraught:
The waves obedient to their behest
Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.[6]

[4] Also.
[5] Then.
[6] Entirely ceased.

XXXII.

Great Neptune stood amazéd at their sight,
Whiles on his broad round back they softly slid,
And eke himself mourn'd at their mournful plight,
Yet wist not what their wailing meant, yet did,
For great compassion of their sorrow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxom[7] be:
Eftsoons[8] the roaring billows still abid,[9]
And all the grisly monsters of the sea
Stood gaping at their gate,[10] and wonder'd them to see.

[7] Yielding.
[8] Immediately.
[9] Abode.
[10] Procession.

XXXIII.

A team of dolphins rangéd in array
Drew the smooth chariot of sad Cymoënt;
They were all taught by Triton to obey
To the long reins at her commandëment:
As swift as swallows on the waves they went,
That their broad flaggy[11] fins no foam did rear,
Ne[12] bubbling roundel[13] they behind them sent;

[11] Loose.
[12] Nor.
[13] Clusters of foam.

The rest, of other fishes drawen were,
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did shear.[1]

[1] Divide.

XXXIV.

Soon as they been arriv'd upon the brim
Of the Rich Strand, their chariot they forlore,[2]
And let their teaméd[3] fishes softly swim
Along the margent of the foamy shore,
Lest they their fins should bruise, and surbate[4] sore
Their tender feet upon the stony ground:
And coming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy[5] blood enwallowéd they found
The luckless Marinell lying in deadly swound,

[2] Left.
[3] Yoked in a team.
[4] Batter.
[5] Curdled.

XXXV.

His mother swoonéd thrice, and the third time
Could scarce recover'd be out of her pain;
Had she not been devoid of mortal slime,[6]
She should not then have been reliv'd[7] again:
But, soon as life recover'd had the rein,
She made so piteous moan and dear wayment,[8]
That the hard rocks could scarce from tears refrain:
And all her sister nymphs with one consent
Supplied her sobbing breaches[9] with sad complement.

[6] Clay.
[7] Brought to life.
[8] Lamentation.
[9] Intervals of her sobbing.

XXXVI.

'Dear image of myself,' she said, 'that is
The wretched son of wretched mother born,
Is this thine high advancement? O! is this
Th' immortal name, with which thee yet unborn
Thy grandsire Nereus promis'd to adorn?
Now liest thou of life and honour reft;[10]
Now liest thou a lump of earth forlorn;
Ne of thy late life memory is left;
Ne can thy irrevocable destiny be weft![11]

[10] Deprived.
[11] Waived, or avoided.

XXXVII.

'Fond[1] Proteus, father of false prophecies!
And they more fond that credit to thee give!
Not this the work of woman's hand ywis,[2]
That so deep wound through these dear members drive.
I fearéd love; but they that love do live;
But they that die, do neither love nor hate:
Nath'less[3] to thee thy folly I forgive;
And to myself, and to accursed fate,
The guilt I do ascribe: dear wisdom bought too late!

[1] Foolish.
[2] Surely.
[3] Nevertheless.

XXXVIII.

'O! what avails it of immortal seed
To been ybred[4] and never born to die?
Far better I it deem to die with speed
Than waste in woe and wailful misery:
Who dies, the utmost[5] dolour doth abye;[6]
But who that lives, is left to wail his loss:
So life is loss, and death felicity:
Sad life worse than glad death; and greater cross
To see friend's grave, than dead the grave self[7] to engross.

[4] To have been born.
[5] Last.
[6] Abide, endure.
[7] For oneself.

XXXIX.

'But if the heavens did his days envý,
And my short bliss malign;[8] yet might they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,
That the dim eyes of my dear Marinell
I might have closéd, and him bid farewell,
Sith[9] other offices for mother meet
They would not grant———
Yet! maugre[10] them, farewell, my sweetest Sweet!
Farewell, my sweetest son, sith we no more shall meet!'

[8] Grudge.
[9] Since.
[10] In spite of.

XL.

Thus when they all had sorrowéd their fill,
They softly gan to search his grisly wound:

And, that they might him handle more at will,
They him disarm'd; and, spreading on the ground
Their watchet[1] mantles fring'd with silver round,
They softly wip'd away the gelly[2] blood
From th' orifice; which having well upbound,
They pour'd in sovereign balm and nectar good,
Good both for earthly med'cine and for heavenly food.

[1] Blue.
[2] Congealed.

XLI.

Tho,[3] when the lily-handed Liagore
(This Liagore whilome[4] had learned skill
In leech's craft, by great Apollo's lore,
Sith[5] her whilome upon high Pindus hill
He lovéd, and at last her womb did fill
With heavenly seed, whereof wise Pæon sprong,)
Did feel his pulse, she knew there stayéd still
Some little life his feeble sprites among;
Which to his mother told, despair she from her flong.

[3] Then.
[4] Formerly.
[5] Since.

XLII.

Tho, up him taking in their tender hands,
They easily unto her chariot bear:
Her team at her commandment quiet stands,
Whiles they the corse into her waggon rear,[6]
And strow with flowers the lamentable bier:
Then all the rest into their coaches climb,
And through the brackish waves their passage shear;[7]
Upon great Neptune's neck they softly swim,
And to her wat'ry chamber swiftly carry him.

[6] Lift.
[7] Cut.

XLIII.

Deep in the bottom of the sea, her bower[8]
Is built of hollow billows heapéd high,
Like to thick clouds that threat a stormy shower,
And vaulted all within like to the sky,
In which the gods do dwell eternally:

[8] Dwelling.

[1] Prepared. There they him laid in easy couch well dight;[1]
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might:
[2] Called. For Tryphon of sea-gods the sovereign leech is hight.[2]

XLIV.

The whiles the nymphs sit all about him round,
Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight;
And oft his mother, viewing his wide wound,
Cursed the hand that did so deadly smite
Her dearest son, her dearest heart's delight:
But none of all those curses overtook
The warlike Maid, th' ensample of that might;
[3] Bear. But fairly well she thriv'd, and well did brook[3]
[4] Nor. Her noble deeds, ne[4] her right course for aught
forsook.

XLV.

Yet did false Archimage her still pursue,
To bring to pass his mischievous intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
[5] Accomplished. Of courteous knights, the Prince and Faery gent,[5]
[6] Forester. Whom late in chase of Beauty excellent
She left, pursuing that same foster[6] strong;
Of whose foul outrage they impatient,
And full of fiery zeal, him follow'd long,
To rescue her from shame, and to revenge her wrong.

XLVI.

Through thick and thin, through mountains and
through plains,
Those two great champions did at once pursue
The fearful damsel with incessant pains;
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from view
Of hunter swift and scent of houndës true.
At last they came unto a double way;
Where, doubtful which to take, her to rescúe,

Themselves they did dispart,[1] each to assay
Whether more happy were to win so goodly prey

[1] Divide.

XLVII.

But Timias, the Prince's gentle squire,
That lady's love unto his lord forlent,[2]
And with proud envy and indignant ire
After that wicked foster[3] fiercely went:
So been they three three sundry ways ybent:
But fairest fortune to the Prince befell;
Whose chance it was, that soon he did repent,
To take that way in which that damosel
Was fled afore, afraid of him as fiend of hell.

[2] Gave up
[3] Forester.

XLVIII.

At last of her far off he gainéd view:
Then gan he freshly prick his foamy steed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,
So evermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning still kept wary heed:
Aloud to her he oftentimes did call
To do away vain doubt and needless dreed:
Full mild to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many meek words to stay and comfort her withal.

XLIX.

But nothing might relent[4] her hasty flight;
So deep the deadly fear of that foul swain
Was erst[5] impresséd in her gentle sprite:
Like as a fearful dove, which through the reign[6]
Of the wide air her way does cut amain,
Having far off espied a tassel[7] gent,
Which after her his nimble wings doth strain,
Doubleth her haste for fear to be for-hent,[8]
And with her pinions cleaves the liquid firmament.

[4] Slacken.
[5] Before.
[6] Realm.
[7] Male goss-hawk.
[8] Over-taken.

L.

With no less haste, and eke with no less dreed,
That fearful Lady fled from him that meant
To her no evil thought nor evil deed;
Yet former fear of being foully shent[1]
Carried her forward with her first intent:
And though, oft lookin̄g backward, well she view'd
Herself freed from that foster[2] insolent,
And that it was a knight which now her su'd,[3]
Yet she no less the Knight fear'd than that villain rude.

[1] Outraged.
[2] Forester.
[3] Pursued.

LI.

His uncouth shield and strange arms her dismay'd,
Whose like in Faery Land were seldom seen;
That fast she from him fled, no less afraid
Than of wild beasts if she had chaséd been:
Yet he her follow'd still with courage keen
So long, that now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted high in top of heaven sheen,[4]
And warn'd his other brethren joyeous
To light their blessed lamps in Jove's eternal house.

[4] Shining.

LII.

All suddenly dim wox[5] the dampish air,
And grisly shadows cover'd heaven bright,
That now with thousand stars was deckéd fair:
Which when the Prince beheld, a loathful[6] sight,
And that perforce, for want of longer light,
He must surcease[7] his suit and lose the hope
Of his long labour; he gan foully wyte[8]
His wicked fortune that had turn'd aslope,
And cursed Night that reft from him so goodly scope.[9]

[5] Waxed.
[6] Unpleasant.
[7] Cease from.
[8] Reproach.
[9] Fair object.

LIII.

Tho,[10] when her ways he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disaventure[11] stray'd;

[10] Then.
[11] Random.

Like as a ship, whose lodestar suddenly
Cover'd with clouds her pilot hath dismay'd;
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stay'd,
And from his lofty steed dismounting low
Did let him forage: down himself he laid
Upon the grassy ground to sleep a throw;[1]
The cold earth was his couch, the hard steel his pillów.

[1] A while.

LIV.

But gentle Sleep envíed him any rest;
Instead thereof sad sorrow and disdain
Of his hard hap did vex his noble breast,
And thousand fancies bett[2] his idle brain
With their light wings, the sights of semblants[3]
Oft did he wish that lady fair might be [vain:
His Faery Queen, for whom he did complain;
Or that his Faery Queen were such as she:
And ever hasty Night he blaméd bitterly:

[2] Beat.
[3] Phantoms.

LV.

'Night! thou foul mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heavy Death, and nurse of Woe,
Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy bad
And brutish shape thrust down to hell below,
Where, by the grim flood of Cocytus slow,
Thy dwelling is in Erebus' black house,
(Black Erebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the gods,) where thou ungracíous
Half of thy days dost lead in horror hideous;

LVI.

'What had th' Eternal Maker need of thee
The world in his continual course to keep,
That dost all things deface, ne lettest see
The beauty of his work? Indeed in sleep
The slothful body that doth love to steep

His lustless[1] limbs, and drown his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deep
Calls thee his goddess, in his error blind,
And great dame Nature's handmaid cheering every [kind.

[1] Languid.

LVII.

'But well I wote[2] that to an heavy heart
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts:
Instead of rest thou lendest rayling[3] tears;
Instead of sleep thou sendest troublous fears
And dreadful visions, in the which alive
The dreary image of sad Death appears:
So from the weary spirit thou dost drive
Desiréd rest, and men of happiness deprive.

[2] Know.

[3] Flowing.

LVIII.

'Under thy mantle black there hidden lie
Light-shunning Theft, and traitorous Intent,
Abhorred Bloodshed, and vile Felony,
Shameful Deceit, and Danger imminent,
Foul Horror, and eke hellish Dreriment:[4]
All these I wote in thy protection be,
And light do shun, for fear of being shent:[5]
For light alike is loath'd of them and thee:
And all, that lewdness[6] love, do hate the light to see.

[4] Sorrow.

[5] Shamed.

[6] Evil generally.

LIX.

'For day discovers all dishonest ways,
And showeth each thing as it is in deed:
The praises of High God he fair displays,
And His large bounty rightly doth areed:[7]
Day's dearest children be the blessed seed
Which Darkness shall subdue and heaven win:
Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed
Most sacred virgin without spot of sin:
Our life is day; but death with darkness doth begin.

[7] Teach.

LX.

'O, when will Day then turn to me again,
And bring with him his long-expected light!
O Titan! haste to rear thy joyous wain;
Speed thee to spread abroad thy beamës bright,
And chase away this too long ling'ring Night;
Chase her away, from whence she came, to hell:
She, she it is, that hath me done despite:
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
And yield her room[1] to Day, that can it govern well.'

[1] Place.

LXI.

Thus did the Prince that weary night outwear
In restless anguish and unquiet pain;
And early, ere the Morrow did uprear
His dewy head out of the ocean main,
He up arose, as half in great disdain,
And clomb unto his steed: so forth he went
With heavy look and lumpish[2] pace, that plain
In him bewray'd great grudge and maltalent:[3]
His steed eke seem'd t' apply[4] his steps to his intent.[5]

[2] Slow.
[3] Ill-will.
[4] Suit.
[5] State of mind.

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## CANTO V.

Prince Arthur hears of Florimell:
Three fosters[6] Timias wound;
Belphœbe finds him almost dead,
And reareth out of swound.

[6] Foresters.

I.

Wonder it is to see in diverse minds
How diversely Love doth his pageants play,
And shows his power in variable kinds:[7]
The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,

[7] Various modes.

It stirreth up to sensual desire,
And in lewd sloth to waste his careless day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

II.

Ne suffereth it uncomely Idleness
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest;
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentleness
Ever to creep into his noble breast;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up that else would lowly fall.
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest;
It lets not scarce this Prince to breathe at all,
But to his first pursuit him forward still doth call:

III.

Who long time wander'd through the forest wide
To find some issue thence; till that at last
He met a dwarf that seeméd terrified
With some late peril which he hardly past,
[1] Terrified. Or other accident which him aghast;[1]
Of whom he askéd, whence he lately came,
And whither now he travelléd so fast:
[2] Sweated. For sore he swat,[2] and, running through that same
Thick forest, was bescratcht, and both his feet nigh lame.

IV.

Panting for breath, and almost out of heart,
The dwarf him answer'd; 'Sir, ill might I stay
To tell the same: I lately did depart
From Faery Court, where I have many a day
Servéd a gentle lady of great sway
And high account throughout all Elfin Land,
Who lately left the same, and took this way:

Her now I seek; and if ye understand
Which way she faréd hath, good Sir, tell out of hand.'[1]

[1] Immediately.

V.

'What mister wight,'[2] said he, 'and how array'd?'
'Royally clad,' quoth he, 'in cloth of gold,
As meetest may beseem a noble maid;
Her fair locks in rich circlet be enroll'd;
A fairer wight did never sun behold;
And on a palfrey rides, more white than snow,
Yet she herself is whiter manifold;
The surest sign, whereby ye may her know,
Is, that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow.'

[2] Sort of person.

VI.

'Now certes, swain,' said he, 'such one, I ween,
Fast flying through this forest from her foe,
A foul ill-favour'd foster,[3] I have seen;
Herself, well as I might, I rescu'd tho,[4]
But could not stay; so fast she did forego,[5]
Carried away with wings of speedy fear.'
'Ah! dearest God,' quoth he, 'that is great woe,
And wondrous ruth[6] to all that shall it hear:
But can ye read,[7] Sir, how I may her find, or where?'

[3] Forester
[4] Then.
[5] Go forward.
[6] Pity.
[7] Inform.

VII.

'Perdy, me lever were[8] to weeten[9] that,'
Said he, 'than ransom of the richest Knight,
Or all the good that ever yet I gat:
But froward fortune, and too forward[10] night,
Such happiness did, maugre,[11] to me spite,
And from me reft both life and light attone.[12]
But, dwarf, aread[13] what is that Lady bright
That through this forest wand'reth thus alone;
For of her error[14] strange I have great ruth and moan.'

[8] I would prefer.
[9] Know.
[10] Coming on too fast.
[11] In spite of.
[12] At once.
[13] Declare.
[14] Wandering.

VIII.

'That Lady is,' quoth he, 'whereso she be,
[1] Gracious. The bountiest virgin and most debonaire [1]
That ever living eye, I ween, did see:
Lives none this day that may with her compare
In steadfast chastity and virtue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beauty bright;
[2] Named. And is ycleped [2] Florimell the fair,
Fair Florimell belov'd of many a knight,
[3] Named. Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell is hight;[3]

IX.

'A sea-nymph's son, that Marinell is hight,
Of my dear dame is lovéd dearly well;
In other none, but him, she sets delight;
All her delight is set on Marinell;
But he sets naught at all by Florimell:
For ladies' love his mother long ago
Did him, they say, forwarn through sacred spell:
But fame now flies, that of a foreign foe
He is yslain, which is the ground of all our woe.

X.

'Five days there be since he (they say) was slain,
[4] Left. And four since Florimell the court forwent,[4]
And vowéd never to return again
[5] Find. Till him alive or dead she did invent.[5]
[6] Accomplished. Therefore, fair Sir, for love of knighthood gent [6]
And honour of true ladies, if ye may
[7] Courage. By your good counsel, or bold hardiment,[7]
Or succour her, or me direct the way,
Do one or other good, I you most humbly pray:

XI.

'So may ye gain to you full great renown
Of all good ladies through the world so wide,
And haply in her heart find highest room

Of whom ye seek to be most magnified!
At least eternal meed shall you abide.'
To whom the Prince; 'Dwarf, comfort to thee
For, till thou tidings learn what her betide, [take;
I here avow thee never to forsake:
Ill wears he arms, that n'ill[1] them use for lady's sake.' [1] Will not.

XII.

So with the dwarf he back return'd again,
To seek his lady, where he might her find;
But by the way he greatly gan complain
The want of his good squire late left behind,
For whom he wondrous pensive grew in mind,
For doubt[2] of danger which might him betide; [2] Mistrust.
For him he lovéd above all mankind,
Having him true and faithful ever tried,
And bold, as ever squire that waited by knight's side:

XIII.

Who all this while full hardly was assay'd[3] [3] Assaile
Of deadly danger which to him betid:[4] [4] Happened.
For, whiles his lord pursu'd that noble maid,
After that foster[5] foul he fiercely rid [5] Forester.
To been avengéd of the shame he did
To that fair damsel: him he chaséd long [hid
Through the thick woods wherein he would have
His shameful head from his avengement strong,
And oft him threaten'd death for his outrageous wrong.

XIV.

Nath'less[6] the villain sped himself so well, [6] Nevertheless.
Whether through swiftness of his speedy beast,
Or knowledge of those woods where he did dwell,
That shortly he from danger was releast,
And out of sight escapéd at the least;
Yet not escapéd from the due reward
Of his bad deeds, which daily he increast,

[1] Nor.

Ne[1] ceaséd not, till him oppresséd hard
The heavy plague that for such lechers is prepar'd.

XV.

For, soon as he was vanish'd out of sight,
His coward courage gan embolden'd be,
[2] Contrived. And cast[2] t' avenge him of that foul despite
Which he had borne of his bold enemy:
[3] Then. Tho[3] to his brethren came, (for they were three
Ungracious children of one graceless sire,)
And unto them complainéd how that he
Had uséd been of that foolhardy squire:
So them with bitter words he stirr'd to bloody ire.

XVI.

Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments
[4] Immediately. Of spoil and murder they gan arm bylive,[4]
And with him forth into the forest went
[5] Just before. To wreak the wrath, which he did erst[5] revive
In their stern breasts, on him which late did drive
Their brother to reproach and shameful flight:
For they had vow'd that never he alive
Out of that forest should escape their might;
Vile rancour their rude hearts had fill'd with such despite.

XVII.

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
[6] Near to. Forby[6] a narrow ford, to them well known,
[7] Difficult. Through which it was uneath[7] for wight to wade;
And now by fortune it was overflown:
By that same way they knew that squire unknown
[8] At all events. Must algates[8] pass; forthy[9] themselves they set
[9] Therefore. There in await with thick woods overgrown,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruel threats his passage through the ford to let.[10]

[10] Hinder.

XVIII.

It fortunéd, as they deviséd had,
The gentle squire came riding that same way,
Unweeting[1] of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce foster,[2] which late fled away,
Stoutly forth stepping on the farther shore,
Him boldly bade his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the damage which he had him done afore.

[1] Unknowing.
[2] Forester.

XIX.

With that, at him a quiv'ring dart he threw
With so fell force, and villanous despite,
That through his haberjeon[3] the forkhead flew,
And through the linkéd mails empiercéd quite,
But had no power in his soft flesh to bite:
That stroke the hardy squire did sore displease,
But more that him he could not come to smite;
For by no means the high bank he could sease,[4]
But labour'd long in that deep ford with vain disease.[5]

[3] Coat of mail.
[4] Seize.
[5] Uneasiness.

XX.

And still the foster with his long boar spear
Him kept from landing at his wishéd will:
Anon one sent out of the thicket near
A cruel shaft headed with deadly ill,
And featheréd with an unlucky quill;
The wicked steel stay'd not till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill;[6]
Exceeding grief that wound in him empight,[7]
But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

[6] Pierce.
[7] Inflicted.

XXI.

At last, through wrath and vengeance, making way
He on the bank arriv'd with mickle pain;
Where the third brother him did sore assay,

And drove at him with all his might and main
A forest-bill,[1] which both his hands did strain;
But warily he did avoid the blow,
And with his spear requited him again,
That both his sides were thrilléd[2] with the throw,[3]
And a large stream of blood out of the wound did flow.

[1] Kind of axe.
[2] Pierced.
[3] Thrust.

XXII.

He, tumbling down, with gnashing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bade to let him in
Into the baléful house of endless night,
Where wicked ghosts do wail their former sin.
Tho[4] gan the battle freshly to begin;
For nathëmore[5] for that spectácle bad
Did th' other two their cruel vengeance blin,[6]
But both at once on both sides him bestad,[7]
And load[8] upon him laid, his life for to have had.

[4] Then.
[5] None the more.
[6] Cease.
[7] Beset.
[8] Of blows.

XXIII.

Tho when that villain he avis'd,[9] which late
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,
Full of fierce fury and indignant hate
To him he turnéd, and with rigour fell
Smote him so rudely on the pannikell,[10]
That to the chin he cleft his head in twain:
Down on the ground his carcase grovelling fell;
His sinful soul with desperate disdain
Out of her fleshly ferme[11] fled to the place of pain.

[9] Perceived.
[10] Skull.
[11] Prison.

XXIV.

That seeing, now the only last of three
Who with that wicked shaft him wounded had,
Trembling with horror, (as that did foresee
The fearful end of his avengement sad,
Through which he follow should his brethren bad,)
His bootless bow in feeble hand upcaught,

And therewith shot an arrow at the lad;
Which faintly flutt'ring scarce his helmet raught,[1]
And glancing fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

[1] Reached.

XXV.

With that, he would have fled into the wood;
But Timias him lightly overhent,[2]
Right as he ent'ring was into the flood,
And struck at him with force so violent,
That headless him into the ford he sent;
The carcase with the stream was carried down,
But th' head fell backward on the continent;[3]
So mischief fell upon the meaner's[4] crown:
They three be dead with shame; the squire lives with renown:

[2] Overtook.
[3] Dry land.
[4] Him who meant it.

XXVI.

He lives, but takes small joy of his renown;
For of that cruel wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swoon;
Yet still the blood forth gush'd in so great store,
That he lay wallow'd all in his own gore.
Now God thee keep! thou gentlest squire alive,
Else shall thy loving lord thee see no more;
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
And eke[5] thyself of honour which thou didst achieve.

[5] Also.

XXVII.

Providence heavenly passeth living thought,
And doth for wretched men's relief make way;
For lo! great grace or fortune thither brought
Comfort to him that comfortless now lay.
In those same woods ye well remember may
How that a noble hunteress did wonne,[6]
She, that base Braggadochio did affray,[7]
And made him fast out of the forest run;
Belphœbe was her name, as fair as Phœbus sun.

[6] Dwell.
[7] Terrify.

XXVIII.

She on a day, as she pursu'd the chase
Of some wild beast, which with her arrows keen
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By track of blood, which she had freshly seen
To have besprinkled all the grassy green;
By the great pérsue[1] which she there perceiv'd,
Well hopéd she the beast engor'd[2] had been,
And made more haste the life to have bereav'd:
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceiv'd.

[1] Flow of blood.
[2] Wounded.

XXIX.

Shortly she came whereas that woful squire
With blood deforméd lay in deadly swound;
In whose fair eyes, like lamps of quenchéd fire,
The crystal humor stood congealéd round;
His locks, like faded leaves fallen to ground,
Knotted with blood in bunches rudely ran;
And his sweet lips, on which before that stound[3]
The bud of youth to blossom fair began,
Spoil'd of their rosy red, were waxen pale and wan.

[3] Misfortune.

XXX.

Saw never living eye more heavy sight,
That could have made a rock of stone to rue,[4]
Or rive in twain: which when that Lady bright,
Besides[5] all hope, with melting eyes did view,
All suddenly abash'd she changéd hue,
And with stern horror backward gan to start:
But, when she better him beheld, she grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart:
The point of pity piercéd through her tender heart.

[4] Pity.
[5] Beyond.

XXXI.

Meekly she bowéd down, to weet[6] if life
Yet in his frozen members did remain;
And, feeling by his pulses beating rife[7]

[6] Know.
[7] Frequent.

That the weak soul her seat did yet retain,
She cast[1] to comfort him with busy pain:[2]
His double-folded neck she rear'd upright,
And rubb'd his temples and each trembling vein;
His mailéd haberjeon[3] she did undight,[4]
And from his head his heavy burgonet[5] did light.[6]

[1] Took means.
[2] Anxiety.
[3] Coat of mail.
[4] Remove.
[5] Helmet.
[6] Take off.

XXXII.

Into the woods thenceforth in haste she went,
To seek for herbs that might him remedy;
For she of herbs had great intendiment,[7]
Taught of the nymph which from her infancy
Her nurséd had in true nobility:
There, whether it divine tobacco were,
Or panachæa, or polygony,*
She found, and brought it to her patient dear,
Who all this while lay bleeding out his heart-blood near.

[7] Knowledge.

XXXIII.

The sovereign weed betwixt two marbles plain[8]
She pounded small, and did in pieces bruise;
And then atween her lily handës twain
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze;[9]
And round about, as she could well it use,[10]
The flesh therewith she suppled and did steep,
T' abate all spasm and soak the swelling bruise;
And, after having search'd the intuse[11] deep,
She with her scarf did bind the wound, from cold to keep.

[8] Smooth.
[9] Squeeze.
[10] Do.
[11] Contusion.

XXXIV.

By this he had sweet life recur'd[12] again,
And, groaning inly deep, at last his eyes,
His wat'ry eyes drizzling like dewy rain,
He up gan lift towárd the azure skies,

[12] Recovered.

* 'Panachæa, or polygony:' two healing herbs, mentioned in Virgil and Pliny.

From whence descend all hopeless[1] remedies:
Therewith he sigh'd; and, turning him aside,
The goodly maid full of divinities
And gifts of heavenly grace he by him spied,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

[1] Unexpected.

XXXV.

'Mercy! dear Lord,' said he, 'what grace is this
That thou hast showéd to me sinful wight,
To send thine angel from her bower of bliss
To comfort me in my distresséd plight!
Angel, or goddess, do I call thee right?
What service may I do unto thee meet,
That hast from darkness me return'd to light,
And with thy heavenly salves and med'cines sweet
Hast dress'd my sinful wounds! I kiss thy blessed feet.'

XXXVI.

Thereat she blushing said; 'Ah! gentle squire,
Nor goddess I, nor angel; but the maid
And daughter of a woody nymph, desire
No service but thy safëty and aid;
Which if thou gain, I shall be well repaid.
We mortal wights, whose lives and fortunes be
To common accidents still open laid,
Are bound with common bond of fraïlty,
To succour wretched wights whom we captíved see.'

XXXVII.

By this her damsels, which the former chase
Had undertaken after her, arriv'd,
As did Belphœbe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deem'd the beast had been depriv'd
Of life, whom late their Lady's arrow riv'd:[2]
Forthy[3] the bloody track they follow'd fast,
And every one to run the swiftest striv'd;

[2] Pierced.
[3] Therefore.

But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their Lady was arrivéd at the last.

XXXVIII.

Where when they saw that goodly boy with blood
Defouléd, and their Lady dress his wound,
They wonder'd much; and shortly understood
How him in deadly case their Lady found,
And rescuéd out of the heavy stound.[1]
Eftsoons[2] his warlike courser, which was stray'd
Far in the woods whiles that he lay in swound,
She made those damsels search; which being stay'd,
They did him set thereon, and forth with them convey'd.

[1] Affliction.
[2] Immediately.

XXXIX.

Into that forest far they thence him led
Where was their dwelling; in a pleasant glade
With mountains round about environéd
And mighty woods, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading itself into a spacious plain;
And in the midst a little river play'd
Amongst the pumy[3] stones, which seem'd to plain[4]
With gentle murmur that his course they did restrain.

[3] Porous.
[4] Complain.

XL.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with myrtle trees and laurels green,
In which the birds sung many a lovely lay
Of God's high praise, and of their sweet loves' teen,[5]
As it an earthly paradise had been:
In whose encloséd shadow there was pight[6]
A fair pavilion, scarcely to be seen,
The which was all within most richly dight,[7]
That greatest princes living it might well delight.

[5] Pain.
[6] Placed.
[7] Dressed.

XLI.

Thither they brought that wounded squire, and
In easy couch his feeble limbs to rest. [laid
He rested him awhile; and then the maid
His ready wound with better salves new drest:
Daily she dresséd him, and did the best,
His grievous hurt to guarish,[1] that she might;
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his foul sore reducéd to fair plight:
It she reducéd, but himself destroyéd quite.

[1] Heal.

XLII.

O foolish physic, and unfruitful pain,[2]
That heals up one, and makes another wound!
She his hurt thigh to him recur'd[3] again,
But hurt his heart, the which before was sound,
Through an unwary dart which did rebound
From her fair eyes and gracious countenance.
What boots it him from death to be unbound,
To be captivéd in endléss duránce[4]
Of sorrow and despair without aleggeance![5]

[2] Labour.
[3] Restored.
[4] Bondage.
[5] Alleviation.

XLIII.

Still as his wound did gather, and grow whole,
So still his heart wox sore, and health decay'd:
Madness to save a part, and lose the whole!
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly maid,
Whiles daily plasters to his wound she laid,
So still his malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchless beauty him dismay'd.
Ah God! what other could he do at least,
But love so fair a lady that his life releast!

XLIV.

Long while he strove in his courageous breast
With reason due the passion to subdue,
And love for to dislodge out of his nest:

Still when her excellencies he did view,
Her sovereign bounty and celestial hue,
The same to love he strongly was constrain'd:
But, when his mean estate he did review,
He from such hardy boldness was restrain'd,
And of his luckless lot and cruel love thus plain'd:

XLV.

'Unthankful wretch,' said he, 'is this the meed,
With which her sovereign mercy thou dost quite?[1]
Thy life she savéd by her gracious deed;
But thou dost ween with villanous despite
To blot her honour and her heavenly light:
Die; rather die than so disloyally
Deem of her high desert, or seem so light:
Fair death it is, to shun more shame, to die:
Die; rather die than ever love disloyally.

[1] Requite.

XLVI.

'But if, to love, disloyalty it be,
Shall I then hate her that from deathës door
Me brought? ah! far be such reproach from me!
What can I less do than her love therefóre,
Sith[2] I her due reward cannot restore?
Die; rather die, and dying do her serve;
Dying her serve, and living her adore;
Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve:
Die; rather die than ever from her service swerve.

[2] Since.

XLVII.

'But, foolish boy, what boots thy service base
To her, to whom the heavens do serve and sue?[3]
Thou, a mean squire of meek and lowly place;
She, heavenly born and of celestial hue.
How then? of all Love taketh equal view:
And doth not Highest God vouchsafe to take
The love and service of the basest crew?

[3] Follow, obey.

If she will not, die meekly for her sake:
Die; rather die than ever so fair love forsake!'

XLVIII.

Thus warréd he long time against his will;
Till that through weakness he was forc'd at last
To yield himself unto the mighty ill,
Which, as a victor proud, gan ransack fast
His inward parts, and all his entrails wast,[4]
That neither blood in face nor life in heart
It left, but both did quite dry up and blast;
As piercing levin,[2] which the inner part
Of every thing consumes and calcineth by art.[3]

[1] Waste.
[2] Lightning.
[3] By its nature, or quality.

XLIX.

Which seeing, fair Belphœbe gan to fear
Lest that his wound were inly well not heal'd,
Or that the wicked steel empoison'd were:
Little she ween'd that love he close conceal'd.
Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeal'd
When the bright sun his beams thereon doth beat:
Yet never he his heart to her reveal'd;
But rather chose to die for sorrow great
Than with dishonourable terms her to intreat.

L.

She, gracious lady, yet no pains did spare
To do him ease, or do him remedy:
Many restoratives of virtues rare
And costly cordials she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborn malady:
But that sweet cordial, which can restore
A love-sick heart, she did to him envý;[4]
To him, and to all th' unworthy world forlore,[5]
She did envý that sovereign salve in secret store.

[4] Keep back.
[5] Forlorn.

LI.

That dainty rose, the daughter of her morn,
More dear than life she tenderéd, whose flower
The garland of her honour did adorn:
Ne suffer'd she the midday's scorching power,
Ne the sharp northern wind thereon to shower;
But lappéd up her silken leaves most chare,[1]
Whenso the froward sky began to lower;
But, soon as calméd was the crystal air,
She did it fair dispread and let to flourish fair.

[1] Chary.

LII.

Eternal God, in his almighty power,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In paradise whilome[2] did plant this flower;
Whence he it fetch'd out of her native place,
And did in stock of earthly flesh enrace,[3]
That mortal men her glory should admire.
In gentle ladies' breast and bounteous race
Of woman-kind it fairest flower doth spire,[4]
And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste desire.

[2] Formerly.
[3] Implant.
[4] Shoot forth.

LIII.

Fair imps[5] of beauty, whose bright shining beams
Adorn the world with like to heavenly light,
And to your wills both royalties and reames[6]
Subdue, through conquest of your wondrous might;
With this fair flower your goodly garlands dight[7]
Of chastity and virtue virginal,
That shall embellish more your beauty bright,
And crown your heads with heavenly coronal,
Such as the angels wear before God's tribunal!

[5] Daughters.
[6] Realms.
[7] Adorn.

LIV.

To your fair selves a fair ensample frame
Of this fair virgin, this Belphœbe fair;
To whom, in perfect love and spotless fame

Of chastity, none living may compare:
Ne pois'nous envy justly can impair
The praise of her fresh-flow'ring maidenhead;
Forthy[1] she standeth on the highest stair
Of th' honourable stage of womanhead,
That ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

[1] Therefore.

LV.

In so great praise of steadfast chastity
Nathless[2] she was so courteous and kind,
Temper'd with grace and goodly modesty,
That seemed those two virtues strove to find
The higher place in her heroic mind:
So striving each did other more augment,
And both increas'd the praise of womankind,
And both increas'd her beauty excellent:
So all did make in her a perfect complement.[3]

[2] Nevertheless.

[3] Complete character.

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## CANTO VI.

The birth of fair Belphœbe and
Of Amorett is told:
The Gardens of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold.

I.

Well may I ween, fair Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder how this noble damosel
So great perfections did in her[4] compile,[5]
Sith[6] that in savage forests she did dwell,
So far from Court and royal citadel,
The great schoolmistress of all courtesy:
Seemeth that such wild woods should far expel
All civil usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deform with rude rusticity.

[4] Herself.
[5] Combine.
[6] Since.

II.

But to this fair Belphœbe in her birth
The heavens so favourable were and free,
Looking with mild aspéct upon the earth
In th' horoscope of her nativity,
That all the gifts of grace and chastity
On her they pouréd forth of plenteous horn:
Jove laugh'd on Venus from his sov'reign see,[1] [1] Seat.
And Phœbus with fair beams did her adorn,
And all the Graces rock'd her cradle being born.

III.

Her birth was of the womb of morning dew,
And her conception of the joyous prime;[2] [2] Spring
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.
So was this virgin born, so was she bred;
So was she trainéd up from time to time
In all chaste virtue and true bountihed,[3] [3] Goodness
Till to her due perfection she were ripened.

IV.

Her mother was the fair Chrysogonee,*
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race
A Faery was, yborn of high degree:
She bore Belphœbe; she bore in like case
Fair Amoretta in the second place:
These two were twins, and twixt them two did [share
The heritage of all celestial grace;
That all the rest it seem'd they robbéd bare
Of bounty, and of beauty, and all virtues rare.

V.

It were a goodly story to declare
By what strange accident fair Chrysogone

* 'Chrysogonee:' a fanciful personage.

Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare
In this wild forest wand'ring all alone,
After she had nine months fulfill'd and gone:
For not as other women's common brood
They were enwombéd in the sacred throne
Of her chaste body; nor with common food,
As other women's babes, they suckéd vital blood:

VI.

But wondrously they were begot and bred
Through influence of th' heaven's fruitful ray,
As it in antique books is mentionéd.
It was upon a summer's shiny day,
When Titan fair his beamës did display,
In a fresh fountain, far from all men's view,
She bath'd her breast the boiling heat t' allay;
She bath'd with roses red and violets blue,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forest grew:

VII.

Till, faint through irksome weariness, adown
Upon the grassy ground herself she laid
To sleep, the whiles a gentle slumb'ring swoun
Upon her fell all naked bare display'd:
The sunbeams bright upon her body play'd,
Being through former bathing mollified,
And pierc'd into her womb; where they embayd[1]
With so sweet sense and secret power unspied,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructified.

[1] Bathed.

VIII.

Miraculous may seem to him that reads
So strange ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitful seeds
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sunbeams in moist complexion,
Do life conceive and quicken'd are by kind:[2]

[2] Nature.

So, after Nilus' inundation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men do find
Informéd[1] in the mud on which the sun hath shin'd.

[1] Imperfectly formed.

IX.

Great father he of generation
Is rightly call'd, th' author of life and light;
And his fair sister[2] for creation
Minist'reth matter fit, which, temper'd right
With heat and humour, breeds the living wight.
So sprung these twins in womb of Chrysogone;
Yet wist[3] she naught thereof, but sore affright
Wonder'd to see her belly so upblown,
Which still increas'd till she her term had full out-gone.

[2] The moon.

[3] Knew.

X.

Whereof conceiving shame and foul disgrace,
Albe[4] her guiltless conscience her clear'd,
She fled into the wilderness a space,
Till that unwieldy burden she had rear'd,[5]
And shunn'd dishonour which as death she fear'd:
Where, weary of long travel, down to rest
Herself she set, and comfortably cheer'd;
There a sad cloud of sleep her overkest,[6]
And seizéd every sense with sorrow sore opprest.

[4] Although.

[5] Brought to maturity.

[6] Overcast.

XI.

It fortuned, fair Venus having lost
Her little son, the winged god of love,
Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,
Was from her fled as fleet as airy dove,
And left her blissful bower of joy above;
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for aught him sharply did reprove,
And wander'd in the world in strange array,
Disguis'd in thousand shapes, that none might him bewray;)

XII.

Him for to seek, she left her heavenly house,
The house of goodly forms and fair aspécts,
Whence all the world derives the glorious
Features of beauty, and all shapes select, [deckt;
With which High God his workmanship hath
And searched every way through which his wings
Had borne him, or his track she might detect:
She promis'd kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
Unto the man that of him tidings to her brings.

XIII.

First she him sought in Court, where most he us'd
Whilome[1] to haunt, but there she found him not;
But many there she found which sore accus'd
His falsehood, and with foul infámous blot
His cruel deeds and wicked wiles did spot:[2]
Ladies and lords she every where might hear
Complaining, how with his empoison'd shot
Their woful hearts he wounded had whilere,[3]
And so had left them languishing twixt hope and fear.

[1] Formerly

XIV.

She then the cities sought from gate to gate,
And every one did ask, Did he him see?
And every one her answer'd, that too late
He had him seen, and felt the cruelty
Of his sharp darts and hot artillery:
And every one threw forth reproaches rife
Of his mischiévous deeds, and said that he
Was the disturber of all civil life,
The enemy of peace, and author of all strife.

XV.

Then in the country she abroad him sought,
And in the rural cottages inquir'd;

Where also many plaints to her were brought,
How he their heedless hearts with love had fir'd,
And his false venom through their veins inspir'd;
And eke[1] the gentle shepherd swains, which sat
Keeping their fleecy flocks as they were hir'd,
She sweetly heard complain both how and what
Her son had to them done; yet she did smile thereat.

[1] Also.

XVI.

But, when in none of all these she him got,
She gan avise[2] where else he might him hide:
At last she her bethought that she had not
Yet sought the savage woods and forests wide,
In which full many lovely nymphs abide;
'Mongst whom might be that he did closely[3] lie,
Or that the love of some of them him tied:
Forthy[4] she thither cast her course t' apply,
To search the secret haunts of Dian's company.

[2] Consider.
[3] Secretly.
[4] Therefore.

XVII.

Shortly unto the wasteful[5] woods she came,
Whereas[6] she found the goddess with her crew,
After late chase of their embrewed[7] game,
Sitting beside a fountain in a rew;[8]
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat
And soil, which did deform their lively hue;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

[5] Waste.
[6] Where.
[7] Wet with blood.
[8] Row.

XVIII.

She, having hung upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlac'd
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lank loins[9] ungirt, and breasts unbrac'd,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden locks, that late in tresses bright

[9] Slender waist.

Embraided[1] were for hind'ring of her haste.
Now loose about her shoulders hung undight,[2]
And were with sweet ambrosia all besprinkled light.

[1] Braided.
[2] Undressed.

XIX.

Soon as she Venus saw behind her back,
She was asham'd to be so loose surpris'd;
And wox[3] half wroth against her damsels slack,
That had not her thereof before aviz'd,[4]
But suffer'd her so carelessly disguis'd
Be overtaken: soon her garments loose
Upgath'ring, in her bosom she compris'd
Well as she might, and to the goddess rose;
Whiles all her nymphs did like a garland her enclose.

[3] Waxed.
[4] Made aware.

XX.

Goodly she gan fair Cytherea greet,
And shortly askéd her what cause her brought,
Into that wilderness for her unmeet, [fraught:
From her sweet bowers and beds with pleasures
That sudden change she strange adventure thought.
To whom half weeping she thus answeréd;
That she her dearest son Cupido sought,
Who in his frowardness from her was fled;
That she repented sore to have him angered.

XXI.

Thereat Diana gan to smile, in scorn
Of her vain plaint, and to her scoffing said;
'Great pity sure that ye be so forlorn
Of your gay son, that gives you so good aid
To your disports; ill[5] might ye been apaid!'[6]
But she was more engrieved, and replied;
'Fair sister, ill beseems it to upbraid
A doleful heart with so disdainful pride;
The like that mine may be your pain another tide[7]

[5] With difficulty.
[6] Compensated.
[7] Time.

XXII.

'As you in woods and wanton[1] wilderness
Your glory set to chase the savage beasts;
So my delight is all in joyfulness,
In beds, in bowers, in banquets, and in feasts:
And ill becomes you, with your lofty crests,
To scorn the joy that Jove is glad to seek:
We both are bound to follow heaven's behests,
And tend our charges with obeisance meek:
Spare, gentle sister, with reproach my pain to eke;[2]

[1] Wild.
[2] Increase.

XXIII.

'And tell me if that ye my son have heard
To lurk amongst your nymphs in secret wise,
Or keep their cabins: much I am affeard
Lest he like one of them himself disguise,
And turn his arrows to their exercise:
So may he long himself full easy hide;
For he is fair, and fresh in face and guise
As any nymph; let not it be envíed.'
So saying every nymph full narrowly she eyed.

XXIV.

But Phœbe therewith sore was angeréd,
And sharply said; 'Go, dame; go, seek your boy,
Where you him lately left, in Mars his bed:
He comes not here; we scorn his foolish joy,
Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:
But, if I catch him in this company,
By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy
The gods do dread, he dearly shall abye:[3]
I'll clip his wanton wings that he no more shall fly.'

[3] Suffer.

XXV.

Whom whenas Venus saw so sore displeas'd,
She inly sorry was, and gan relent
What she had said: so her she soon appeas'd

With sugar'd words and gentle blandishment,
Which as a fountain from her sweet lips went
And welléd goodly forth, that in short space
She was well pleas'd, and forth her damsels sent
Through all the woods, to search from place to place
If any track of him or tidings they might trace.

XXVI.

To search the god of love her nymphs she sent
Throughout the wand'ring[1] forest every where:
And after them herself eke with her went
To seek the fugitive both far and near.
So long they sought, till they arrivéd were
In that same shady covert whereas lay
Fair Chrysogone in slumbry trance whilere:[2]
Who in her sleep (a wondrous thing to say)
Unwares had borne two babes as fair as springing day.

[1] Wand'-ring through the forest.

[2] A little before.

XXVII.

Unwares she them conceiv'd, unwares she bore:
She bore withouten pain, that she conceiv'd
Withouten pleasure; ne her need implore
Lucina's aid: which when they both perceiv'd,
They were through wonder nigh of sense bereav'd
And gazing each on other naught bespake:
At last they both agreed her seeming griev'd
Out of her heavy swoon not to awake,
But from her loving side the tender babes to take.

XXVIII.

Up they them took, each one a babe uptook,
And with them carried to be fosteréd:
Dame Phœbe to a nymph her babe betook
To be upbrought in perfect maidenhead,
And, of herself, her name Belphœbe red:[3]

[3] Declared.

But Venus hers thence far away convey'd,
To be upbrought in goodly womanhead;
And, in her little Love's stead which was stray'd,
Her Amoretta call'd, to comfort her[1] dismay'd.[2]

[1] Herself.
[2] Grieved.

XXIX.

She brought her to her joyous paradise
Where most she wonnes,[3] when she on earth does dwell,
So fair a place as nature can devise:
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
Or it in Cnidus be, I wote[4] not well;
But well I wote by trial, that this same
All other pleasant places doth excel,
And calléd is, by her lost lover's name,
The Garden of Adonis,* far renown'd by fame.

[3] Dwells.
[4] Know.

XXX.

In that same garden all the goodly flowers,
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautify
And decks the garlands of her paramours,
Are fetch'd: there is the first seminary
Of all things that are born to live and die,
According to their kinds. Long work it were
Here to account the endless progeny
Of all the weeds that bud and blossom there;
But so much as doth need must needs be counted here.

XXXI.

It sited[5] was in fruitful soil of old,
And girt in with two walls on either side,
The one of iron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough break, nor overstride:

[5] Situated.

* 'Garden of Adonis:' in the fable of Venus and Adonis, Adonis represents the sun, and hence was regarded as the type of the procreative or productive principle; the garden of Adonis is described as containing the seminal principles of all things.

And double gates it had which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten[1] pass;
Th' one fair and fresh, the other old and dried:
Old Genius the porter of them was,
Old Genius, the which a double nature has.*

[1] Might.

XXXII.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend[2]
All that to come into the world desire:
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which do require
That he with fleshly weeds would them attire:
Such as him list, such as eternal fate
Ordainéd hath, he clothes with sinful mire,[3]
And sendeth forth to live in mortal state,
Till they again return back by the hinder gate.

[2] Go.

[3] Clay.

XXXIII.

After that they again returnéd been,
They in that Garden planted be again,
And grow afresh, as they had never seen
Fleshly corruption nor mortal pain:
Some thousand years so do they there remain,
And then of him are clad with other hue,[4]
Or sent into the changeful world again,
Till thither they return where first they grew:
So, like a wheel, around they run from old to new.

[4] Appearance.

XXXIV.

Ne needs there gardener to set or sow,
To plant or prune; for of their own accord
All things, as they created were, do grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word
Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,
That bade them to *increase and multiply:*
Ne do they need, with water of the ford[5]

[5] Stream.

* See Book II. Canto XII. Stanza XLVIII.

Or of the clouds, to moisten their roots dry;
For in themselves eternal moisture they imply.[1]

[1] Contain.

XXXV.

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth forms, which none yet ever knew:
And every sort is in a sundry bed
Set by itself, and rank'd in comely rew;[2]
Some fit for reasonable souls t' indue;[3]
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to wear;
And all the fruitful spawn of fishes' hue
In endless ranks along enrangéd were,
That seem'd the ocean could not contain them there.

[2] Row.
[3] Put

XXXVI.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more;
Yet is the stock not lessened nor spent,
But still remains in everlasting store
As it at first created was of yore:
For in the wide womb of the world there lies,
In hateful darkness and in deep horrór,
An huge eternal Chaos, which supplies
The substances of Nature's fruitful progenies.

XXXVII.

All things from thence do their first being fetch,
And borrow matter whereof they are made;
Which, whenas form and feature it does ketch,[4]
Becomes a body, and doth then invade[5]
The state of life out of the grisly shade.
That substance is eterne, and bideth so;
Ne, when the life decays and form does fade,
Doth it consume and into nothing go,
But changéd is and often alter'd to and fro.

[4] Obtain.
[5] Come into.

XXXVIII.

The substance is not chang'd nor altered,
But th' only form and outward fashíon;
For every substance is conditioned
To change her hue, and sundry forms to don,[1]
Meet for her temper and complexion:
For forms are variable, and decay
By course of kind[2] and by occasion;
And that fair flower of beauty fades away,
As doth the lily fresh before the sunny ray.

[1] Put on.

[2] Nature.

XXXIX.

Great enemy to it, and t' all the rest
That in the Garden of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Time; who with his scythe addrest[3]
Does mow the flow'ring herbs and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground down flings,
Where they do wither and are foully marr'd:
He flies about, and with his flaggy[4] wings
Beats down both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pity may relent his malice hard.

[3] Prepared.

[4] Loose-hanging.

XL.

Yet pity often did the gods relent,
To see so fair things marr'd and spoiléd quite:
And their great mother Venus did lament
The loss of her dear brood, her dear delight:
Her heart was pierc'd with pity at the sight,
When walking through the garden them she saw,
Yet no'te[5] she find redress for such despite:
For all that lives is subject to that law:
All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

[5] Could not.

XLI.

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightful Garden grows

Should happy be, and have immortal bliss:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flows;
And sweet Love gentle fits[1] amongst them throws, [1] Emotions.
Without fell rancour or fond jealousy:
Frankly each paramour his leman[2] knows; [2] Mistress.
Each bird his mate; ne[3] any does envý [3] Nor.
Their goodly merriment and gay felicity.

XLII.

There is continual spring, and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one time:
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,[4] [4] Spring.
And eke[5] at once the heavy trees they climb, [5] Als
Which seem to labour under their fruit's load:
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime
Amongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

XLIII.

Right in the middest of that Paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughs sharp steel did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
But like a garland compasséd the height,
And from their fruitful sides sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground, with precious dew bedight,[6] [6] Decked, covered.
Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

XLIV.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasant arbour, not by art
But of the trees' own inclination made,
Which knitting their rank branches part to part,
With wanton ivy-twine entrayld[7] athwart, [7] Twisted,

And eglantine and caprifole[1] among,
Fashion'd above within their inmost part,
That neither Phœbus' beams could through them throng,
Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any wrong.

[1] Woodbine.

XLV.

And all about grew every sort of flower,
To which sad lovers were transform'd of yore;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramour
And dearest love;
Foolish Narciss, that likes the wat'ry shore;
Sad Amaranthus, made a flower but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seems I see Amintas' wretched fate,*
To whom sweet poet's verse hath given endless date.

XLVI.

There wont fair Venus often to enjoy
Her dear Adonis' joyous company,
And reap sweet pleasure of the wanton boy:
There yet, some say, in secret he does lie,
Lappéd in flowers and precious spicery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of Stygian gods, which do her love envý;
But she herself, whenever that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetness takes her fill:

XLVII.

And sooth,[2] it seems, they say; for he may not
For ever die, and ever buried be
In baleful night where all things are forgot;
All[3] be he subject to mortality,
Yet is eterne in mutability,
And by succession made perpetual,
Transforméd oft, and changéd diversly:

[2] Truth.

[3] Although.

* Supposed to allude to the death of Sir Philip Sidney.

For him the father of all forms they call;
Therefore needs mote[1] he live, that living gives to all.

[1] Must.

XLVIII.

There now he liveth in eternal bliss,
Joying his goddess, and of her enjoy'd;
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruel tusk him deadly cloy'd:[2]
For that wild boar, the which him once annoy'd,
She firmly hath imprisonéd for aye,
(That her sweet love his malice might avoid,)
In a strong rocky cave, which is, they say,
Hewn underneath that mount, that none him loosen may.

[2] Pierced.

XLIX.

There now he lives in everlasting joy,
With many of the gods in company
Which thither haunt, and with the winged boy,
Sporting himself in safe felicity:
Who when he hath with spoils and cruelty
Ransack'd the world, and in the woful hearts
Of many wretches set his triumphs high,
Thither resorts, and, laying his sad darts
Aside, with fair Adonis plays his wanton parts.

L.

And his true love, fair Psyche, with him plays,
Fair Psyche to him lately reconcil'd,
After long troubles and unmeet upbrays,[3]
With which his mother Venus her revil'd,
And eke himself her cruelly exil'd:
But now in steadfast love and happy state
She with him lives, and hath him borne a child,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,[4]
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late,

[3] Upbraidings.

[4] Charm.

LI.

Hither great Venus brought this infant fair,
The younger daughter of Chrysogonee,
And unto Psyche with great trust and care
Committed her, yfosteréd to be
And trainéd up in true feminitee:[1]
Who no less carefully her tendered
Than her own daughter Pleasure, to whom she
Made her companion, and her lessoned[2]
In all the lore of love and goodly womanhead.

[1] Womanhood.
[2] Instructed.

LII.

In which when she to perfect ripeness grew,
Of grace and beauty noble paragone,[3]
She brought her forth into the worldës view,
To be th' ensample of true love alone,
And lodestar of all chaste affection
To all fair ladies that do live on ground.
To Faery Court she came; where many one
Admir'd her goodly haveour,[4] and found [wound.
His feeble heart wide launched[5] with love's cruel

[3] Example.
[4] Deportment.
[5] Pierced.

LIII.

But she to none of them her love did cast,
Save to the noble knight, Sir Scudamore,
To whom her loving heart she linked fast
In faithful love, t' abide for evermore;
And for his dearest sake endured sore
Sore trouble of an heinous enemy,
Who her would forced have to have forlore[6]
Her former love and steadfast loyalty;
As ye may elsewhere read that rueful history.

LIV.

But well I ween ye first desire to learn
What end unto that fearful damosel,
Which fled so fast from that same foster[7] stern

[7] Forester.

Whom with his brethren Timias slew, befell:
That was, to weet,[1] the goodly Florimell;
Who wand'ring for to seek her lover dear,
Her lover dear, her dearest Marinell,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did hear,
And from Prince Arthur fled with wings of idle[2] fear.

[1] To wit.
[2] Causeless.

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## CANTO VII.

The witch's son loves Florimell:
She flies; he feigns to die.
Satyrane saves the Squire of Dames
From giant's tyranny.

I.

Like as an hind forth singled from the heard,[3]
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flies away of her own feet afeard;
And every leaf, that shaketh with the least
Murmur of wind, her terror hath increast:
So fled fair Florimell from her vain fear,
Long after she from peril was releast:
Each shade she saw, and each noise she did hear,
Did seem to be the same which she escap'd whilere.[4]

[3] Herd.
[4] Shortly before.

II.

All that same evening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continued:
Ne did she let dull sleep once to relent[5]
Nor weariness to slack her haste, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dread
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest:
And her white palfrey, having conquered
The mast'ring reins out of her weary wrest,[6]
Perforce her carried wherever he thought best.

[5] Slacken.
[6] Wrist.

III.

So long as breath and able puissance
Did native courage unto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did advance,
And carried her beyond all jeopardy;
But naught that wanteth rest can long abye:[1]
He, having through incessant travel spent
His force, at last perforce adown did lie,
Ne foot could farther move: the lady gent[2]
Thereat was sudden struck with great astonishment;

[1] Abide.
[2] Gentle.

IV.

And, forc'd t' alight, on foot must algates[3] fare,
A traveller unwonted to such way;
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
*That Fortune all in equal launce*[4] *doth sway,*
*And mortal miseries doth make her play.*
So long she travell'd, till at length she came
To an hill's side, which did to her bewray
A little valley subject to[5] the same,
All cover'd with thick woods that quite it overcame.[6]

[3] At all events.
[4] Balance.
[5] Lying beneath.
[6] Overhung.

V.

Through th' tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light
Reeking aloft uprolléd to the sky:
Which cheerful sign did send unto her sight
That in the same did wonne[7] some living wight.
Eftsoons[8] her steps she thereunto applied,
And came at last in weary wretched plight
Unto the place, to which her hope did guide
To find some refuge there, and rest her weary side.

[7] Dwell.
[8] Immediately.

VI.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of sticks and reeds
In homely wise, and wall'd with sods around;

In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weeds[1]
And wilful want, all careless of her needs;
So choosing solitary to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her devilish deeds
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off unknown whomever she envíed.

[1] Dress.

VII.

The damsel there arriving enter'd in;
Where sitting on the floor the hag she found
Busy (as seem'd) about some wicked gin:[2]
Who, soon as she beheld that sudden stound,[3]
Lightly upstarted from the dusty ground,
And with fell look and hollow deadly gaze
Staréd on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speak for great amaze;
But show'd by outward signs that dread her sense did daze.[4]

[2] Contrivance.
[3] Startling appearance.
[4] Confound.

VIII.

At last, turning her fear to foolish wrath,
She ask'd, What devil had her thither brought,
And who she was, and what unwonted path
Had guided her, unwelcoméd, unsought?
To which the damsel full of doubtful thought
Her mildly answer'd; 'Beldame,[5] be not wroth
With silly virgin, by adventure[6] brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That crave but room to rest while tempest overblo'th.'

[5] Fair dame.
[6] Accident.

IX.

With that adown out of her crystall eyne
Few trickling tears she softly forth let fall,
That like two orient pearls did purely shine
Upon her snowy cheek; and therewithal
She sighéd soft, that none so bestial
Nor savage heart but ruth[7] of her sad plight

[7] Pity.

Would make to melt, or piteously appal;[1]
And that vile hag, all[2] were her whole delight
In mischief, was much movéd at so piteous sight;

[1] Affect.
[2] Although.

X.

And gan recomfort her, in her rude wise,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the tears from her suffused eyes,
And bidding her sit down to rest her faint
And weary limbs awhile: she nothing quaint[3]
Nor 'sdeignful of so homely fashion,
Sith[4] brought she was now to so hard constraint,
Sat down upon the dusty ground anon;
As glad of that small rest, as bird of tempest gone.[5]

[3] Nice.
[4] Since.
[5] Past.

XI.

Tho[6] gan she gather up her garments rent,
And her loose locks to dight[7] in order due
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament;
Whom such whenas the wicked hag did view,
She was astonish'd at her heavenly hue,
And doubted her to deem an earthly wight,
But or some goddess, or of Dian's crew,
And thought her to adore with humble sprite:
T' adore thing so divine as beauty were but right.

[6] Then.
[7] Dress.

XII.

This wicked woman had a wicked son,
The comfort of her age and weary days,
A lazy loord,[8] for nothing good to done,[9]
But stretched forth in idleness always,
Ne ever cast his mind to covet praise,
Or ply himself to any honest trade;
But all the day before the sunny rays
He us'd to slug,[10] or sleep in slothful shade:
Such laziness both lewd[11] and poor at once him made.

[8] Fellow.
[9] Do.
[10] Lie idly.
[11] Ignorant.

XIII.

He, coming home at undertime,[1] there found
The fairest creature that he ever saw
Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,[2]
And his base thought with terror and with awe
So inly smote, that as one, which hath gaz'd
On the bright sun unwares, doth soon withdraw
His feeble eyne with too much brightness daz'd;[3]
So staréd he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.

[1] Evening.
[2] Fill with awe.
[3] Dazzled.

XIV.

Softly at last he gan his mother ask,
What mister wight[4] that was, and whence deriv'd,
That in so strange disguisement there did mask,
And by what accident she there arriv'd?
But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
With naught but ghastly looks him answeréd;
Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
From Stygian shores where late it wandered:
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

[4] Sort of creature.

XV.

But the fair virgin was so meek and mild,
That she to them vouchsaféd to embase[5]
Her goodly port, and to their senses vild[6]
Her gentle speech applied, that in short space
She grew familiar in that desert place.
During which time the churl, through her so kind
And courteous use, conceiv'd affection base,
And cast to love her in his brutish mind;
No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tin'd.[7]

[5] Bring down.
[6] Vile.
[7] Excited.

XVI.

Closely[8] the wicked flame his bowels brent,[9]
And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the heart, nor hardiment,[10]

[8] Secretly.
[9] Burned.
[10] Hardihood.

As unto her to utter his desire;
His caytive[1] thought durst not so high aspire:
But with soft sighs and lovely[2] semblances
He ween'd that his affection entire[3]
She should aread;[4] many resemblances[5]
To her he made, and many kind remembrances.

[1] Base.
[2] Loving.
[3] Inward.
[4] Perceive.
[5] Attentions.

XVII.

Oft from the forest, wildings[6] he did bring,
Whose sides empurpled were with smiling red;
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing,
His mistress' praises sweetly carolled:
Garlands of flowers sometimes for her fair head
He fine would dight;[7] sometimes the squirrel wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow-servant vild:[8]
All which she of him took with countenance meek and mild.

[6] Wild apples.
[7] Arrange.
[8] Vile.

XVIII.

But, past a while,[9] when she fit season saw
To leave that desert mansion, she cast[10]
In secret wise herself thence to withdraw,
For fear of mischief, which she did forecast
Might by the witch or by her son compast:[11]
Her weary palfrey, closely[12] as she might,
Now well recover'd after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,[13]
His late miswander'd ways now to remeasure right.

[9] After a time.
[10] Resolved.
[11] Contrived.
[12] Secretly
[13] Decked.

XIX.

And early, ere the dawning day appear'd,
She forth issu'd, and on her journey went;
She went in peril, of each noise affeard,
And of each shade that did itself present;
For still she fearéd to be overhent[14]
Of that vile hag, or her uncivil[15] son;

[14] Overtaken.
[15] Uncultured.

Who when, too late awaking, well they kent[1]
That their fair guest was gone, they both begun
To make exceeding moan as they had been undone.

[1] Knew.

XX.

But that lewd lover did the most lament
For her depart,[2] that ever man did hear;
He knock'd his breast with desperate intent,
And scratch'd his face, and with his teeth did tear
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare:[3]
That his sad mother seeing his sore plight
Was greatly woe-begone, and gan to fear
Lest his frail senses were emperish'd quite,
And love to frenzy turn'd; sith[4] love is frantic hight.[5]

[2] Departure.
[3] Hair.
[4] Since.
[5] Called.

XXI.

All ways she sought him to restore to plight,[6]
With herbs, with charms, with counsel, and with tears;
But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsel, might
Assuage the fury which his entrails tears:
So strong is passion that no reason hears!
Tho,[7] when all other helps she saw to fail,
She turn'd herself back to her wicked lears;[8]
And by her devilish arts thought to prevail
To bring her back again, or work her final bale.[9]

[6] To his usual state.
[7] Then.
[8] Learning, arts.
[9] Destruction.

XXII.

Eftsoons[10] out of her hidden cave she call'd
An hideous beast of horrible aspéct,
That could the stoutest courage have appall'd;
Monstrous, misshap'd, and all his back was speck'd[11]
With thousand spots of colours quaint elect;[12]
Thereto[13] so swift that it all beasts did pass:
Like never yet did living eye detect;
But likest it to an hyena was
That feeds on women's flesh, as others feed on grass.

[10] Immediately.
[11] Speckled.
[12] Oddly chosen.
[13] Besides.

XXIII.

It forth she call'd, and gave it strait in charge
Through thick and thin her to pursue apace,
Ne[1] once to stay to rest, or breathe at large,
Till her he had attain'd and brought in place,[2]
Or quite devour'd her beauty's scornful grace.
The monster, swift as word that from her went,
Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
So sure and swiftly, through his perfect scent
And passing speed, that shortly he her overhent.[3]

[1] Nor.
[2] Brought to that place.
[3] Overtook.

XXIV.

Whom when the fearful damsel nigh espied,
No need to bid her fast away to fly;
That ugly shape so sore her terrified,
That it she shunn'd no less than dread to die;
And her fleet palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceivéd fear,
That whilst his breath did strength to him supply,
From peril free he her away did bear;
But, when his force gan fail, his pace gan wex arear.[4]

[4] Grow slow.

XXV.

Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismay'd
At that same last extremity full sore,
And of her safety greatly grew afraid:
And now she gan approach to the sea shore,
As it befell, that she could fly no more,
But yield herself to spoil of greediness:
Lightly she leapéd, as a wight forlore,[5]
From her dull horse, in desperate distress,
And to her feet betook[6] her doubtful sickerness.[7]

[5] Forlorn.
[6] Committed.
[7] Safety.

XXVI.

Not half so fast the wicked Myrrha fled
From dread of her revenging father's hond,
Nor half so fast to save her maidenhead

Fled fearful Daphne on th' Ægæan strond;
As Florimell fled from that monster yond,[1]
To reach the sea ere she of him were raught:[2]
For in the sea to drown herself she fond,[3]
Rather than of the tyrant to be caught: [taught.
Thereto[4] fear gave her wings, and need her courage

[1] Furious.
[2] Reached.
[3] Sought, resolved.
[4] To this end.

XXVII.

It fortunéd (High God did so ordain)
As she arrivéd on the roaring shore,
In mind to leap into the mighty main,
A little boat lay hoving[5] her before,
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,[6]
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand:
Into the same she leapt, and with the oar
Did thrust the shallop from the floating[7] strand:
So safety found at sea, which she found not at land.

[5] Heaving.
[6] Poor.
[7] Floating from the strand.

XXVIII.

The monster, ready on the prey to seize,
Was of his forward[8] hope deceivéd quite,
Ne durst assay to wade the perlous[9] seas,
But, greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vain was forc'd to turn his flight,
And tell the idle tidings to his dame:
Yet, to avenge his devilish despite,
He set upon her palfrey tired lame,
And slew him cruelly ere any rescue came:

[8] Confident.
[9] Perilous.

XXIX.

And, after having him embowelléd
To fill his hellish gorge, it chanc'd a knight
To pass that way, as forth he travelled:
It was a goodly swain, and of great might,
As ever man that bloody field did fight;
But in vain shows, that wont young knights be-
And courtly services, took no delight; [witch,

But rather joy'd to be than seemen sich:[1]
For both to be and seem to him was labour lich.[2]

[1] Seem such.
[2] Like.

XXX.

It was, to weet,[3] the good Sir Satyrane
That rang'd abroad to seek adventures wild,
As was his wont, in forest and in plain:
He was all arm'd in rugged steel unfil'd,[4]
As in the smoky forge it was compil'd,[5]
And in his scutcheon bore a satyr's head:
He coming present, where the monster vild[6]
Upon that milk-white palfrey's carcase fed,
Unto his rescue ran, and greedily him sped.[7]

[3] To wit.
[4] Unpolished.
[5] Wrought.
[6] Vile.
[7] Eagerly hastened.

XXXI.

There well perceiv'd he that it was the horse
Whereon fair Florimell was wont to ride,
That of that fiend was rent without remorse:
Much fearéd he lest aught did ill betide
To that fair maid, the flower of women's pride;
For her he dearly lovéd, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnified:
Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he found, that did him sore appal.

XXXII.

Full of sad fear and doubtful agony
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked fiend;
And with huge strokes and cruel battery
Him forc'd to leave his prey, for to attend
Himself from deadly danger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engrave, and muchell[8] blood did spend,
Yet might not do[9] him die; but aye more fresh
And fierce he still appear'd, the more he did him thresh.

[8] Much.
[9] Cause.

XXXIII.

He wist[1] not how him to despoil of life,
Ne[2] how to win the wishéd victory,
Sith[3] him he saw still stronger grow through strife,
And himself weaker through infirmity:
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
Hurling his sword away, he lightly lept[4]
Upon the beast, that with great cruelty
Roaréd and ragéd to be underkept; [hept.[5]
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes upon him

[1] Knew. [2] Nor. [3] Since. [4] Leaped. [5] Heaped.

XXXIV.

As he that strives to stop a sudden flood,
And in strong banks his violence restrain,
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflow the fruitful plain,
That all the country seems to be a main,[6]
And the rich furrows float,[7] all quite fordone:[8]
The woful husbandman doth loud complain
To see his whole year's labour lost so soon,
For which to God he made so many an idle boon:[9]

[6] Sea. [7] Are flooded. [8] Ruined. [9] Petition.

XXXV.

So him he held, and did through might amate:[10]
So long he held him, and him beat so long,
That at the last his fierceness gan abate,
And meekly stoop unto the victor strong:
Who, to avenge the implacable wrong
Which he supposéd done to Florimell,
Sought by all means his dolour to prolong,
Sith[11] dint of steel his carcase could not quell;
His maker with her charms had framéd him so well.

[10] Subdue. [11] Since.

XXXVI.

The golden riband, which that virgin wore
About her slender waist, he took in hand,
And with it bound the beast that loud did roar

For great despite of that unwonted band,
Yet daréd not his victor to withstand,
But trembled like a lamb fled from the prey;[1]
And all the way him follow'd on the strand,
As[2] he had long been learnéd to obey;
Yet never learnéd he such service till that day.

[1] From being made a prey.
[2] As if.

XXXVII.

Thus as he led the beast along the way,
He spied far off a mighty giantess
Fast flying, on a courser dappled gray,
From a bold knight that with great hardiness
Her hard pursu'd, and sought for to suppress:
She bore before her lap a doleful squire,
Lying athwart her horse in great distress,
Fast bounden hand and foot with cords of wire,
Whom she did mean to make the thrall of her desire.

XXXVIII.

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste
He left his captive beast at liberty,
And cross'd the nearest way, by which he cast[3]
Her to encounter ere she passéd by;
But she the way shunn'd nathëmore[4] forthy,[5]
But forward gallopp'd fast; which when he spied,
His mighty spear he couchéd warily,
And at her ran; she, having him descried,
Herself to fight address'd and threw her load aside.

[3] Purposed.
[4] None the more.
[5] Therefore.

XXXIX.

Like as a goshawk, that in foot doth bear
A trembling culver,[6] having spied on height
An eagle that with plumy wings doth shear[7]
The subtile air stooping with all his might,
The quarry[8] throws to ground with fell despite,
And to the battle doth herself prepare:
So ran the giantess unto the fight;

[6] Dove.
[7] Cut.
[8] Prey.

Her fiery eyes with furious sparks did stare,
And with blasphémous bannes[1] High God in pieces tare.

[1] Curses.

XL.

She caught in hand an huge great iron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd;
But, ere the stroke could seize[2] his aiméd place,
His spear amids her sun-broad shield arriv'd;
Yet nathëmore[3] the steel asunder riv'd,
All[4] were the beam in bigness like a mast,
Ne her out of the steadfast saddle driv'd;
But, glancing on the temper'd metal, brast[5]
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.

[2] Reach.
[3] None the more.
[4] Although.
[5] Broke.

XLI.

Her steed did stagger with that puissant stroke;
But she no more was movéd with that might
Than it had lighted on an aged oak,
*a* Upon the top of mount Olympus' height,
*b* Or on the marble pillar that is pight[6]
For the brave youthly champions to assay
With burning chariot wheels it nigh to smite;
But who that smites it mars his joyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.[7]

[6] Placed.
[7] Defeat.

XLII.

Yet, therewith sore enrag'd, with stern regard[8]
Her dreadful weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelléd[9] so hard
That made him low incline his lofty crest,
And bow'd his batter'd visor to his breast:
Wherewith he was so stunn'd that he no'te[10] ride,
But reeléd to and fro from east to west:
Which when his cruel enemy espied,
She lightly unto him adjoinéd[11] side to side;

[8] Look.
[9] Hammered.
[10] Could not.
[11] Approached.

*a. b.* In the first edition these lines are transposed, in the second edition they stand as above.

XLIII.

And, on his collar laying puissant hand,
Out of his wavering seat him pluck'd perforce,
Perforce him pluck'd unable to withstand
Or help himself; and laying thwart her horse,
In loathly wise [1] like to a carrion corse,
She bore him fast away: which when the knight
That her pursuéd saw, with great remorse [2]
He near was touchéd in his noble sprite,
And gan increase his speed as she increas'd her flight.

[1] Disgraceful manner.
[2] Pity.

XLIV.

Whom whenas nigh approaching she espied,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For she list not the battle to abide,
But made herself more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight pursu'd so nigh
That almost in the back he oft her strake:
But still, when him at hand she did espy,
She turn'd, and semblance of fair fight did make;
But, when he stay'd, to flight again she did her take;

XLV.

By this the good Sir Satyrane gan wake
Out of his dream that did him long entrance,
And, seeing none in place,[3] he gan to make
Exceeding moan, and curs'd that cruel chance
Which reft from him so fair a chevisance:[4]
At length he spied whereas that woful squire,
Whom he had rescuéd from captivance
Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the mire,
Unable to arise, or foot or hand to stire.[5]

[3] At hand.
[4] Adventure.
[5] Stir.

XLVI.

To whom approaching, well he might perceive
In that foul plight a comely personage
And lovely face, made fit for to deceive

Frail ladies' heart with love's consuming rage,
Now in the blossom of his freshest age:
He rear'd him up, and loos'd his iron bands,
And after gan inquire his parentage,
And how he fell into that giant's hands,
And who that was which chaséd her along the lands.

XLVII.

Then, trembling yet through fear, the squire bespake;
'That giantess Argantè is behight,[1]
A daughter of the Titans which did make
War against heaven, and heapéd hills on height
To scale the skies and put Jove from his right:
Her sire Typhœus was; who, mad through merth,
And drunk with blood of men slain by his might,
Through incest her of his own mother Earth
Whilome[2] begot, being but half twin of that berth:

[1] Called.
[2] Formerly.

XLVIII.

'For at that birth another babe she bore;
To weet,[3] the mighty Ollyphant, that wrought
Great wreak[4] to many errant knights of yore,
And many hath to foul confusion brought.
These twins, men say, (a thing far passing thought,)
Whiles in their mother's womb inclos'd they were,
Ere they into the lightsome world were brought,
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,[5]
And in that monstrous wise did to the world appear.

[3] To wit.
[4] Ruin
[5] Together.

XLIX.

'So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
Gainst nature's law and good behaviour:
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin;
Who, not content so foully to devour
Her native flesh and stain her brother's bower,
Did wallow in all other fleshly mire,

And suffer'd beasts her body to deflower;
So hot she burnéd in that lustful fire:
Yet all that, might not slake her sensual desire:

L.

'But over all the country she did range,
To seek young men to quench her flaming thrust,[1]
And feed her fancy with delightful change:
Whom so[2] she fittest finds to serve her lust,
Through her main strength, in which she most doth trust,
She with her brings into a secret isle,
Where in eternal bondage die he must,
Or be the vassal of her pleasures vile,
And in all shameful sort himself with her defile.

[1] Thirst.
[2] Whomsoever.

LI.

'Me seely[3] wretch she so at vantage caught,
After she long in wait for me did lie,
And meant unto her prison to have brought,
Her loathsome pleasure there to satisfy;
That thousand deaths me lever[4] were to die
Than break the vow that to fair Columbell
I plighted have, and yet keep steadfastly:
As for my name, it mistreth[5] not to tell;
Call me the Squire of Dames; that me beseemeth well.

[3] Simple.
[4] I would rather.
[5] Signifieth.

LII.

'But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
That giantess, is not such as she seem'd,
But a fair Virgin that in martial law
And deeds of arms above all dames is deem'd,
And above many knights is eke esteem'd
For her great worth; she Palladine is hight:
She you from death, you me from dread, redeem'd:
Ne any may that monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.'

LIII.

'Her well beseems that quest,'[1] quoth Satyrane:
'But read,[2] thou Squire of Dames, what vow is this,
Which thou upon thyself hast lately ta'en?'
'That shall I you recount,' quoth he, 'ywis,[3]
So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amiss.
That gentle lady whom I love and serve,
After long suit and weary services,
Did ask me how I could her love deserve,
And how she might be sure that I would never swerve.

[1] Expedition.
[2] Explain.
[3] Certainly.

LIV.

'I, glad by any means her grace to gain,
Bade her command my life to save or spill:[4]
Eftsoons[5] she bade me with incessant pain
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And everywhere, where with my power or skill
I might do service unto gentle dames,
That I the same should faithfully fulfil;
And at the twelve months' end should bring their names
And pledges, as the spoils of my victorious games.

[4] Lose.
[5] Immediately.

LV.

'So well I to fair ladies service did,
And found such favour in their loving hearts,
That, ere the year his course had compasséd,
Three hundred pledges for my good desarts,
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good parts,
I with me brought and did to her present:
Which when she saw, more bent to eke[6] my smarts
Than to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me devise a grievous punishment;

[6] Increase.

LVI.

'To weet, that I my travel should resume,
And with like labour walk the world around,

Ne ever to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other dames had found,
The which, for all the suit I could propound,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for ever chaste and sound.'
'Ah! gentle squire,' quoth he, 'tell at one word,
How many found'st thou such to put in thy record?'

LVII.

'Indeed, Sir Knight,' said he, 'one word may tell
All that I ever found so wisely staid,[1]
For only three they were dispos'd so well;
And yet three years I now abroad have stray'd,
To find them out.' 'Might I,' then laughing said
The Knight, 'inquire of thee what were those three,
The which thy proffer'd courtesy denayd?[2]
Or ill they seemed sure avis'd[3] to be,
Or brutishly brought up, that ne'er did fashions see.'

[1] Discreet.
[2] Denied.
[3] Disposed.

LVIII.

'The first which then refuséd me,' said he,
'Certes[4] was but a common courtisane;
Yet flat refus'd to have ado with me,
Because I could not give her many a jane.'[5]
(Thereat full heartily laugh'd Satyrane.)
'The second was an holy nun to chose,
Which would not let me be her chappellane,[6]
Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
Her counsel, if she should her trust in me repose.

[4] Truly.
[5] A coin.
[6] Chaplain.

LIX.

'The third a damsel was of low degree,
Whom I in country cottage found by chance:
Full little weenéd I that chastity
Had lodging in so mean a maintenance;[7]
Yet was she fair, and in her countenance
Dwelt simple truth in seemly fashion:

[7] Condition.

Long thus I woo'd her with due observance,
In hope unto my pleasure to have won;
But was as far at last, as when I first begun.

LX.

'Save her, I never any woman found
That chastity did for itself embrace,
But were for other causes firm and sound;
Either for want of handsome[1] time and place,
Or else for fear of shame and foul disgrace.
Thus am I hopeless ever to attain
My lady's love, in such a desperate case,
But all my days am like to waste in vain, [train.'
Seeking to match the chaste with th' unchaste ladies'

[1] Suitable.

LXI.

'Perdy,'[2] said Satyrane, 'thou Squire of Dames,
Great labour fondly[3] hast thou hent in hand,[4]
To get small thanks, and therewith many blames;
That may amongst Alcides' labours stand.'
Thence back returning to the former land,[5]
Where late he left the beast he overcame,
He found him not; for he had broke his band,
And was return'd again unto his dame,
To tell what tidings of fair Florimell became.

[2] Truly.
[3] Foolishly.
[4] Taken.
[5] Place.

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## CANTO VIII.

The witch creates a snowy lady like to Florimell;
Who wrong'd by Carle,[6] by Proteus sav'd,
Is sought by Paridell.

[6] Churl.

I.

So oft as I this history record,
My heart doth melt with mere compassion,
To think how causeless[7] of her own accord

[7] Without her act or consent.

This gentle damsel, whom I write upon,
Should plungéd be in such affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or relief;
That sure I ween the hardest heart of stone
Would hardly find[1] to aggravate her grief:
For misery craves rather mercy than reprief.[2]

[1] Find in itself.
[2] Reproof.

II.

But that accursed hag, her hostess late,
Had so enrankled her malicious heart,
That she desir'd th' abridgement of her fate,[3]
Or long enlargement of her painful smart.
Now when the beast, which by her wicked art
Late forth she sent, she back returning spied,
Tied with her golden girdle; it a part
Of her rich spoils whom he had erst[4] destroy'd
She ween'd, and wondrous gladness to her heart
applied:

[3] Fated term of life.
[4] Before.

III.

And, with it running hast'ly to her son,
Thought with that sight him much to have reliv'd;[5]
Who, thereby deeming sure the thing as done,
His former grief with fury fresh reviv'd [riv'
Much more than erst, and would have algates[6]
The heart out of his breast: for sith[7] her dead
He surely deem'd, himself he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope wherewith he long had fed
His foolish malady, and long time had misled.

[5] Reanimated.
[6] At any rate.
[7] Since.

IV.

With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would have slain,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,[8]
Where she was wont her sprites to entertain,
The masters of her art: there was she fain
To call them all in order to her aid,

[8] Hiding-place.

And them conjure, upon eternal pain,
To counsel her so carefully[1] dismay'd
How she might heal her son whose senses were decay'd.[2]

[1] Sorrowfully.
[2] Impaired.

V.

By their advice, and her own wicked wit,
She there devis'd a wondrous work to frame,
Whose like on earth was never framéd yet;
That even Nature self envíed the same,
And grudg'd to see the counterfeit should shame
The thing itself: in hand she boldly took
To make another like the former dame,
Another Florimell, in shape and look
So lively, and so like, that many it mistook.

VI.

The substance, whereof she the body made,
Was purest snow in massy mould congeal'd,
Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the Riphœan hills, to her reveal'd
By errant[3] sprites, but from all men conceal'd:
The same she temper'd with fine mercury
And virgin wax that never yet was seal'd,
And mingled them with perfect vermily;[4]
That like a lively sanguine it seem'd to the eye.

[3] Wandering.
[4] Vermilion.

VII.

Instead of eyes two burning lamps she set
In silver sockets, shining like the skies,
And a quick moving spirit did arret[5]
To stir and roll them like two women's eyes:
Instead of yellow locks she did devise
With golden wire to weave her curléd head:
Yet golden wire was not so yellow thrise[6]
As Florimell's fair hair: and, in the stead
Of life, she put a sprite to rule the carcase dead

[5] Appoint.
[6] A third part.

VIII.

A wicked sprite, yfraught[1] with fawning guile
And fair resemblance above all the rest,
Which with the Prince of Darkness fell somewhile
From heaven's bliss and everlasting rest:
Him needed not instruct which way were best
Himself to fashion likest Florimell,
Ne how to speak, ne how to use his gest;[2]
For he in counterfesance[3] did excel,
And all the wiles of women's wits knew passing well

[1] Filled.
[2] Deportment.
[3] Counterfeiting.

IX.

Him shapéd thus she deck'd in garments gay,
Which Florimell had left behind her late;
That whoso then her saw, would surely say
It was herself whom it did imitate,
Or fairer than herself, if aught algate[4]
Might fairer be. And then she forth her brought
Unto her son that lay in feeble state;
Who seeing her gan straight upstart, and thought
She was the lady self whom he so long had sought.

[4] By any means.

X.

Tho,[5] fast her clipping[6] twixt his armës twain,
Extremely joyéd in so happy sight,
And soon forgot his former sickly pain:
But she, the more to seem such as she hight,[7]
Coyly rebutted[8] his embracement light;
Yet still, with gentle countenance, retain'd
Enough to hold a fool in vain delight:
Him long she so with shadows entertain'd,
As her creatress had in charge to her ordain'd:

[5] Then.
[6] Embracing.
[7] Was called.
[8] Repelled.

XI.

Till on a day, as he disposéd was
To walk the woods with that his idol fair,
Her to disport, and idle time to pass

In th' open freshness of the gentle air,
A knight that way there chancéd to repair;
Yet knight he was not, but a boastful swain
That deeds of arms had ever in despair,
Proud Braggadocchio, that in vaunting vain
His glory did repose and credit did maintain.

XII.

He, seeing with that churl so fair a wight
Deckéd with many a costly ornament,
Much marvelléd thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a foul disparagement.
His bloody spear eftsoons[1] he boldly bent
Against the silly clown, who, dead through
Fell straight to ground in great astonishment.
'Villain,' said he, 'this lady is my dear;
Die, if thou it gainsay: I will away her bear.'

XIII.

The fearful churl durst not gainsay nor do,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the prey;
Who, finding little leisure her to woo,
On Trompart's steed her mounted without stay,
And without rescue led her quite away.
Proud man himself then Braggadocchio deem'd,
And next[2] to none, after that happy day,
Being possessed of that spoil, which seem'd
The fairest wight on ground and most of men esteem'd.

[2] Second.

XIV.

But, when he saw himself free from pursuit,
He gan make gentle purpose[3] to his dame
With terms of love and lewdness dissolute;
For he could well his glozing[4] speeches frame
To such vain uses that him best became:
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
As seeming sorry that she ever came

[3] Conversation.

[4] Deceiving.

Into his power, that usèd her so hard
To reave[1] her honour which she more than life prefar'd.

[1] Take away.

XV.

Thus as they two of kindness treated long,
There them by chance encounter'd on the way
An arméd knight upon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feet upon the hollow lay[2]
Seeméd to thunder, and did nigh affray
That capon's[3] courage; yet he lookéd grim,
And feign'd to cheer his lady in dismay,
Who seem'd for fear to quake in every limb,
And her to save from outrage meekly prayéd him.

[2] Lea.
[3] Coward.

XVI.

Fiercely that stranger forward came; and, nigh
Approaching, with bold words and bitter threat
Bade that same boaster, as he might on high,[4]
To leave to him that lady for escheat,[5]
Or bide[6] him battle without farther treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seem,
And fill'd his senses with abashment great;
Yet, seeing nigh him jeopardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seem'd to esteem;

[4] As haughtily as he could.
[5] Forfeit.
[6] Offer.

XVII.

Saying, 'Thou foolish knight, that ween'st with words
To steal away that I with blows have won,
And brought through points of many per'lous swords!
But if thee list to see thy courser run,
Or prove thyself, this sad encounter shun,
And seek else[7] without hazard of thy head.'
At those proud words that other knight begun
To wax exceeding wroth, and him aredd[8]
To turn his steed about, or sure he should be dead.

[7] Elsewhere.
[8] Told.

XVIII.

'Sith[1] then,' said Braggadocchio, 'needs thou wilt
Thy days abridge, through proof of puissance;
Turn we our steeds; that both in equal tilt
May meet again, and each take happy chance.'
This said, they both a furlong's mountenance[2]
Retir'd their steeds, to run in even race:
But Braggadocchio with his bloody lance
Once having turn'd, no more return'd his face,
But left his love to loss, and fled himself apace.

[1] Since.
[2] Distance.

XIX.

The knight, him seeing fly, had no regard
Him to pursue, but to the lady rode;
And, having her from Trompart lightly rear'd,[3]
Upon his courser set the lovely load,
And with her fled away without abode:[4]
Well weenéd he, that fairest Florimell
It was with whom in company he yode,[5]
And so herself did always to him tell;
So made him think himself in heaven that was in hell.

[3] Taken.
[4] Delay.
[5] Went.

XX.

But Florimell herself was far away,
Driven to great distress by fortune strange,
And taught the careful mariner to play,
Sith late mischance had her compell'd to change
The land for sea, at random there to range:
Yet there that cruel queen[6] avengeress,
Not satisfied so far her to estrange
From courtly bliss and wonted happiness,
Did heap on her new waves of weary wretchedness.

[6] Fate or Destiny.

XXI.

For, being fled into the fisher's boat
For refuge from the monster's cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty main did float,

And with the tide drove forward carelessly;
For th' air was mild and clearéd was the sky,
[1] Lord. And all his winds Dan[1] Æolus did keep
From stirring up their stormy enmity,
As pitying to see her wail and weep;
But all the while the fisher did securely sleep.

XXII.

At last, when drunk with drowsiness he woke,
[2] Boat. And saw his drover[2] drive along the stream,
He was dismay'd; and thrice his breast he stroke,
For marvel of that accident extreme:
But when he saw that blazing beauty's beam,
Which with rare light his boat did beautify,
He marvell'd more, and thought he yet did dream,
Not well awak'd; or that some ecstasy
[3] Besotted. Assotted[3] had his sense, or dazéd was his eye.

XXIII.

[4] Looking at. But, when her well avizing[4] he perceiv'd
To be no vision nor fantastic sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,
And felt in his old courage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frozen sprite:
Tho rudely ask'd her, how she thither came?
[5] Cannot explain. 'Ah!' said she, 'father, I note read[5] aright
What hard misfortune brought me to this same;
Yet am I glad that here I now in safety ame.

XXIV.

'But thou, good man, sith far in sea we be,
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the main-land see,
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-boat well,
Lest worse on sea than us on land befell.'
Thereat th' old man did naught but fondly grin,

And said, his boat the way could wisely tell:
But his deceitful eyes did never lin[1]
To look on her fair face and mark her snowy skin.

[1] Cease.

XXV.

The sight whereof in his congealéd flesh
Infix'd such secret sting of greedy lust,
That the dry wither'd stock it gan refresh,
And kindled heat, that soon in flame forth brust:
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.
Rudely to her he leapt, and his rough hand,
Where ill became him, rashly would have thrust;
But she with angry scorn him did withstond,
And shamefully reprovéd for his rudeness fond.[2]

[2] Foolish.

XXVI.

But he, that never good nor manners knew,
Her sharp rebuke full little did esteem;
Hard is to teach an old horse amble true:
The inward smoke, that did before but steam,
Broke into open fire and rage extreme;
And now he strength gan add unto his will,
Forcing to do that did him foul misseem:
Beastly he threw her down, ne car'd to spill
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

XXVII.

The silly[3] virgin strove him to withstand
All that she might, and him in vain revil'd;
She struggled strongly both with foot and hand
To save her honour from that villain vild,[4]
And cried to heaven, from human help exil'd.
O! ye brave knights, that boast this lady's love,
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defil'd
Of filthy wretch! well may she you reprove
Of falsehood or of sloth, when most it may behove!

[3] Innocent.

[4] Vile.

XXVIII.

But if that thou, Sir Satyrane, didst weet,[1]
Or thou, Sir Peridure, her sorry state,
How soon would ye assemble many a fleet,
To fetch from sea that ye at land lost late!
Towers, cities, kingdoms, ye would ruinate
In your avengement and despiteous rage,
Ne[2] aught your burning fury might abate:
But, if Sir Calidore could it presage,
No living creature could his cruelty assuage.

[1] Know.
[2] Nor.

XXIX.

But, sith[3] that none of all her knights is nigh,
See how the heavens, of voluntary grace
And sovereign favour towards chastity,
Do succour send to her distressèd case:
So much High God doth innocence embrace![4]
It fortunèd, whilst thus she stiffly strove,
And the wide sea impórtuned long space
With shrilling shrieks, Proteus abroad did rove,
Along the foamy waves driving his finny drove.

[3] Since.
[4] Protect.

XXX.

Proteus is shepherd of the seas of yore,
And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty heard;[5]
An aged sire with head all frowy[6] hoar,
And sprinkled frost upon his dewy beard:
Who when those pitiful outcries he heard
Through all the seas so ruefully resound,
His chariot swift in haste he thither steer'd,
Which with a team of scaly phocas[7] bound
Was drawn upon the waves, that foaméd him around;

[5] Herd.
[6] Mossy.
[7] Seals.

XXXI.

And coming to that fisher's wand'ring boat,
That went at will withouten card or sail,
He therein saw that irksome[8] sight, which smote

[8] Grievous.

Deep indignation and compassion frail[1]
Into his heart at once: straight did he hale[2]
The greedy villain from his hopéd prey,
Of which he now did very little fail;
And with his staff, that drives his herd astray,
Him beat so sore, that life and sense did much dismay.

[1] Tender.
[2] Drag.

XXXII.

The whiles the piteous lady up did rise,
Ruffled and foully raid[3] with filthy soil,
And blubbred[4] face with tears of her fair eyes;
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toil,
To save herself from that outrageous spoil:
But when she lookéd up, to weet[5] what wight
Had her from so infámous fact assoil'd,[6]
For shame, but more for fear of his grim sight,
Down in her lap she hid her face, and loudly shright.[7]

[3] Disfigured.
[4] Wet with weeping.
[5] Learn.
[6] Rescued
[7] Shrieked.

XXXIII.

Herself not savéd yet from danger dredd[8]
She thought, but chang'd from one to other fear:
Like as a fearful partridge, that is fled
From the sharp hawk which her attachéd[9] near,
And falls to ground to seek for succour there,
Whereas the hungry spaniels she does spy
With greedy jaws her ready for to tear:
In such distress and sad perplexity
Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see her by.

[8] Dreaded.
[9] Nearly laid hold of

XXXIV.

But he endeavouréd with speeches mild
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her fear no more her foeman vild,[10]
Nor doubt himself; and who he was her told:
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all prevail'd;

[10] Vile.

For her faint heart was with the frozen cold
Benumb'd so inly that her wits nigh fail'd,
And all her senses with abashment quite were quail'd.

XXXV.

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he rear'd,
[1] Frozen. And with his frory[1] lips full softly kist,
Whiles the cold icicles from his rough beard
Droppéd adown upon her ivory breast:
[2] Employed. Yet he himself so busily addrest,[2]
That her out of astonishment he wrought;
And, out of that same fisher's filthy nest
Removing her, into his chariot brought,
And there with many gentle terms her fair besought.

XXXVI.

But that old lecher, which with bold assault
That beauty durst presume to violate,
[3] Contrived. He cast[3] to punish for his heinous fault:
[4] Since. Then took he him yet trembling sith[4] of late,
[5] Please. And tied behind his chariot, to aggrate[5]
The virgin whom he had abus'd so sore; [state,
So dragg'd him through the waves in scornful
And after cast him up upon the shore;
[6] Residence. But Florimell with him unto his bower[6] he bore.

XXXVII.

His bower is in the bottom of the main,
Under a mighty rock gainst which do rave
The roaring billows in their proud disdain,
That with the angry working of the wave
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That seems rough mason's hand with engines keen
[7] Cut out. Had long while labour'd it to engrave:[7]
[8] Dwelling. There was his wonne;[8] ne living wight was seen
Save one old nymph, hight Panopè, to keep it clean.

XXXVIII.

Thither he brought the sorry Florimell,
And entertainéd her the best he might,
(And Panopè her entertain'd eke well,)
As an immortal might a mortal wight,
To win her liking unto his delight:
With flattering words he sweetly wooéd her,
And offered fair gifts t' allure her sight;
But she both offers and the offerer
Despis'd, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

XXXIX.

Daily he tempted her with this or that,
And never suffer'd her to be at rest:
But evermore she him refuséd flat,
And all his feignéd kindness did detest;
So firmly she had sealéd up her breast.
Sometimes he boasted that a god he hight;[1]
But she a mortal creature lovéd best:
Then he would make himself a mortal wight;
But then she said she lov'd none but a Faery knight.

[1] Was called

XL.

Then like a Faery knight himself he drest;
For every shape on him he could indue:[2]
Then like a king he was to her exprest,
And offer'd kingdoms unto her in view
To be his leman and his lady true:
But, when all this he nothing saw prevail,
With harder means he cast[3] her to subdue,
And with sharp threats her often did assail;
So thinking for to make her stubborn courage quail.

[2] Put on.

[3] Endeavoured.

XLI.

To dreadful shapes he did himself transform:
Now like a giant; now like to a fiend;

Then like a centaur; then like to a storm
Raging within the waves: thereby he ween'd
Her will to win unto his wishéd end:
But when with fear, nor favour, nor with all
He else could do, he saw himself esteem'd,
Down in a dungeon deep he let her fall,
And threaten'd there to make her his eternal thrall.

XLII.

Eternal thraldom was to her more lief[1]
Than loss of chastity, or change of love:
Die had she rather in tormenting grief,
Than any should of falseness her reprove,
Or looseness, that she lightly did remove.[2]
Most virtuous virgin! glory be thy meed,
And crown of heavenly praise with saints above,
Where most sweet hymns of this thy famous deed
Are still amongst them sung, that far my rhymes exceed:

[1] Preferable.

[2] Change.

XLIII.

Fit song of[3] angels carolléd to be!
But yet whatso my feeble Muse can frame,
Shall be t' advance thy goodly chastity,
And to enrol thy memorable name
In th' heart of every honourable dame,
That they thy virtuous deeds may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endless fame.
It irks me leave thee in this woful state,
To tell of Satyrane where I him left of late:

[3] By

XLIV.

Who having ended with that Squire of Dames
A long discourse of his adventures vain,[4]
The which himself than ladies more defames,
And finding not th' hyena to be slain,
With that same squire returnéd back again

[4] Fruitless.

To his first way: and, as they forward went,
They spied a knight fair pricking on the plain,
As if he were on some adventure bent,
And in his port appearéd manly hardiment.[1]

[1] Courage.

XLV.

Sir Satyrane him towárds did address,
To weet[2] what wight he was, and what his quest:[3]
And, coming nigh, eftsoons[4] he gan to guess
Both by the burning heart which on his breast
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
That Paridell it was: tho[5] to him yode,[6]
And, him saluting as beseeméd best,
Gan first enquire of tidings far abroad;
And afterwards on what adventure now he rode.

[2] Learn.
[3] Object of pursuit.
[4] Immediately.
[5] Then.
[6] Went.

XLVI.

Who thereto answering said; 'The tidings bad,
Which now in Faery Court all men do tell,
Which turnéd hath great mirth to mourning sad,
Is the late ruin of proud Marinell,
And sudden parture[7] of fair Florimell
To find him forth: and after her are gone
All the brave knights, that doen in arms excel,
To savegard[8] her ywandred[9] all alone;
Amongst the rest my lot (unworthy) is to be one.'

[7] Departure.
[8] Protect.
[9] Wandering.

XLVII.

'Ah! gentle knight,' said then Sir Satyrane,
'Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
That hast a thankless service on thee ta'en,
And off'rest sacrifice unto the dead:
For dead, I surely doubt,[10] thou mayst aread[11]
Henceforth for ever Florimell to be;
That all the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
Which her ador'd, may sore repent[12] with me,
And all fair ladies may for ever sorry be.'

[10] Fear.
[11] Deem.
[12] Grieve.

XLVIII.

Which words when Paridell had heard, his hue
Gan greatly change, and seem'd dismay'd to be;
Then said; 'Fair Sir, how may I ween it true,
That ye do tell in such uncertainty?
Or speak ye of report, or did ye see
Just cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so sore?
For perdie[1] else how might it ever be,
That ever hand should dare for to engore[2]
Her noble blood! The heavens such cruelty abhore.'

[1] Truly.
[2] Shed.

XLIX.

'These eyes did see that they will ever rue[3]
T' have seen,' quoth he, 'whenas a monstrous beast
The palfrey whereon she did travel slew,
And of his bowels made his bloody feast:
Which speaking token showeth at the least
Her certain loss, if not her sure decay:[4]
Besides, that more suspicion increast,
I found her golden girdle cast astray,
Distain'd with dirt and blood, as relic of the prey.'

[3] Pity.
[4] Destruction.

L.

'Ah me!' said Paridell, 'the signs be sad;
And, but God turn the same to good soothsay,[5]
That lady's safety is sore to be dradd:[6]
Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
Till trial do more certain truth bewray.'
'Fair Sir,' quoth he, 'well may it you succeed!
Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay;
But to the rest, which in this quest[7] proceed,
My labour add, and be partaker of their speed.'

[5] Omen.
[6] Dreaded.
[7] Pursuit.

LI.

'Ye noble knights,' said then the Squire of Dames,
'Well may ye speed in so praiseworthy pain!'
But sith the sun now gins to slake his beams

[8] Labour.

In dewy vapours of the western main,
And loose the team out of his weary wain,
Might not mislike you also to abate
Your zealous haste, till morrow next again
Both light of heaven and strength of men relate:[1]
Which if ye please, to yonder castle turn your gate.'[2]

[1] Bring back.
[2] Way.

LII.

That counsel pleaséd well; so all yfere[3]
Forth marchéd to a castle them before;
Where soon arriving they restrainéd were
Of ready entrance, which ought evermore
To errant knights be common: wondrous sore
Thereat displeas'd they were, till that young Squire
Gan them inform the cause why that same door
Was shut to all which lodging did desire:
The which to let you weet[4] will farther time require.

[3] Together.
[4] Know.

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## CANTO IX.

Malbecco will no strange knights host,[5]
For peevish jealousy:
Paridell jousts with Britomart:
Both show their ancestry.

[5] Entertain.

I.

Redoubted knights, and honourable dames,
To whom I level[6] all my labours' end,
Right sore I fear lest with unworthy blames
This odious argument[7] my rhymes should shend,[8]
Or aught your goodly patience offend,
Whiles of a wanton lady I do write,
Which with her loose incontinence doth blend[9]
The shining glory of your sov'reign light;
And knighthood foul defacéd by a faithless knight.

[6] Direct.
[7] Subject.
[8] Disgrace.
[9] Dim.

II.

But never let th' ensample of the bad
Offend the good: for good, by paragone[1]
Of evil, may more notably be rad;[2]
As white seems fairer match'd with black attone:[3]
Ne[4] all are shaméd by the fault of one:
For lo! in heaven, whereas all goodness is
Amongst the angels, a whole legíon
Of wicked sprites did fall from happy bliss;
What wonder then if one, of women all, did miss?[5]

[1] Contrast.
[2] Perceived.
[3] Together.
[4] Nor.
[5] Err.

III.

Then listen, lordings, if ye list to weet[6]
The cause why Satyrane and Paridell
Might not be entertain'd, as seeméd meet,
Into that castle, as that Squire does tell.
'Therein a canker'd crabbed carle[7] does dwell,
That has no skill of court nor courtesy,
Ne cares what men say of him ill or well:
For all his days he drowns in privity,
Yet has full large to live and spend at liberty.

[6] Know.
[7] Churl.

IV.

'But all his mind is set on mucky[8] pelf,
To hoard up heaps of evil-gotten mass,[9]
For which he others wrongs, and wrecks himself:
Yet he is linkéd[10] to a lovely lass,
Whose beauty doth her bounty[11] far surpass:
The which to him both far unequal years
And also far unlike conditions[12] has;
For she does joy to play amongst her peers,
And to be free from hard restraint and jealous fears.

[8] Vile.
[9] Wealth.
[10] Married.
[11] Goodness.
[12] Tastes.

V.

'But he is old, and witheréd like hay,
Unfit fair lady's service to supply;
The privy guilt whereof makes him alway

Suspect her truth, and keep continual spy
Upon her with his other[1] blinkéd[2] eye;
Ne[3] suff'reth he resort of living wight
Approach to her, ne keep her company,
But in close bower her mews[4] from all men's sight
Depriv'd of kindly joy and natural delight.

[1] Left eye. [2] Dim. [3] Nor. [4] Secludes.

VI.

'Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight;[5]
Unfitly yok'd together in one team.
That is the cause why never any knight
Is suffer'd here to enter, but[6] he seem
Such as no doubt of him he need misdeem.'
Thereat Sir Satyrane gan smile, and say;
'Extremely mad the man I surely deem
That weens, with watch and hard restraint, to stay
A woman's will which is dispos'd to go astray.

[5] Is called. [6] Unless.

VII.

'In vain he fears that which he cannot shun:
For who wotes[7] not, that woman's subtilties
Can guilen[8] Argus, when she list misdone?[9]
It is not iron bands, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brazen walls, nor many wakeful spies,
That can withhold her wilful-wand'ring feet;
But fast goodwill, with gentle courtesies,
And timely service to her pleasures meet,
May her perhaps contain[10] that else would algates[11] fleet.'[12]

[7] Knows. [8] Deceive. [9] Pleases to do wrong. [10] Restrain. [11] At all events. [12] Flit, flee.

VIII.

'Then is he not more mad,' said Paridell,
'That hath himself unto such service sold,
In doleful thraldom all his days to dwell?
For sure a fool I do him firmly hold,
That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why do we devise of others' ill,

Whiles thus we suffer this same dotard old
To keep us out in scorn, of his own will,
And rather do not ransack all, and himself kill?'

IX.

'Nay, let us first,' said Satyrane, 'entreat
The man by gentle means, to let us in;
And afterwards affray with cruel threat,
Ere that we to efforce it do begin:
Then, if all fail, we will by force it win,
And eke[1] reward the wretch for his mesprise,[2]
As may be worthy of his heinous sin.'
That counsel pleas'd: then Paridell did rise,
And to the castle-gate approach'd in quiet wise:

[1] Also
[2] Insolence.

X.

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desir'd.
The good man[3] self, which then the porter play'd,
Him answeréd, that all were now retir'd
Unto their rest, and all the keys convey'd
Unto their master who in bed was laid,
That none him durst awake out of his dream;
And therefore them of patience gently pray'd.
Then Paridell began to change his theme,
And threaten'd him with force and punishment extreme.

[3] Master.

XI.

But all in vain; for naught might him relent:
And now so long before the wicket fast
They waited, that the night was forward spent,
And the fair welkin[4] foully overcast
Gan blowen up a bitter stormy blast,
With shower and hail so horrible and dread,
That this fair many[5] were compell'd at last
To fly for succour to a little shed,
The which beside the gate for swine was ordered.

[4] Sky.
[5] Company.

XII.

It fortunéd, soon after they were gone,
Another knight, whom tempest thither brought,
Came to that castle, and with earnest moan,
Like as the rest, late entrance dear[1] besought;
But, like so as the rest, he pray'd for naught;
For flatly he of entrance was refus'd:
Sorely thereat he was displeas'd, and thought
How to avenge himself so sore abus'd,
And evermore the carle[2] of courtesy accus'd.

[1] Earnestly.
[2] Churl.

XIII.

But, to avoid th' intolerable stowre,[3]
He was compell'd to seek some refuge near,
And to that shed, to shroud him from the shower,
He came, which full of guests he found whilere,[4]
So as he was not let to enter there:
Whereat he gan to wax exceeding wroth,
And swore that he would lodge with them yfere[5]
Or them dislodge all, were they lief[6] or loth;
And so defied them each, and so defied them both.

[3] Storm.
[4] Before.
[5] Together.
[6] Willing.

XIV.

Both were full loth to leave that needful tent,
And both full loth in darkness to debate;[7]
Yet both full lief him lodging to have lent,
And both full lief his boasting to abate:
But chiefly Paridell his heart did grate[8]
To hear him threaten so despitefully,
As if he did a dog in kennel rate
That durst not bark; and rather had he die
Than, when he was defied, in coward corner lie.

[7] Fight.
[8] Felt indignant.

XV.

Tho,[9] hastily remounting to his steed,
He forth issú'd; like as a boist'rous wind,

[9] Then.

Which in th' earth's hollow caves hath long been hid
And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
[1] Nature. Makes the huge element, against her kind,[1]
To move and tremble as it were aghast,
Until that it an issue forth may find;
Then forth it breaks, and with his furious blast
Confounds both land and seas, and skies doth overcast.

XVI.

Their steel-head spears they strongly couch'd, and met
Together with impetuous rage and force,
[2] Encounter. That with the terror of their fierce affret[2]
They rudely drove to ground both man and horse,
That each awhile lay like a senseless corse.
But Paridell sore bruiséd with the blow
[3] Exchange (blows). Could not arise, the counterchange to scorse;[3]
Till that young Squire him rearéd from below;
Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about him throw.

XVII.

But Satyrane forth stepping did them stay,
And with fair treaty pacified their ire:
[4] Made to agree. Then, when they were accorded[4] from the fray,
Against that castle's lord they gan conspire,
To heap on him due vengeance for his hire.
They been agreed, and to the gates they go
To burn the same with únquenchable fire,
[5] Churl. And that uncourteous carle,[5] their common foe,
To do foul death to die, or wrap in grievous woe.

XVIII.

Malbecco seeing them resolv'd in deed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earnest, ran with fearful speed,
And, to them calling from the castle wall,

Besought them humbly him to bear withal,
As ignorant of servants' bad abuse
And slack attendance unto strangers' call.
The knights were willing all things to excuse,
Though naught believ'd, and entrance late did not refuse.

XIX.

They been ybrought into a comely bower,[1]
And serv'd of all things that might needful be;
Yet secretly their host did on them lower,
And welcom'd more for fear than charity;
But they dissembled what they did not see,
And welcoméd themselves. Each gan undight
Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
To dry themselves by Vulcan's flaming light,
And eke[2] their lately bruiséd parts to bring in plight.[3]

[1] Chamber.
[2] Also.
[3] Heal.

XX.

And eke that stranger knight amongst the rest
Was for like need enforc'd to disarray:
Tho,[4] whenas vailéd[5] was her lofty crest,[6]
Her golden locks, that were in trammels[7] gay
Upbounden, did themselves adown display
And raught[8] unto her heels; like sunny beams,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded,[9] show their golden gleams,
And through the persant[10] air shoot forth their azure streams.

[4] Then.
[5] Laid down.
[6] Helmet.
[7] Braids.
[8] Reached.
[9] Evaded.
[10] Piercing through the air

XXI.

She also doft[11] her heavy haberjeon,[12]
Which the fair feature of her limbs did hide;
And her well-plighted[13] frock, which she did won[14]
To tuck about her short when she did ride,
She low let fall, that flow'd from her lank[15] side

[11] Took off.
[12] Coat of mail.
[13] Well-folded.
[14] Was wont.
[15] Slender

Down to her foot with careless modesty.
Then of them all she plainly was espied
To be a woman-wight, unwist[1] to be,
The fairest woman-wight that ever eye did see.

[1] Unknown.

XXII.

Like as Bellona (being late return'd
From slaughter of the giants conqueréd;
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nostrils burn'd
With breathéd flames like to a furnace red,
Transfixéd with her spear down tumbled dead
From top of Hemus by him heapéd high;)
Hath loos'd her helmet from her lofty head,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untie
From her left arm, to rest in glorious victory.

XXIII.

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
With great amazement of so wondrous sight;
And each on other, and they all on her,
Stood gazing; as if sudden great affright
Had them surpris'd: at last avising[2] right
Her goodly personage and glorious hue,
Which they so much mistook, they took delight
In their first error, and yet still anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry view:

[2] Discerning.

XXIV.

Yet n'ote[3] their hungry view be satisfied,
But, seeing, still the more desir'd to see,
And ever firmly fixéd did abide
In contemplation of divinity:
But most they marvell'd at her chivalry
And noble prowess which they had approv'd,[4]
That much they fain'd[5] to know who she might be;
Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd;[6]
Yet every one her lik'd, and every one her lov'd.

[3] Could not.
[4] Proved.
[5] Desired.
[6] Moved her to tell.

XXV.

And Paridell, though partly discontent
With his late fall and foul indignity,
Yet was soon won his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her fair eye,
And knightly worth which he too late did try,
Yet triéd did adore. Supper was dight;[1]
Then they Malbecco pray'd of courtesy,
That of his lady they might have the sight
And company at meat, to do them more delight.

[1] Prepared.

XXVI.

But he, to shift their curious[2] request,
Gan causen[3] why she could not come in place;[4]
Her crazéd health, her late recourse to rest,
And humid evening ill for sick folk's case:
But none of those excuses could take place;[5]
Ne[6] would they eat, till she in presence came:
She came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairly them saluted, as became,
And show'd herself in all a gentle courteous dame.

[2] Made from curiosity.
[3] Show cause.
[4] Be present.
[5] Have effect.
[6] Nor.

XXVII.

They sat to meat; and Satyrane his chance
Was her before, and Paridell beside;
But he himself[7] sat looking still askance
Gainst Britomart, and ever closely ey'd
Sir Satyrane, that glances might not glide:
But his blind eye, that sided[8] Paridell,
All his demeanour from his sight did hide:
On her fair face so did he feed his fill,
And sent close[9] messages of love to her at will:

[7] Malbecco.
[8] Was on the side of.
[9] Secret.

XXVIII.

And ever and anon, when none was ware,
With speaking looks, that close embassage[10] bore,
He rov'd[11] at her, and told his secret care;

[10] Secret meaning.
[11] Shot.

For all that art he learnéd had of yore:
Ne was she ignorant of that lewd lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely read,
And with the like him answer'd evermore:
She sent at him one fiery dart, whose head
Empois'ned was with privy lust and jealous dread.

XXIX.

He from that deadly throw made no defence,
But to the wound his weak heart open'd wide:
The wicked engine through false influence
Past through his eyes, and secretly did glide
Into his heart, which it did sorely gride.[1]
But nothing new to him was that same pain,
Ne pain at all; for he so oft had tried
The power thereof, and lov'd so oft in vain,
That thing of course he counted, love to entertain.

[1] Wound.

XXX.

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
His inward grief, by means to him well known:
Now Bacchus' fruit out of the silver plate
He on the table dash'd, as overthrown,
Or of the fruitful liquor overflown;
And by the dancing bubbles did divine,
Or therein write to let his love be shown;
Which well she read out of the learned line:
A sacrament profane in mystery of wine.

XXXI.

And, whenso of his hand the pledge she raught,[2]
The guilty cup she feignéd to mistake,
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
Showing desire her inward flame to slake.
By such close signs they secret way did make
Unto their wills, and one eye's watch escape:
Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,

[2] Reached.

Who lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,*
By their fair handling, put into Malbecco's cape.[1]

[1] Cap

XXXII.

Now, when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
Purpose was movéd by that gentle dame
Unto those knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of arms which unto them became,[2]
And every one his kindred and his name.
Then Paridell, in whom a kindly[3] pride
Of gracious speech and skill his words to frame
Abounded, being glad of so fit tide[4]
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well ey'd:

[2] Happened.
[3] Natural.
[4] Opportunity.

XXXIII.

'Troy, that art now naught but an idle name,
And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,
Though whilome[5] far much greater than thy fame,
Before that angry gods and cruel sky
Upon thee heap'd a direful destiny;
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from heaven thy great genealogy,
Sith[6] all thy worthy praises being blent[7]
Their offspring hath embas'd,[8] and later glory shent!

[5] Formerly.
[6] Since.
[7] Blemished.
[8] Made base.

XXXIV.

'Most famous worthy of the world, by whom
That war was kindled which did Troy inflame,
And stately towers of Ilion whilóme
Brought into baleful ruin, was by name
Sir Paris far renown'd through noble fame;
Who, through great prowess and bold hardiness,
From Lacedæmon fetch'd the fairest dame
That ever Greece did boast, or knight possess,
Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthiness;

* 'Ape:' to put the ape into one's cap; a proverbial expression for making a fool of him.

XXXV.

'Fair Helen, flower of beauty excellent,
And garland of the mighty conquerours,
That madest many ladies dear[1] lament
The heavy loss of their brave paramours,
Which they far off beheld from Trojan towers,
And saw the fields of fair Scamander strown
With carcases of noble warriours,
Whose fruitless lives were under furrow sown,
And Xanthus' sandy banks with blood all overflown!

[1] Dearly.

XXXVI.

'From him my lineage I derive aright,
Who long before the ten years' siege of Troy,
Whiles yet on Ida he a shepherd hight,[2]
On fair Œnone got a lovely boy,
Whom, for remembrance of her passéd joy,
She, of his father, Parius did name;
Who, after Greeks did Priam's realm destroy,
Gather'd the Trojan relics sav'd from flame,
And, with them sailing thence, to th' isle of Paros came.

[2] Was called.

XXXVII.

'That was by him call'd Paros, which before
Hight Nausa; there he many years did reign,
And built Nausicle by the Pontic shore;
The which he dying left next in remain
To Paridas his son,
From whom I Paridell by kin descend:
But, for fair ladies' love and glory's gain,
My native soil have left, my days to spend
In suing[3] deeds of arms, my life's and labour's end.'

[3] Pursuing.

XXXVIII.

Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell
Of Trojan wars and Priam's city sackt,

(The rueful story of Sir Paridell,)
She was empassion'd[1] at that piteous act,[2]
With zealous envy[3] of Greeks' cruel fact[4]
Against that nation, from whose race of old
She heard that she was lineally extract;
For noble Britons sprung from Trojans bold,
And Troynovant[5] was built of old Troy's ashes cold.

[1] Moved. [2] Narrative. [3] Indignation. [4] Deed. [5] London.

XXXIX.

Then, sighing soft awhile, at last she thus:
'O lamentable fall of famous town,
Which reign'd so many years victorious,
And of all Asia bore the sov'reign crown,
In one sad night consum'd and throwen down!
What stony heart, that hears thy hapless fate,
Is not empierc'd with deep compassíon,
And makes ensample of man's wretched state,*
That flowers so fresh at morn, and fades at evening late!

XL.

'Behold, Sir, how your pitiful complaint
Hath found another partner of your pain:
For nothing may impress so dear constraint
As country's cause, and common foe's disdain.
But, if it should not grieve you back again
To turn your course, I would to hear desire
What to Æneas fell;[6] sith[7] that men sayn[8]
He was not in the city's woful fire
Consum'd, but did himself to safëty retire.'

[6] Befell. [7] Since. [8] Say.

XLI.

'Anchises' son, begot of Venus fair,'
Said he, 'out of the flames for safeguard fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repair;
Where he, through fatal[9] error[10] long was led

[9] Destined by fate. [10] Wandering.

* 'And does not consider it as a type of man's state.'

Full many years, and weetless [1] wandered
From shore to shore amongst the Lybic sands,
Ere rest he found: much there he suffered,
And many perils pass'd in foreign lands,
To save his people sad from victors' vengeful hands:

[1] Unknowing.

XLII.

'At last in Latium he did arrive,
Where he with cruel war was entertain'd [2]
Of th' inland folk which sought him back to drive,
Till he with old Latinus was constrain'd
To contract wedlock, so the fates ordain'd;
Wedlock contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplishéd; that many dear complain'd:
The rival slain, the victor (through the flood
Escapéd hardly) hardly prais'd his wedlock good.

[2] Received.

XLIII.

'Yet, after all, he victor did survive,
And with Latinus did the kingdom part:
But after, when both nations gan to strive
Into their names the title to convart,
His son Iülus did from thence depart
With all the warlike youth of Trojans' blood,
And in Long Alba plac'd his throne apart;
Where fair it flourishéd and long time stood,
Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome remov'd.'

XLIV.

'There; there,' said Britomart, 'afresh appear'd
The glory of the later world to spring,
And Troy again out of her dust was rear'd
To sit in second seat of sovereign king
Of all the world, under her governing.
But a third kingdom yet is to arise
Out of the Trojans' scatteréd offspríng,

That, in all glory and great enterprise,
Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalise.

XLV.

'It Troynovant is hight,[1] that with the waves
Of wealthy Thamis washéd is along,
Upon whose stubborn neck (whereat he raves
With roaring rage, and sore himself does throng,
That all men fear to tempt his billows strong,)
She fast'ned hath her foot; which[2] stands so high,
That it a wonder of the world is sung
In foreign lands; and all, which passen by,
Beholding it from far do think it threats the sky.

[1] Is called.
[2] The city.

XLVI.

'The Trojan Brute did first that city found,
And High-gate made the meer[3] thereof by west,
And Overt-gate by north: that is the bound
Towárd the land; two rivers bound the rest.
So huge a scope[4] at first him seeméd best,
To be the compass[5] of his kingdom's seat:
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small meers contain his glory great,
That Albion had conqueréd first by warlike feat.'

[3] Boundary.
[4] Dimension.
[5] Extent.

XLVII.

'Ah! fairest Lady-Knight,' said Paridell,
'Pardon, I pray, my heedless oversight,
Who had forgot that whilome[6] I heard tell
From aged Mnemon; for my wits been light.
Indeed he said, if I remember right,
That of the ántique Trojan stock there grew
Another plant, that raught[7] to wondrous height,
And far abroad his mighty branches threw
Into the utmost angle of the world he knew.

[6] Formerly.
[7] Reached.

XLVIII.

'For that same Brute, whom much he did advance
In all his speech, was Sylvius his son,
Whom having slain through luckless arrow's glance,
He fled for fear of that he had misdone,[1]
Or else for shame, so foul reproach to shun,
And with him led to sea an youthly train;
Where weary wand'ring they long time did wonne,[2]
And many fortunes prov'd in th' ocean main,
And great adventures found, that now were long to sayn.[3]

[1] Done wrongly.
[2] Continue.
[3] Say.

XLIX.

'At last by fatal course they driven were
Into an Island spacious and broad,
The farthest North that did to them appear:
Which, after rest, they, seeking far abroad,
Found it the fittest soil for their abode,
Fruitful of all things fit for living food,
But wholly waste and void of people's trode,[4]
Save an huge nation of the giants' brood
That fed on living flesh, and drunk men's vital blood.

[4] Tread.

L.

'Whom he, through weary wars and labours long,
Subdu'd with loss of many Britons bold:
In which the great Goëmagot of strong
Corineus, and Coulin of Debon old,
Were overthrown and laid on th' earth full cold,
Which quakéd under their so hideous mass:
A famous history to be enroll'd
In everlasting monuments of brass,
That all the ántique worthies' merits far did pass.

LI.

'His work great Troynovant, his work is eke
Fair Lincoln, both renownéd far away;

That who from East to West will endlong[1] seek,
Cannot two fairer cities find this day,
Except Cleopolis; so heard I say
Old Mnemon: therefore, Sir, I greet you well
Your country kin; and you entirely pray
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
Betwixt us both unknown.' So ended Paridell.

[1] In a line.

LII.

But all the while, that he these speeches spent,
Upon his lips hung fair Dame Hellenore
With vigilant regard and due attent,[2]
Fashioning worlds of fancies evermore
In her frail wit, that now her quite forlore:
The whiles unwares away her wond'ring eye
And greedy ears her weak heart from her bore:
Which he perceiving, ever privily,
In speaking, many false belgardes[3] at her let fly.

[2] Attention.

[3] Sweet looks.

LIII.

So long these knights discourséd diversely
Of strange affairs, and noble hardiment,
Which they had past with mickle jeopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth spent,
And heavenly lamps were halfendeal[4] ybrent:[5]
Which th' old man seeing well, who too long
Every discourse, and every argument, [thought
Which by the hours he measuréd, besought
Them go to rest. So all unto their bowers were brought.

[4] Half.

[5] Burned.

## CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore;
Malbecco her pursues;
Finds amongst Satyrs, whence with him
To turn she doth refuse.

I.

THE morrow next, so soon as Phœbus' lamp
Bewrayéd had the world with early light,
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp
Out of the goodly heaven amovéd[1] quite,
Fair Britomart and that same Faery knight
Uprose, forth on their journey for to wend:
But Paridell complain'd, that his late fight
With Britomart so sore did him offend,[2]
That ride he could not till his hurts he did amend.

[1] Removed.

[2] Hurt.

II.

So forth they far'd; but he behind them stay'd,
Maugre his host, who grudgéd grievously
To house a guest that would be needs obey'd,
And of his own him left not liberty:
Might wanting measure moveth surquedry.[3]
Two things he fearéd, but the third was death;
That fierce young man's unruly mastery;
His money, which he lov'd as living breath;
And his fair wife, whom honest long he kept uneath.[4]

[3] Insolence.

[4] Hardly.

III.

But patience perforce; he must abye[5]
What fortune and his fate on him will lay:
Fond[6] is the fear that finds no remedy.
Yet warily he watcheth every way,
By which he feareth evil happen may;
So th' evil thinks by watching to prevent:
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,

[5] Abide.

[6] Foolish.

Out of his sight herself once to absent:
So doth he punish her, and eke himself torment.

IV.

But Paridell kept better watch than he,
A fit occasion for his turn to find.
False Love! why do men say thou canst not see,
And in their foolish fancy feign thee blind,
That with thy charms the sharpest sight dost bind,
And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
And seest every secret of the mind;
Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee:
All that is by the working of thy deity.

V.

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
That he Malbecco's halfen eye[1] did wile; [1] One eye.
His halfen eye he wiléd wondrous well,
And Hellenore's both eyes did eke beguile,
Both eyes and heart at once, during the while
That he there sojournéd his wounds to heal;
That Cupid self, it seeing, close[2] did smile [2] Secretly
To weet how he her love away did steal,
And bade that none their joyous treason should reveal.

VI.

The learned lover lost no time nor tide
That least advantage might to him afford,
Yet bore so fair a sail, that none espied
His secret drift till he her laid aboard.
Whenso in open place and common board
He fortun'd her to meet, with common speech
He courted her; yet baited every word,
That his ungentle host n' ote[3] him appeach [3] Could not.
Of vile ungentleness or hospitage's breach.

VII.

But when apart (if ever her apart
He found) then his false engines fast he plied,
And all the sleights unbosom'd in his heart:
He sigh'd, he sobb'd, he swoon'd, he perdy[1] died,
And cast himself on ground her fast beside:
Tho,[2] when again he him bethought to live,
He wept, and wail'd, and false laments belied,
Saying, but if she mercy would him give,
That he might algates[3] die, yet did his death forgive.

[1] Truly.
[2] Then.
[3] At all events.

VIII.

And otherwhiles with amorous delights
And pleasing toys he would her entertain;
Now singing sweetly to surprise her sprites,
Now making lays of love and lovers' pain,
Bransles,[4] ballads, virelays,[5] and verses vain;
Oft purposes,[6] oft riddles, he devis'd,
And thousands like which flowéd in his brain,
With which he fed her fancy, and entic'd
To take to his new love, and leave her old despis'd.

[4] Tune to a dance.
[5] A species of song.
[6] Cross-purposes.

IX.

And every where he might and every while
He did her service dutiful, and su'd
At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile;
So closely[7] yet, that none but she it view'd,
Who well perceivéd all, and all indu'd.[8]
Thus finely did he his false nets dispread,
With which he many weak hearts had subdu'd
Of yore, and many had alike misled:
What wonder then if she were likewise carriéd?

[7] Secretly.
[8] Took it in.

X.

No fort so fensible,[9] no walls so strong,
But that continual battery will rive,

[9] Defensible.

Or daily siege, through dispurveyance[1] long
And lack of rescues, will to parley drive;
And piece,[2] that unto parley ear will give,
Will shortly yield itself, and will be made
The vassal of the victor's will bylive:[3]
That stratagem had oftentimes assay'd
This crafty paramour, and now it plain display'd:

[1] Want of provisions.
[2] Castle.
[3] Immediately.

XI.

For through his trains[4] he her entrappéd hath,
That she her love and heart hath wholly sold
To him without regard of gain, or scath,
Or care of credit, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fair cuckóld.
Naught wants but time and place, which shortly
Deviséd hath, and to her lover told. [she
It pleaséd well: so well they both agree;
So ready ripe to ill, ill women's counsels be!

[4] Arts.

XII.

Dark was the evening, fit for lovers' stealth,
When chanc'd Malbecco busy be elsewhere,
She to his closet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid; thereof she countless sums did rear,[5]
The which she meant away with her to bear;
The rest she fir'd, for sport or for despite:
As Helen, when she saw aloft appear
The Trojan flames and reach to heaven's height,
Did clap her hands, and joyéd at that doleful sight;

[5] Take up.

XIII.

The second Helen, fair Dame Hellenore,
The whiles her husband ran with sorry haste
To quench the flames which she had tin'd[6] before,
Laugh'd at his foolish labour spent in waste,[7]
And ran into her lover's arms right fast;

[6] Kindled.
[7] In vain.

Where straight embracéd she to him did cry
And call aloud for help, ere help were past;
For lo! that guest did bear her forcibly,
And meant to ravish her, that rather had to die!

XIV.

The wretched man hearing her call for aid,
And ready seeing him with her to fly,
In his disquiet mind was much dismay'd:
But when again he backward cast his eye,
And saw the wicked fire so furiously
Consume his heart, and scorch his idol's face,
He was therewith distresséd diversely,
Ne wist he how to turn, nor to what place:
Was never wretched man in such a woful case.

XV.

Aye when to him she cried, to her he turn'd,
And left the fire; love, money overcame:
But, when he markéd how his money burn'd,
He left his wife; money did love disclaim:
Both was he loath to lose his lovéd dame,
And loath to leave his liefest[1] pelf behind;
Yet, sith he no'te[2] save both, he sav'd that same
Which was the dearest to his dunghill mind,
The god of his desire, the joy of misers blind.

[1] Dearest.
[2] Could not.

XVI.

Thus whilst all things in troublous uproar were,
And all men busy to suppress the flame,
The loving couple need no rescue fear,
But leisure had and liberty to frame
Their purpos'd flight, free from all men's reclaim;[3]
And Night, the patroness of love-stealth fair,
Gave them safe conduct till to end they came:
So been they gone yfere,[4] a wanton pair
Of lovers loosely knit, where list them to repair

[3] Recall.
[4] Together.

XVII.

Soon as the cruel flames yslakéd[1] were,
Malbecco, seeing how his loss did lie,
Out of the flames which he had quench'd whilere,
Into huge waves of grief and jealousy
Full deep emplungéd was, and drownéd nigh
Twixt inward dool and felonous despite:[2]
He rav'd, he wept, he stamp'd, he loud did cry;
And all the passions, that in man may light,
Did him at once oppress, and vex his caytive[3] sprite.

[1] Quenched.
[2] Rage.
[3] Caitiff.

XVIII.

Long thus he chew'd the cud of inward grief,
And did consume his gall with anguish sore:
Still when he muséd on his late mischíef,
Then still the smart thereof increaséd more,
And seem'd more grievous than it was before:
At last when sorrow he saw booted naught,
Ne[4] grief might not his love to him restore,
He gan devise how her he rescue mought;[5]
Ten thousand ways he cast in his confuséd thought.

[4] Nor.
[5] Might.

XIX.

At last resolving, like a pilgrim pore,[6]
To search her forth whereso she might be fond,
And bearing with him treasure in close[7] store,
The rest he leaves in ground: so takes in hond
To seek her endlong[8] both by sea and lond.
Long he her sought, he sought her far and near,
And every where that he might understond
Of knights and ladies any meetings were;
And of each one he met he tidings did inquere.

[6] Poor.
[7] Secret.
[8] Continuously.

XX.

But all in vain; his woman was too wise
Ever to come into his clutch again,

And he too simple ever to surprise
The jolly Paridell, for all his pain.
One day, as he forpasséd[1] by the plain
With weary pace, he far away espied
A couple, seeming well to be his twain,
Which hovéd[2] close under a forest side,
As if they lay in wait, or else themselves did hide.

[1] Passed along.
[2] Hovered.

XXI.

Well weenéd he that those the same might be;
And, as he better did their shape avise,
Him seeméd more their manner did agree;
For th' one was arméd all in warlike wise,
Whom to be Paridell he did devise;
And th' other, all yclad in garments light
Discolour'd[3] like to womanish disguise,
He did resemble to his lady bright;
And ever his faint heart much yearnéd at the sight:

[3] Variously coloured.

XXII.

And ever fain he towards them would go,
But yet durst not for dread approachen nigh,
But stood aloof, unweeting what to do;
Till that, prick'd forth with love's extremity,
That is the father of foul jealousy,
He closely nearer crept the truth to weet:
But, as he nigher drew, he easily
Might scern[4] that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Ne yet her belamour,[5] the partner of his sheet:

[4] Discern.
[5] Lover.

XXIII.

But it was scornful Braggadocchio,
That with his servant Trompart hover'd there,
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:
Whom such whenas Malbecco spied clear,
He turnéd back, and would have fled arear;[6]
Till Trompart, running hastily, him did stay

[6] Backward.

And bade before his sovereign lord appear:
That was him loth, yet durst he not gainsay,
And coming him before low louted on the lay.[1]

[1] Ground.

XXIV.

The boaster at him sternly bent his brow,
As if he could have kill'd him with his look,
That to the ground him meekly made to bow,
And awful terror deep into him strook,
That every member of his body quook.[2]
Said he, 'Thou man of naught! what dost thou
Unfitly furnish'd with thy bag and book, [here
Where I expected one with shield and spear
To prove some deeds of arms upon an equal pere?'[3]

[2] Quaked.

[3] Companion.

XXV.

The wretched man at his imperious speech
Was all abash'd, and low prostráting said;
'Good Sir, let not my rudeness be no breach
Unto your patience, ne be ill apaid;[4]
For I unwares this way by fortune stray'd,
A silly pilgrim driven to distress,
That seek a lady'—There he sudden stay'd,
And did the rest with grievous sighs suppress,
While tears stood in his eyes, few drops of bitterness.

[4] Dissatisfied.

XXVI.

'What lady?'—'Man,' said Trompart, 'take good heart,
And tell thy grief, if any hidden lie:
Was never better time to show thy smart
Than now that noble succour is thee by,
That is the whole world's common remedy.'
That cheerful word his weak heart much did cheer,
And with vain hope his spirits faint supply,
That bold he said; 'O most redoubted pere,
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretch's case to hear.'

XXVII.

Then sighing sore, 'It is not long,' said he,
'Sith I enjoy'd the gentlest dame alive;
Of whom a knight, (no knight at all perdy,[1]
But shame of all that do for honour strive,)
By treacherous deceit did me deprive;
Through open outrage he her bore away,
And with foul force unto his will did drive; [day,
Which all good knights, that arms do bear this
Are bound for to revenge and punish if they may.

[1] In truth.

XXVIII.

'And you, most noble lord, that can and dare
Redress the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious spear
In better quarrel than defence of right,
And for a lady gainst a faithless knight:
So shall your glory be advancéd much,
And all fair ladies magnify your might,
And eke myself, albë I simple such,[2] [rich.'
Your worthy pain shall well reward with guerdon

XXIX.

With that out of his budget forth he drew
Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt;
But he on it look'd scornfully askew,
As much disdaining to be so misdempt,[3]
Or a war-monger[4] to be basely nempt,[5]
And said; 'Thy offers base I greatly loathe,
And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt:[6]
I tread in dust thee and thy money both;
That, were it not for shame'—So turnéd from him wroth.

[3] Misdeemed.
[4] Mercenary soldier.
[5] Named.
[6] Rude.

XXX.

But Trompart, that his master's humour knew
In lofty looks to hide an humble[7] mind,

[7] Mean.

Was inly tickled with that golden view,
And in his ear him rounded[1] close behind:
Yet stoopt he not, but lay still in the wind,*
Waiting advantage on the prey to seize;
Till Trompart, lowly to the ground inclin'd,
Besought him his great courage to appease,
And pardon simple man that rash did him displease.

[1] Whispered.

XXXI.

Big looking like a doughty doucëpere,†
At last he thus; 'Thou clod of vilest clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudeness bear;
But weet henceforth, that all that golden prey,
And all that else the vain world vaunten may,
I loathe as dung, ne deem my due reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory virtuous pay:
But minds of mortal men are muchell[2] marr'd
And mov'd amiss with massy muck's[3] unmeet regard.[4]

[2] Much.
[3] Wealth.
[4] Love.

XXXII.

'And more; I grant to thy great misery
Gracious respect; thy wife shall back be sent:
And that vile knight, whoever that he be,
Which hath thy lady reft and knighthood shent,[5]
By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent[6]
The blood hath of so many thousands shed,
I swear ere long shall dearly it repent;
Ne he twixt heaven and earth shall hide his head,
But soon he shall be found, and shortly done be dead.'[7]

[5] Disgraced.
[6] Dint.
[7] Put to death

XXXIII.

The foolish man thereat wox wondrous blith,
As if the word so spoken were half done,
And humbly thankéd him a thousand sith,[8]

[8] Times.

* 'Lay still in the wind:' an image derived from falconry.

† 'Doucëpere:' the twelve peers of France, champions renowned in romance.

That had from death to life him newly won.
[1] Then. Tho[1] forth the boaster marching brave begun
His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
As if he heaven and hell would over-run,
And all the world confound with cruelty;
That much Malbecco joyed in his jollity.

XXXIV.

Thus long they three together travelléd,
Through many a wood and many an úncouth way,
To seek his wife that was far wanderéd:
But those two sought naught but the present prey,
[2] Show. To weet, the treasure which he did bewray,[2]
On which their eyes and hearts were wholly set,
With purpose how they might it best betray;
For, sith the hour that first he did them let
The same behold, therewith their keen desires were whet.

XXXV.

It fortunéd, as they together far'd,
They spied where Paridell came pricking fast
Upon the plain, the which himself prepar'd
To joust with that brave stranger knight a cast,
As on adventure by the way he past:
[3] Com-panion. Alone he rode without his paragone;[3]
For, having filch'd her bells, her up he cast
To the wide world, and let her fly alone;
[4] Would not. He nould[4] be clogg'd: so had he servéd many one.

XXXVI.

The gentle lady, loose at random left,
The green-wood long did walk, and wander wide
[5] Waif. At wild adventure, like a forlorn weft;[5]
Till on a day the Satyrs her espied
Straying alone withouten groom or guide:
Her up they took, and with them home her led.

With them as housewife ever to abide,
To milk their goats, and make them cheese and bread;
And every one as common good her handeled:

XXXVII.

That shortly she Malbecco has forgot,
And eke Sir Paridell, all[1] were he dear;
Who from her went to seek another lot,
And now by fortune was arrivéd here,
Where those two guilers[2] with Malbecco were.
Soon as the old man saw Sir Paridell,
He fainted, and was almost dead with fear,
Ne word he had to speak, his grief to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well;

[1] Although.
[2] Deceivers.

XXXVIII.

And, after, askéd him for Hellenore:
'I take no keep of her,' said Paridell,
'She wonneth[3] in the forest there before.'
So forth he rode as his adventure fell;
The whiles the boaster from his lofty sell[4]
Feign'd to alight, something amiss to mend;
But the fresh swain would not his leisure dwell,
But went his way; whom when he passéd kend,[5]
He up remounted light, and after feign'd to wend.[6]

[3] Dwelleth.
[4] Saddle.
[5] Perceived.
[6] Go.

XXXIX.

'Perdy[7] nay,' said Malbecco, 'shall ye not;
But let him pass as lightly as he came:
For little good of him is to be got,
And mickle peril to be put to shame.
But let us go to seek my dearest dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder forest wild:
For of her safety in great doubt I ame,
Lest savage beasts her person have despoil'd:
Then all the world is lost, and we in vain have toil'd!'

[7] Indeed

XL.

They all agree, and forward them addrest:
'Ah! but,' said crafty Trompart, 'weet ye well,
That yonder in that wasteful wilderness
Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and minotaurs, and fiends of hell,
And many wild woodmen which rob and rend
All travellers; therefore advise ye well,
[1] Go. Before ye enterprise that way to wend:[1]
One may his journey bring too soon to evil end.'

XLI.

Malbecco stopp'd in great astonishment,
And, with pale eyes fast fixéd on the rest,
Their counsel crav'd in danger imminent.
Said Trompart; 'You, that are the most opprest
With burden of great treasure, I think best
Here for to stay in safëty behind:
My lord and I will search the wide forést.'
That counsel pleaséd not Malbecco's mind;
For he was much afraid himself alone to find.

XLII.

'Then is it best,' said he, 'that ye do leave
Your treasure here in some security,
[2] Grove. Either fast closéd in some hollow greave,[2]
Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,
Till we return again in safëty:
As for us two, lest doubt of us ye have,
Hence far away we will blindfolded lie,
Ne privy be unto your treasure's grave.' [brave.
It pleaséd; so he did: then they march forward

XLIII.

Now when amid the thickest woods they were,
They heard a noise of many bagpipes shrill,
And shrieking hubbubs them approaching near,

Which all the forest did with horror fill:
That dreadful sound the boaster's heart did thrill
With such amazement, that in haste he fled,
Ne ever lookéd back for good or ill;
And after him eke fearful Trompart sped: [dead:
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half

XLIV.

Yet afterwards, close creeping as he might,
He in a bush did hide his fearful head.
The jolly Satyrs full of fresh delight
Came dancing forth, and with them nimbly led
Fair Hellenore with garlands all bespread,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
She, proud of that new honour which they redd,[1]
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,[2]
Danc'd lively, and her face did with a laurel shade.

XLV.

The silly man that in the thicket lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and grievéd sore;
Yet durst he not against it do or say,
But did his heart with bitter thoughts engore,[3]
To see th' unkindness of his Hellenore.
All day they dancéd with great lustyhed,[4]
And with their hornéd feet the green grass wore;
The whiles their goats upon the brouzes[5] fed,
Till drooping Phœbus gan to hide his golden head.

[3] Lacerate.
[4] Vigour.
[5] Twigs.

XLVI.

Tho[6] up they gan their merry pipes to truss,
And all their goodly herds did gather round;
But every Satyr first did give a buss[7]
To Hellenore; so busses did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
With pearly dew, and th' Earthës gloomy shade

[6] Then.
[7] Kiss.

Did dim the brightness of the welkin round,
That every bird and beast awarnéd made [invade
To shroud themselves, while sleep their senses did

XLVII.

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush
Upon his hands and feet he crept full light,
And like a goat amongst the goats did rush;
That, through the help of his fair horns on height,
And misty damp of misconceiving night,
And eke through likeness of his goatish beard,
He did the better counterfeit aright:
So home he march'd amongst the horned herd,
That none of all the Satyrs him espied or heard.

XLVIII.

At night, when all they went to sleep, he view'd,
Whereas his lovely wife amongst them lay,
Embracéd of a Satyr rough and rude,
Who all the night did mind his joyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his heart with jealousy did swell;
But yet that night's ensample did bewray
That not for naught his wife them lov'd so well,
When one so oft a night did ring his matins' bell.

XLIX.

So closely as he could he to them crept,
When weary of their sport to sleep they fell,
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
He whisper'd in her ear, and did her tell,
That it was he which by her side did dwell;
And therefore pray'd her wake to hear him plain.
As one out of a dream not wakéd well
She turn'd her, and returnéd back again:
Yet her for to awake he did the more constrain.

L.

At last with irksome trouble she abrayd;[1]
And then perceiving, that it was indeed
Her old Malbecco, which did her upbraid
With looseness of her love and loathly deed,
She was astonish'd with exceeding dreed,
And would have wak'd the Satyr by her side;
But he her pray'd for mercy or for meed,
To save his life, ne let him be descried,
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsel hide.

[1] A

LI.

Tho[2] gan he her persuade to leave that lewd
And loathsome life, of God and man abhorr'd,
And home return, where all should be renew'd
With perfect peace and bands of fresh accord,
And she receiv'd again to bed and board,
As if no trespass ever had been done:
But she it all refuséd at one word,
And by no means would to his will be won,
But chose amongst the jolly Satyrs still to wonne.[3]

[2] Then.

[3] Dwell.

LII.

He wooéd her till day-spring he espied;
But all in vain: and then turn'd to the heard,[4]
Who butted him with horns on every side,
And trod down in the dirt, where his hoar beard
Was foully dight,[5] and he of death afeard.
Early, before the heaven's fairest light
Out of the ruddy East was fully rear'd,
The herds out of their folds were looséd quite,
And he amongst the rest crept forth in sorry plight.

[4] Herd.

[5] Soiled.

LIII.

So soon as he the prison-door did pass,
He ran as fast as both his feet could bear,
And never lookéd who behind him was,

Ne scarcely who before: like as a bear,
That creeping close amongst the hives to rear[1]
An honey-comb, the wakeful dogs espy,
And him assailing sore his carcase tear,
That hardly he with life away does fly,
Ne stays, till safe himself he see from jeopardy.

[1] Take.

LIV.

Ne stay'd he, till he came unto the place
Where late his treasure he entombéd had;
Where when he found it not, (for Trompart base
Had it purloinéd for his master bad,)
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away; ran with himself away:
That who so strangely had him seen bestad,[2]
With upstart hair and staring eyes dismay,[3]
From Limbo lake him late escapéd sure would say.

[2] Situated.
[3] Dismayed.

LV.

High over hills and over dales he fled,
As if the wind him on his wings had borne;
Ne bank nor bush could stay him, when he sped
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorn:
Grief, and Despite, and Jealousy, and Scorn,
Did all the way him follow hard behind;
And he himself himself loath'd so forlorn,
So shamefully forlorn of womankind:
That,[4] as a snake, still lurkéd in his wounded mind.

[4] That thought.

LVI.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still;
Ne stay'd his flight nor fearful agony
Till that he came unto a rocky hill
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify
To look adown, or upward to the height:
From thence he threw himself dispiteously,

All desperate of his fore-damnéd sprite,
That seem'd no help for him was left in living sight.

LVII.

But, through long anguish and self-murd'ring thought,
He was so wasted and forpinéd[1] quite,
That all his substance was consum'd to naught,
And nothing left but like an airy sprite;
That on the rocks he fell so flit[2] and light,
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all;
But chancéd on a craggy cliff to light;
Whence he with crooked claws so long did crawl,
That at the last he found a cave with entrance small:

[1] Pined away.
[2] Unsubstantial.

LVIII.

Into the same he creeps, and thenceforth there
Resolv'd to build his baleful mansion
In dreary darkness, and continual fear
Of that rock's fall, which ever and anon
Threats with huge ruin him to fall upon,
That he dare never sleep, but that one eye
Still ope he keeps for that occasion;
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
The roaring billows beat his bower[3] so boist'rously.

[3] Abode.

LIX.

Ne ever is he wont on aught to feed
But toads and frogs, his pasture[4] poisonous,
Which in his cold complexion do breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspicious,
That doth with cureless care consume the heart,
Corrupts the stomach with gall vicious,
Cross-cuts the liver with internal smart,
And doth transfix the soul with death's eternal dart.

[4] Food.

LX.

Yet can he never die, but dying lives,
And doth himself with sorrow new sustain,
That death and life at once unto him gives,
And painful pleasure turns to pleasing pain.
There dwells he ever, miserable swain,
Hateful both to himself and every wight;
Where he, through privy grief and horror vain,
Is waxen so deform'd that he has quite
Forgot he was a man, and Jealousy is hight.[1]

[1] Called.

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## CANTO XI.

Britomart chaseth Ollyphant;
Finds Scudamour distrest:
Assays the House of Busirane
Where Love's spoils are exprest.

I.

O HATEFUL hellish snake! what Fury furst
Brought thee from baleful house of Proserpine,
Where in her bosom she thee long had nurst,
And foster'd up with bitter milk of tine;[2]
Foul Jealousy! that turnest love divine
To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart
With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed itself with self-consuming smart,
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art!

[2] Woe.

II.

O let him far be banishéd away,
And in his stead let Love for ever dwell!
Sweet Love, that doth his golden wings embay
In blessed nectar and pure pleasure's well,
Untroubled of vile fear or bitter fell.[4]

[3] Bathe.

[4] Gall.

And ye, fair ladies, that your kingdoms make
In th' hearts of men, them govern wisely well,
And of fair Britomart ensample take,
That was as true in love as turtle to her make.[1]

[1] Mate.

III.

Who with Sir Satyrane, as erst ye read,
Forth riding from Malbecco's hostless house,
Far off espied a young man, the which fled
From an huge giant, that with hideous
And hateful outrage long him chaséd thus;
It was that Ollyphant, the brother dear
Of that Argantè vile and vicious,
From whom the Squire of Dames was reft whilere;[2]
This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse aught were.

[2] Lately.

IV.

For as the sister did in feminine
And filthy lust exceed all womankind;
So he surpasséd his sex masculine,
In beastly use, all that I ever find:
Whom whenas Britomart beheld behind
The fearful boy so greedily pursue,
She was emmovéd in her noble mind
T' employ her puissance to his rescue,
And prickéd fiercely forward where she him did view.

V.

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behind,
But with like fierceness did ensue[3] the chase:
Whom when the giant saw, he soon resign'd
His former suit,[4] and from them fled apace:
They after both, and boldly bade him base,*
And each did strive the other to outgo;

[3] Follow.

[4] Pursuit.

* 'Bade him base:' challenged each other to pursue, an expression said to be derived from the game of *prison-base*.

But he them both outran a wondrous space,
For he was long, and swift as any roe,
And now made better speed t' escape his fearéd foe.

VI.

It was not Satyrane, whom he did fear,
But Britomart, the flow'r of chastity;
For he the pow'r of chaste hands might not bear,
But always did their dread encounter fly:
And now so fast his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a forest near,
Where he is shrouded in security.
The wood they enter, and search every where;
They searchéd diversely; so both divided were.

VII.

Fair Britomart so long him followéd,
That she at last came to a fountain sheare,[1]
By which there lay a knight all wallowéd[2]
Upon the grassy ground, and by him near
His haberjeon,[3] his helmet, and his spear:
A little off, his shield was rudely thrown,
On which the winged boy in colours clear
Depainted was, full easy to be known,
And he thereby, wherever it in field was shown.

[1] Pure.
[2] Prostrate.
[3] Coat of mail.

VIII.

His face upon the ground did grovelling lie,
As if he had been slumb'ring in the shade;
That the brave maid would not for courtesy
Out of his quiet slumber him abrade,[4]
Nor seem too suddenly him to invade:
Still as she stood, she heard with grievous throb
Him groan, as if his heart were pieces made,
And with most painful pangs to sigh and sob,
That pity did the virgin's heart of patience rob.

[4] Rouse.

IX.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaints
He said; 'O sovereign Lord, that sitt'st on high
And reign'st in bliss amongst thy blessed saints,
How suff'rest thou such shameful cruelty
So long unwreakéd of thine enemy!
Or hast thou, Lord, of good men's cause no heed?
Or doth thy justice sleep and silent lie?
What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
If goodness find no grace, nor righteousness no meed!

X.

'If good find grace, and righteousness reward,
Why then is Amoret in captive band,
Sith that more bounteous creature never far'd
On foot upon the face of living land!
Or if that heavenly justice may withstand
The wrongful outrage of unrighteous men,
Why then is Busirane with wicked hand
Suff'red, these seven months day, in secret den
My lady and my love so cruelly to pen?

XI.

'My lady and my love is cruelly penn'd
In doleful darkness from the view of day,
Whil'st deadly torments do her chaste breast rend,
And the sharp steel doth rive her heart in tway,
All for she Scudamore will not denay.[1]
Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art sound,
Ne canst her aid, ne canst her foe dismay;
Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,
For whom so fair a lady feels so sore a wound.'

[1] Deny.

XII.

There an huge heap of singulfes[2] did oppress
His struggling soul, and swelling throbs empeach[3]
His falt'ring tongue with pangs of dreariness,

[2] Sobs.
[3] Hinder.

Choking the remnant of his plaintive speech,
As if his days were come to their last reach.
Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit
Threat'ning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth[1] and terror she was smit,
Fearing lest from her cage the weary soul would flit

[1] Pity.

XIII.

Then, stooping down, she him amovéd light;[2]
Who, therewith somewhat starting, up gan look,
And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
Whereas no living creature he mistook,[3]
With great indignance he that sight forsook,
And, down again himself disdainfully
Abjecting,[4] th' earth with his fair forehead strook:
Which the bold virgin seeing, gan apply
Fit med'cine to his grief, and spake thus courteously;

[2] Touched him lightly.
[3] Suspected.
[4] Casting.

XIV.

'Ah! gentle knight, whose deep-conceivéd grief
Well seems t' exceed the power of patiénce,
Yet, if that heavenly grace some good relief
You send, submit you to High Providence;
And ever, in your noble heart, prepense,[5]
That all the sorrow in the world is less
Than virtue's might and value's[6] confidence:
For who n'ill[7] bide the burden of distress,
Must not here think to live; for life is wretchedness.

[5] Consider.
[6] Valour.
[7] Will not.

XV.

'Therefore, fair Sir, do comfort to you take,
And freely read[8] what wicked felon so
Hath outrag'd you, and thrall'd your gentle make.[9]
Perhaps this hand may help to ease your woe,
And wreak your sorrow on your cruel foe;
At least it fair endeavour will apply.'

[8] Declare.
[9] Mate.

Those feeling words so near the quick did go,
That up his head he rearéd easily;
And, leaning on his elbow, these few words let fly:

XVI.

'What boots it plain[1] that cannot be redrest,
And sow vain sorrow in a fruitless ear;
Sith[2] power of hand, nor skill of learned breast,
Ne[3] worldly price, cannot redeem my dear
Out of her thraldom and continual fear!
For he, the tyrant, which her hath in ward
By strong enchantments and black magic lear,[4]
Hath in a dungeon deep her close embarr'd,
And many dreadful fiends hath pointed[5] to her guard.

[1] Complain.
[2] Since.
[3] Nor.
[4] Lore.
[5] Appointed.

XVII.

'There he tormenteth her most terribly,
And day and night afflicts with mortal pain,
Because to yield him love she doth deny,
Once to me yold,[6] not to be yold again:
But yet by torture he would her constrain
Love to conceive in her disdainful breast;
Till so she do, she must in dool[7] remain,
Ne may by living means be thence relest:
What boots it then to plain that cannot be redrest!'

[6] Yielded.
[7] Grief.

XVIII.

With this sad hersal[8] of his heavy stress[9]
The warlike damsel was empassion'd[10] sore,
And said; 'Sir knight, your cause is nothing less
Than is your sorrow certes,[11] if not more;
For nothing so much pity doth implore
As gentle lady's helpless misery:
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,[12]
I will, with proof of last extremity,
Deliver her from thence, or with her for you die.'

[8] Rehearsal.
[9] Distress.
[10] Moved.
[11] Certainly.
[12] Counsel.

XIX.

'Ah! gentlest knight alive,' said Scudamore,
'What huge heroic magnanimity [more,
Dwells in thy bounteous breast? what couldst thou
If she were thine, and thou as now am I?
O spare thy happy days, and them apply
To better boot;[1] but let me die that ought;
More is more loss; one is enough to die!'
'Life is not lost,' said she, 'for which is bought
Endless renown; that, more than death, is to be sought.'

[1] Advantage.

XX.

Thus she at length persuaded him to rise,
And with her wend to see what new success
Might him befall upon new enterprise:
His arms, which he had vow'd to disprofess,[2]
She gather'd up and did about him dress,
And his forwander'd[3] steed unto him got:
So forth they both yfere[4] make their progréss,
And march, not past the mount'nance of a shot,[5]
Till they arriv'd whereas their purpose they did plot.

[2] Abandon.
[3] Strayed.
[4] Together.
[5] Flight of an arrow.

XXI.

There they dismounting drew their weapons bold
And stoutly came unto the castle gate,
Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,
Nor ward to wait at morn and evening late;
But in the porch, that did them sore amate,[6]
A flaming fire ymixt with smouldry smoke
And stinking sulphur, that with grisly hate
And dreadful horror did all entrance choke,
Enforcéd them their forward footing to revoke.

[6] Alarm.

XXII.

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismay'd,
Ne in that stound wist how herself to bear,

For danger vain it were to have assay'd
That cruel element, which all things fear,
Ne none can suffer to approachen near:
And, turning back to Scudamour, thus said;
'What monstrous enmity provoke we here?
Foolhardy as th' Earth's children, the which made
Battle against the gods, so we a god invade.

XXIII.

'Danger without discretion to attempt,
Inglorious, beast-like, is: therefore, Sir Knight,
Aread what course of you is safest dempt,[1]
And how we with our foe may come to fight.'
'This is,' quoth he, 'the dolorous despite,
Which erst to you I plain'd:[2] for neither may
This fire be quench'd by any wit or might,
Ne yet by any means remov'd away; [stay.'
So mighty be th' enchantments which the same do

[1] Deemed.
[2] Complained of.

XXIV.

'What is there else but cease these fruitless pains,
And leave me to my former languishing!
Fair Amorett must dwell in wicked chains,
And Scudamore here die with sorrowing!'
'Perdy[3] not so,' said she; 'for shameful thing
It were t' abandon noble chevisance,[4]
For show of peril, without venturing:
Rather, let try extremities of chance
Than enterpriséd praise for dread to disavance.'[5]

[3] In truth.
[4] Enterprise.
[5] Give over.

XXV.

Therewith, resolv'd to prove her utmost might,
Her ample shield she threw before her face,
And her sword's point directing forward right
Assail'd the flame; the which eftsoons[6] gave
And did itself divide with equal space, [place,
That through she passéd; as a thunder-bolt

[6] Immediately.

Pierceth the yielding air, and doth displace
The soaring clouds into sad showers ymolt;[1]
So to her yold[2] the flames, and did their force revolt.[3]

[1] Melted.
[2] Yielded.
[3] Roll back.

XXVI.

Whom whenas Scudamore saw past the fire
Safe and untouch'd, he likewise gan assay
With greedy will and envious desire,
And bade the stubborn flames to yield him way:
But cruel Mulciber[4] would not obey
His threatful pride, but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
Him forc'd, maulgrè[5] his fierceness, to relent,
And back retire all scorch'd and pitifully brent.

[4] Vulcan.
[5] In spite of.

XXVII.

With huge impatiénce he inly swelt,[6]
More for great sorrow that he could not pass,
Than for the burning torment which he felt;
That with fell woodness[7] he effiercéd[8] was,
And wilfully him throwing on the grass
Did beat and bounce his head and breast full sore:
The whiles the championess now enter'd has
The outmost room, and past the foremost door;
The utmost room abounding with all precious store:

[6] Swelled.
[7] Madness.
[8] Inflamed, enraged.

XXVIII.

For, round about, the walls yclothéd were
With goodly arras of great majesty,
Woven with gold and silk so close and near
That the rich metal lurkéd privily,
As feigning to be hid from envious eye;
Yet here, and there, and everywhere, unwares
It show'd itself and shone unwillingly;
Like t' a discolour'd[9] snake, whose hidden snares
Through the green grass his long bright burnish'd back declares.

[9] Party-coloured.

XXIX.

And in those tapets[1] weren fashionéd
Many fair portraits, and many a fair feat;
And all of love, and all of lustyhed,
As seeméd by their semblance, did entreat:[2]
And eke all Cupid's wars they did repeat,
And cruel battles, which he whilome[3] fought
Gainst all the gods to make his empire great;
Besides the huge massácres, which he wrought
On mighty kings and kaisars into thraldom brought.

[1] Tapestry.
[2] Treat of.
[3] Formerly.

XXX.

Therein was writ how often thund'ring Jove
Had felt the point of his heart-piercing dart,
And, leaving heaven's kingdom, here did rove
In strange disguise, to slake his scalding smart;
Now, like a ram, fair Helle to pervart,
Now, like a bull, Europa to withdraw:
Ah, how the fearful lady's tender heart
Did lively seem to tremble, when she saw
The huge seas under her t' obey her servant's law!

XXXI.

Soon after that, into a golden shower
Himself he chang'd, fair Danaë to view;
And through the roof of her strong brazen tower
Did rain into her lap an honey-dew;
The whiles her foolish guard, that little knew
Of such deceit, kept th' iron door fast barr'd,
And watch'd that none should enter nor issue;
Vain was the watch, and bootless all the ward,
Whenas the god to golden hue himself transfard.[4]

[4] Transformed.

XXXII.

Then was he turn'd into a snowy swan,
To win fair Leda to his lovely[5] trade:
O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,

[5] Amorous.

That her in daffodillies sleeping made
From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade!
Whiles the proud bird, ruffling his feathers wide
And brushing his fair breast, did her invade,
She slept; yet twixt her eyelids closely spied
How towards her he rush'd, and smiléd at his pride.

XXXIII.

Then show'd it how the Theban Semele,
Deceiv'd of jealous Juno, did require
To see him in his sovereign majesty
Arm'd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whence dearly she with death bought her desire.
But fair Alcmena better match did make,
Joying his love in likeness more entire:
Three nights in one they say that for her sake
He then did put, her pleasures longer to partake.

XXXIV.

Twice was he seen in soaring eagle's shape,
And with wide wings to beat the buxom[1] air:
Once, when he with Asterie did scape;
Again, whenas the Trojan boy so fair
He snatch'd from Ida hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was there to behold
How the rude shepherds after him did stare,
Trembling through fear lest down he fallen should,
And often to him calling to take surer hould.

[1] yielding.

XXXV.

In Satyr's shape Antiopa he snatch'd;
And like a fire, when he Ægin' assay'd:
A shepherd, when Mnemosyne he catch'd;
And like a serpent to the Thracian maid. [play'd
Whiles thus on earth great Jove these pageants
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And, scoffing, thus unto his mother said;

'Lo! now the heavens obey to me alone, [gone.'
And take me for their Jove, whiles Jove to earth is

XXXVI.

And thou, fair Phœbus, in thy colours bright
Wast there enwoven, and the sad distress
In which that boy thee plungéd, for despite
That thou betray'dst his mother's wantonness,
When she with Mars was meint[1] in joyfulness:
Forthy[2] he thrill'd thee with a leaden dart *
To love fair Daphne, which thee lovéd less;
Less she thee lov'd than was thy just desart,
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy smart.

[1] Mingled.
[2] Therefore.

XXXVII.

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinct;
So lovedst thou the fair Coronis dear:
Yet both are of thy hapless hand extinct;
Yet both in flowers do live, and love thee bear,
The one a paunce,[3] the other a sweet-briar:
For grief whereof ye might have lively seen
The god himself rending his golden hair,
And breaking quite his garland ever green,
With other signs of sorrow and impatient teen.[4]

[3] Pansy.
[4] Sorrow.

XXXVIII.

Both for those two, and for his own dear son,
The son of Climene, he did repent;
Who, bold to guide the chariot of the Sun,
Himself in thousand pieces fondly[5] rent,
And all the world with flashing fiër brent;
So like, that all the walls did seem to flame.
Yet cruel Cupid, not herewith content,
Forc'd him eftsoons[6] to follow other game,
And love a shepherd's daughter for his dearest dame.

[5] Foolishly.
[6] Immediately

* 'Leaden dart:' Cupid's leaden darts caused unsuccessful love.

XXXIX.

He lovéd Isse for his dearest dame,
And for her sake her cattle fed awhile,
And for her sake a cowherd vile became:
The servant of Admetus, cowherd vile,
Whiles that from heaven he sufferéd exile.
Long were to tell each other lovely fit;[1]
Now, like a lion hunting after spoil;
Now, like a hag; now, like a falcon flit:[2]
All which in that fair arras was most lively writ.

[1] Tale of love.
[2] Swift.

XL.

Next unto him was Neptune picturéd,
In his divine resemblance wondrous like:
His face was rugged, and his hoary head
Droppéd with brackish dew; his threefork'd pike
He sternly shook, and therewith fierce did strike
The raging billows, that on every side
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his swift chariot might have passage wide,
Which four great hippodames[3] did draw in teamwise tied.

[3] Sea-horses.

XLI.

His sea-horses did seem to snort amain,
And from their nostrils blow the briny stream,
That made the sparkling waves to smoke again
And flame with gold; but the white foamy cream
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beam:
The god himself did pensive seem and sad,
And hung adown his head as he did dream;
For privy love his breast empiercéd had,
Ne aught but dear Bisaltis aye could make him glad.

XLII.

He lovéd eke Iphimedia dear,
And Æolus' fair daughter, Arnè hight,[4]

[4] Called.

For whom he turn'd himself into a steer,
And fed on fodder to beguile her sight.
Also, to win Deucalion's daughter bright,
He turn'd himself into a dolphin fair;
And, like a winged horse, he took his flight
To snaky-lock Medusa to repair,
On whom he got fair Pegasus that flitteth in the air.

XLIII.

Next Saturn was, (but who would ever ween
That sullen Saturn ever ween'd to love?
Yet love is sullen, and Satúrnlike seen,
As he did for Erigone it prove,)
That to a centaur did himself transmove.[1]
So prov'd it eke that gracious god of wine,
When, for to compass Phillira's hard love,
He turn'd himself into a fruitful vine,
And into her fair bosom made his grapes decline.

[1] Transform.

XLIV.

Long were to tell the amorous assays,
And gentle pangs, with which he makéd meek
The mighty Mars, to learn his wanton plays;
How oft for Venus, and how often eke[2]
For many other nymphs, he sore did shriek;[3]
With womanish tears, and with unwarlike smarts,
Privily moistening his horrid cheek:
There was he painted full of burning darts,
And many wide wounds launchéd through his inner parts.

[2] Also.
[3] Mourn.

XLV.

Ne did he spare (so cruel was the elf)
His own dear mother, (ah! why should he so!)
Ne did he spare sometime to prick himself,
That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,
Which he had wrought to many others moe.

But, to declare the mournful tragedies
And spoils wherewith he all the ground did strow,
More eath[1] to number with how many eyes
High heaven beholds sad lovers' nightly thieveries.

[1] Easy.

XLVI.

Kings, queens, lords, ladies, knights, and damsels
Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort, [gent,
And mingled with the rascal rabblement,
Without respect of person or of port,[2]
To show Dan[3] Cupid's power and great effort:
And round about a border was entrayld
Of broken bows and arrows shiver'd short;
And a long bloody river through them rayld,[4]
So lively, and so like, that living sense it fail'd.[5]

[2] Deportment.
[3] Lord.
[4] Rolled.
[5] Deceived.

XLVII.

And at the upper end of that fair rowm[6]
There was an altar built of precious stone
Of passing value and of great renowm,[7]
On which there stood an image all alone
Of massy gold, which with his own light shone;
And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
More sundry colours than the proud pavone[8]
Bears in his boasted fan, or Iris bright, [bright.
When her discolour'd bow she spreads through heaven

[6] Room.
[7] For renown.
[8] Peacock.

XLVIII.

Blindfold he was; and in his cruel fist
A mortal bow and arrows keen did hold,
With which he shot at random when him list,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
(Ah! man, beware how thou those darts behold!)
A wounded dragon under him did lie,
Whose hideous tail his left foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedy.

XLIX.

And underneath his feet was written thus,
*Unto the victor of the gods this be:*
And all the people in that ample house
Did to that image bow their humble knee,
And oft committed foul idolatry.
That wondrous sight fair Britomart amaz'd,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfy,
But ever more and more upon it gaz'd, [daz'd.
The whiles the passing brightness her frail senses

L.

Then, as she backward cast her busy eye
To search each secret of that goodly stead,[1] [1] Place.
Over the door thus written she did spy,
*Be bold:* she oft and oft it over-read,
Yet could not find what sense it figured:
But whatso were therein or writ or meant,
She was no whit thereby discouraged
From prosecuting of her first intent,
But forward with bold steps into the next room went.

LI.

Much fairer than the former was that room,
And richlier, by many parts, array'd;
For not with arras made in painful loom,
But with pure gold it all was overlaid,
Wrought with wild antics[2] which their follies play'd [2] Fantastic Figures.
In the rich metal, as they living were:
A thousand monstrous forms therein were made,
Such as false Love doth oft upon him wear;
For Love in thousand monstrous forms doth oft appear.

LII.

And, all about, the glist'ring walls were hong
With warlike spoils and with victorious preys
Of mighty conquerors and captains strong,

Which were whilóme captíved in their days
To cruel Love, and wrought their own decays:[1]
Their swords and spears were broke, and hauberks rent,
And their proud garlands of triumphant bays
Trodden in dust with fury insolent,
To show the victor's might and merciless intent.

[1] Ruin.

LIII.

The warlike maid, beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinance of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder; ne could satisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space:
But more she marvell'd that no footing's trace
Nor wight appear'd, but wasteful emptiness
And solemn silence over all that place:
Strange thing it seem'd, that none was to possess
So rich purveyance,[2] ne them keep with carefulness.

[2] Furniture.

LIV.

And, as she look'd about, she did behold
How over that same door was likewise writ,
*Be bold, Be bold,* and everywhere, *Be bold;*
That much she mus'd, yet could not construe it
By any riddling skill or common wit.
At last she spied at that room's upper end
Another iron door, on which was writ,
*Be not too bold;* whereto though she did bend
Her earnest mind, yet wist not what it might intend.

LV.

Thus she there waited until eventide,
Yet living creature none she saw appear.
And now sad shadows gan the world to hide
From mortal view, and wrap in darkness drear;
Yet n'ould[3] she doff her weary arms, for fear

[3] Would not.

Of secret danger, ne let sleep oppress
Her heavy eyes with nature's burden dear,
But drew herself aside in sickerness,[1]
And her well pointed weapons did about her dress.[2]

[1] Safety.
[2] Arrange.

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## CANTO XII.

The masque of Cupid, and the enchanted chamber are display'd;
Whence Britomart redeems fair Amoret through charms decay'd.

I.

Then, whenas cheerless Night ycover'd had
Fair heaven with an universal cloud,
That every wight dismay'd with darkness sad
In silence and in sleep themselves did shroud,
She heard a shrilling trumpet sound aloud,
Sign of nigh battle, or got victory:
Naught therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather stirr'd to cruel enmity,
Expecting ever, when some foe she might descry.

II.

With that, an hideous storm of wind arose,
With dreadful thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it straight would lose[3]
The world's foundations from his centre fixt:
A direful stench of smoke and sulphur mixt
Ensu'd, whose noyance[4] fill'd the fearful stead[5]
From the fourth hour of night until the sixt;
Yet the bold Britoness was naught ydred,[6]
Though much enmov'd, but steadfast still persévered.

[3] Loose.
[4] Annoyance.
[5] Place.
[6] Terrified.

III.

All suddenly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clappéd every door,

With which that iron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had been tore;
And forth issu'd, as on the ready floor
Of some theátre, a grave personage
That in his hand a branch of laurel bore,
With comely havéour[1] and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments fit for tragic stage.

[1] Behaviour.

IV.

Proceeding to the midst, he still did stand,
As if in mind he somewhat had to say;
And to the vulgar[2] beck'ning with his hand,
In sign of silence, as to hear a play,
By lively actións he gan bewray[3]
Some argument of matter passionéd;
Which done, he back retiréd soft away,
And, passing by, his name discoveréd,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cipheréd.

[2] The crowd.

[3] Reveal.

V.

The noble Maid, still standing, all this view'd,
And marvell'd at his strange intendiment:[4]
With that a joyous fellowship[5] issu'd
Of minstrels making goodly merriment,
With wanton bards, and rhymers impudent;
All which together sang full cheerfully
A lay of love's delight with sweet consent:[6]
After whom march'd a jolly company,
In manner of a masque, enrangéd orderly.

[4] Conduct.

[5] Company.

[6] Harmony.

VI.

The whiles a most delicious harmony
In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetness of the melody
The feeble senses wholly did confound,
And the frail soul in deep delight nigh drown'd:
And, when it ceas'd, shrill trumpets loud did bray,

That their report did far away rebound;
And, when they ceas'd, it gan again to play,
The whiles the masquers marchéd forth in trim array.

VII.

The first was Fancy, like a lovely boy
Of rare aspéct and beauty without peer,
Matchable either to that imp[1] of Troy,
Whom Jove did love and chose his cup to bear;[2]
Or that same dainty lad, which was so dear
To great Alcides, that, whenas he died,
He wailéd womanlike with many a tear,
And every wood and every valley wide [cried.
He fill'd with Hylas' name; the nymphs eke Hylas

[1] Youth.
[2] Ganymede.

VIII.

His garment neither was of silk nor say,[3]
But painted plumes in goodly order dight,[4]
Like as the sunburnt Indians do array
Their tawny bodies in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seem'd he vain and
That by his gait might easily appear; [light,
For still he far'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did bear,
That in the idle air he mov'd, still here and there.

[3] Thin silk stuff.
[4] Dressed.

IX.

And him beside march'd amorous Desire,
Who seem'd of riper years than th' other swain,
Yet was that other swain this elder's sire,
And gave him being, common to them twain:
His garment was disguiséd very vain,[5]
And his embroider'd bonnet sat awry: [strain,
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That soon they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

[5] Fantastically.

X.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolour'd[1] coat of strange disguise,
That at his back a broad capuccio[2] had,
And sleeves dependant Albanesè-wise;[3]
He look'd askew with his mistrustful eyes,
And nicely trode, as thorns lay in his way,
Or that the floor to shrink he did avise;[4]
And on a broken reed he still did stay [he lay.
His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard thereon

[1] Many-coloured.
[2] Hood.
[3] Albanian fashion.
[4] Perceive.

XI.

With him went Danger, cloth'd in ragged weed
Made of bear's skin, that him more dreadful made;
Yet his own face was dreadful, ne did need
Strange[5] horror to deform his grisly shade:[6]
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was; this Mischief, that Mishap;
With th' one his foes he threat'ned to invade,
With th' other he his friends meant to enwrap:
For whom he could not kill he practis'd to entrap.

[5] Unknown, new.
[6] Appearance.

XII.

Next him was Fear, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
But fear'd each shadow moving to or fro;
And, his own arms when glitt'ring he did spy
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hue, and wingéd heel'd;
And evermore on Danger fix'd his eye,
Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarméd fearfully did wield.

XIII.

With him went Hope in rank, a handsome maid,
Of cheerful look and lovely to behold;
In silken samite[7] she was light array'd,

[7] Kind of silk stuff.

And her fair locks were woven up in gold:
She always smil'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water-sprinkle, dipt in dew,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking shew;
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

XIV.

And after them Dissemblance and Suspect[1]
March'd in one rank, yet an unequal pair;
For she was gentle and of mild aspect,
Courteous to all and seeming debonair,[2]
Goodly adornéd and exceeding fair;
Yet was that all but painted and purloin'd, [hair;
And her bright brows were deck'd with borrow'd
Her deeds were forgéd, and her words false coin'd,
And always in her hand two clews of silk she twin'd:

[1] Suspicion.

[2] Gracious.

XV.

But he was foul, ill favouréd, and grim,
Under his eyebrows looking still askance;
And ever, as Dissemblance laugh'd on him,
He lour'd on her with dangerous eye-glance,
Showing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
But walk'd each[3] where for fear of hid mischance,
Holding a lattice still before his face, [pace.
Through which he still did peep as forward he did

[3] Every.

XVI.

Next him went Grief and Fury match'd yfere;[4]
Grief all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Down hanging his dull head with heavy chere,[5]
Yet inly being more than seeming sad:
A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinchéd people to the heart,

[4] Together.

[5] Mien.

That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,[1]
In wilful languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolour's dart.

[1] Led.

XVII.

But Fury was full ill apparelled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appear,
With ghastly looks and dreadful drearihed;
And from her back her garments she did tear,
And from her head oft rent her snarled heare:[2]
In her right hand a firebrand she did toss
About her head, still roaming here and there;
As a dismayéd deer in chase embost,[3]
Forgetful of his safety, hath his right way lost.

[2] Hair.

[3] Hard pressed.

XVIII.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasance,
He looking lumpish and full sullen sad,
And hanging down his heavy countenance;
She cheerful, fresh, and full of joyance glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;[4]
That evil matchéd pair they seem'd to be:
An angry wasp th' one in a vial had,
Th' other in hers an honey lady-bee.
Thus marchéd these six couples forth in fair degree.

[4] Dreaded.

XIX.

After all these there march'd a most fair Dame,
Led of two grysie[5] villains, th' one Despite,
The other clepéd[6] Cruelty by name:
She doleful lady, like a dreary sprite
Call'd by strong charms out of eternal night,
Had Death's own image figur'd in her face,
Full of sad signs, fearful to living sight;
Yet in that horror show'd a seemly grace,
And with her feeble feet did move a comely pace.

[5] Squalid.

[6] Called.

XX.

Her breast all naked, as net[1] ivory
Without adorn of gold or silver bright
Wherewith the craftsman wonts it beautify,
Of her due honour was despoiléd quite;
And a wide wound therein (O rueful sight!)
Entrenchéd deep with knife accursed keen,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting sprite,
(The work of cruel hand) was to be seen,
That dy'd in sanguine red her skin all snowy clean:

[1] Pure.

XXI.

At that wide orifice her trembling heart
Was drawn forth, and in silver basin laid,
Quite through transfixéd with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steaming fresh embayd.[2]
And those two villains (which her steps upstay'd,
When her weak feet could scarcely her sustain,
And fading vital powers gan to fade,)
Her forward still with torture did constrain,
And evermore increaséd her consuming pain.

[2] Bathed.

XXII.

Next after her, the winged god himself
Came riding on a lion ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage[3] of that Elf
That man and beast with power imperious
Subdueth to his kingdom tyrannous:
His blindfold eyes he bade awhile unbind,
That his proud spoil of that same dolorous
Fair dame[4] he might behold in perfect kind;[5]
Which seen, he much rejoicéd in his cruel mind.

[3] Management.
[4] Amoret.
[5] Manner.

XXIII.

Of which full proud, himself uprearing high
He looked round about with stern disdain,
And did survey his goodly company;

And, marshalling the evil-order'd train,
With that the darts which his right hand did strain
Full dreadfully he shook, that all did quake,
And clapt on high his colour'd wingës twain,
That all his many[1] it afraid did make:
Then, blinding him again, his way he forth did take.

[1] Company.

XXIV.

Behind him was Reproach, Repentance, Shame;
Reproach the first, Shame next, Repent behind:
Repentance feeble, sorrowful, and lame;
Reproach despiteful, careless, and unkind;
Shame most ill-favour'd, bestial, and blind: [scold;
Shame lour'd, Repentance sigh'd, Reproach did
Reproach sharp stings, Repentance whips entwin'd,
Shame burning brand-irons in her hand did hold:
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

XXV.

And after them a rude confuséd rout
Of persons flock'd whose names is hard to read:
Amongst them was stern Strife; and Anger stout;
Unquiet Care; and fond[2] Unthriftyhead;
Lewd Loss of Time; and Sorrow seeming dead;
Inconstant Change; and false Disloyalty;
Consuming Riotise; and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeance; faint Infirmity;
Vile Poverty; and, lastly, Death with infamy.

[2] Foolish.

XXVI.

There were full many more like maladies,
Whose names and natures I not[3] readen well;
So many more, as there be fantasies
In wavering women's wit, that none can tell,
Or pains in love, or punishments in hell:
All which disguiséd march'd in masking-wise

[3] Cannot.

About the chamber by the damosel;
And then returnéd, having marchéd thrise,
Into the inner room from whence they first did rise.

XXVII.

So soon as they were in, the door straightway
Fast lockéd, driven with that stormy blast
Which first it openéd, and bore all away.
Then the brave Maid, which all this while was plast[1]
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issuéd forth and went unto the door
To enter in, but found it lockéd fast:
It vain she thought with rigorous uproar
For to efforce, when charms had closéd it afore.

[1] Placed

XXVIII.

Where force might not avail, there sleights and art
She cast to use, both fit for hard emprise:
Forthy[2] from that same room not to depart
Till morrow next she did herself avise,
When that same masque again should forth arise.
The morrow next appear'd with joyous cheer,
Calling men to their daily exercise:
Then she, as morrow fresh, herself did rear
Out of her secret stand that day for to outwear.[3]

[2] Therefore.

[3] Pass

XXIX.

All that day she outwore in wandering
And gazing on that chamber's ornament,
Till that again the second evening
Her cover'd with her sable vestiment,
Wherewith the world's fair beauty she hath blent:[4]
Then, when the second watch was almost past,
That brazen door flew open, and in went
Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,[5]
Neither of idle shows nor of false charms aghast.

[4] Obscured.

[5] Determined.

XXX.

So soon as she was enter'd, round about
She cast her eyes to see what was become
Of all those persons which she saw without.
But lo! they straight were vanish'd all and some;[1]
Ne living wight she saw in all that room,
Save that same woful Lady; both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waist girt round with iron bands
Unto a brazen pillar, by the which she stands.

[1] One and all.

XXXI.

And, her before, the vile enchanter sate,
Figuring strange charácters of his art;
With living blood he those charácters wrate,[2]
Dreadfully dropping from her dying heart,
Seeming transfixéd with a cruel dart;
And all perforce to make her him to love.
Ah! who can love the worker of her smart!
A thousand charms he formerly did prove;
Yet thousand charms could not her steadfast heart remove.

[2] Wrote.

XXXII.

Soon as that Virgin Knight he saw in place,
His wicked books in haste he overthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface;
And, fiercely running to that lady true,
A murd'rous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for villanous despite,
In her tormented body to embrue:
But the stout Damsel to him leaping light
His cursed hand withheld, and masteréd his might.

XXXIII.

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,[3]
The wicked weapon rashly[4] he did wrest,

[3] Directed.
[4] Quickly.

And, turning to herself his fell intent,
Unwares it struck into her snowy chest,
That little drops empurpled her fair breast.
Exceeding wroth therewith the Virgin grew,
Albë[1] the wound were nothing deep imprest,
And fiercely forth her mortal blade she drew,
To give him the reward for such vile outrage due.

[1] Although.

XXXIV.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground [slain,
He fell half dead; next stroke, him should have
Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernly[2] unto her calléd to abstain
From doing him to die; for else her pain
Should be remédiless; sith none but he
Which wrought it could the same recure again.
Therewith she stay'd her hand, loth stay'd to be;
For life she him envý'd, and long'd revenge to see:

[2] Earnestly.

XXXV.

And to him said; 'Thou wicked man, whose meed
For so huge mischief and vile villany
Is death, or if that aught do death exceed;
Be sure that naught may save thee from to die
But if that thou this Dame do presently
Restore unto her health and former state;
This do, and live; else die undoubtedly.'
He, glad of life, that look'd for death but late,
Did yield himself right willing to prolong his date:

XXXVI.

And rising up gan straight to over-look[3]
Those curséd leaves, his charms back to reverse:
Full dreadful things out of that baleful book
He read, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horror gan the Virgin's heart to perse,[4]
And her fair locks up staréd stiff on end,

[3] Look over.

[4] Pierce.

Hearing him those same bloody lines rehearse;
And, all the while he read, she did extend
Her sword high over him, if aught he did offend.

XXXVII.

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
And all the doors to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her dismayéd make,
Nor slack her threatful hand for danger's doubt,
But still with steadfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet[1] what end would come of all:
At last that mighty chain, which round about
Her tender waist was wound, adown gan fall,
And that great brazen pillar broke in pieces small.

[1] Learn.

XXXVIII.

The cruel steel, which thrill'd her dying heart,
Fell softly forth, as of his own accord;
And the wide wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding breast and riven bowels gor'd,
Was closéd up, as it had not been sor'd;[2]
And every part to safëty full sound,
As she were never hurt, was soon restor'd:
Then, when she felt herself to be unbound
And perfect whole, prostrate she fell unto the ground;

[2] Made sore.

XXXIX.

Before fair Britomart she fell prostráte,
Saying; 'Ah! noble Knight, what worthy meed
Can wretched Lady, quit from woful state,
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
Your virtue self her own reward shall breed,
Even immortal praise and glory wide,
Which I your vassal, by your prowess freed,
Shall through the world make to be notified,[3]
And goodly well advance[4] that goodly well was tried.'

[3] Proclaimed.
[4] Extol.

XL.

But Britomart, uprearing her from ground,
Said; 'Gentle Dame, reward enough I ween,
For many labours more than I have found,
This, that in safety now I have you seen,
And mean[1] of your deliverance have been:
Henceforth, fair Lady, comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teen;[2]
Instead thereof, know that your loving make[3]
Hath no less grief enduréd for your gentle sake.'

[1] Means.
[2] Sorrow.
[3] Lover.

XLI.

She much was cheer'd to hear him mention'd,
Whom of all living wights she lovéd best.
Then laid the noble championess strong hond
Upon th' enchanter which had her distrest
So sore, and with foul outrages opprest:
With that great chain, wherewith not long ago
He bound that piteous Lady now releast,
Himself she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captive with her led to wretchedness and woe.

XLII.

Returning back, those goodly rooms, which erst[4]
She saw so rich and royally array'd,
Now vanish'd utterly and clean subverst
She found, and all their glory quite decay'd;
That sight of such a change her much dismay'd.
Thence forth descending to that per'lous porch,
Those dreadful flames she also found delay'd[5]
And quenchéd quite like a consuméd torch,
That erst all ent'rers wont so cruelly to scorch.

[4] Before.
[5] Removed.

XLIII.

More easy issue now than entrance late
She found; for now that feignéd-dreadful flame,

Which chok'd the porch of that enchanted gate
And passage barr'd to all that thither came,
Was vanish'd quite, as it were not the same,
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to pass.
Th' enchanter self, which all that fraud did frame
To have efforc'd the love of that fair lass,
Seeing his work now wasted, deep engrievéd was.

XLIV.

But when the victoress arrivéd there
Where late she left the pensive Scudamore
With her own trusty squire, both full of fear,
[1] Left. Neither of them she found where she them lore:[1]
Thereat her noble heart was 'stonish'd sore;
But most fair Amoret, whose gentle sprite
Now gan to feed on hope, which she before
Conceivéd had, to see her own dear Knight,
Being thereof beguil'd, was fill'd with new affright.

XLV.

But he, sad man, when he had long in dread
Awaited there for Britomart's return,
Yet saw her not, nor sign of her good speed,
His expectation to despair did turn,
[2] Judging wrongly. Misdeeming[2] sure that her those flames did burn;
And therefore gan advise with her old squire,
Who her dear nursling's loss no less did mourn,
Thence to depart for farther aid t' inquire:
[3] Go. Where let them wond[3] at will, whilst here I do respire.

THE FOURTH BOOK

OF

# THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP.

I.

THE rugged forehead,* that with grave foresight
Wields kingdoms' causes and affairs of state,
My looser rhymes, I wote, doth sharply wite[1] [1] Blame.
For praising love as I have done of late,
And magnifying lovers' dear debate;
By which frail youth is oft to folly led,
Through false allurement of that pleasing bait,
That better were in virtues discipled,[2] [2] Disciplined.
Than with vain poems' weeds to have their fancies [fed.

II.

Such ones ill judge of love, that cannot love,
Ne in their frozen hearts feel kindly flame:
Forthy[3] they ought not thing unknown reprove, [3] Therefore.
Ne natural affection faultless blame
For fault of few that have abus'd the same:
For it of honour and all virtue is
The root, and brings forth glorious flowers of fame,

* 'The rugged forehead:' supposed to refer to Burleigh.

That crown true lovers with immortal bliss,
The meed of them that love, and do not live amiss.

III.

Which whoso list look back to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were done,
Shall find that all the works of those wise sages,
And brave exploits which great heroës won,
In love were either ended or begun:
Witness the Father of Philosophy,[1]
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from sun,
Of love full many lessons did apply,
The which these Stoic censors cannot well deny.

[1] Socrates.

IV.

To such therefore I do not sing at all;
But to that sacred Saint my sov'reign Queen,
In whose chaste breast all bounty natural
And treasures of true love enlockéd been,
'Bove all her sex that ever yet was seen;
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is lov'd of all alive I ween;
To her this song most fitly is addrest, [blest.
The Queen of love, and prince of peace from heaven

V.

Which that she may the better deign to hear,
Do thou, dread Infant,[2] Venus' darling dove,
From her high spirit chase imperious fear,[3]
And use of awful majesty remove:
Instead thereof with drops of melting love,
Dew'd with ambrosial kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweet-smiling mother from above,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughty courage soften,
That she may hark to love, and read this lesson often.

[2] Princess.

[3] Cause of fear.

## CANTO I.

Fair Britomart saves Amoret:
Duessa discord breeds
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deeds.

I.

Of lovers' sad calamities of old
Full many piteous stories do remain,
But none more piteous ever was ytold
Than that of Amoret's heart-binding chain,
And this of Florimell's unworthy pain:
The dear compassion of whose bitter fit[1]
My soften'd heart so sorely doth constrain,
That I with tears full oft do pity it,
And oftentimes do wish it never had been writ.

[1] Affliction.

II.

For, from the time that Scudamour her bought[2]
In perilous fight, she never joyéd day;
A perilous fight! when he with force her brought
From twenty knights that did him all assay;
Yet fairly well he did them all dismay,[3]
And with great glory both the Shield of Love
And eke the Lady self he brought away;
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,
A new unknowen mischief did from him remove.

[2] Won.

[3] Subdue.

III.

For that same vile enchanter Busiran,
The very self same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridal feast, whilst every man
Surcharg'd with wine was heedless and ill-headed,[4]
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that masque of Love which late was
showen;

[4] Disturbed in head.

[1] Attended. And there the Lady ill of friends bestedded,[1]
By way of sport, as oft in masques is knowen,
Conveyéd quite away to living wight unknowen.

IV.

Seven months he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinful lust she would not serve,
Until such time as noble Britomart
[2] Die. Releaséd her, that else was like to sterve[2]
[3] Carve. Through cruel knife that her dear heart did kerve:[3]
And now she is with her upon the way
Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonour of so fair a prey.

V.

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
The diverse usage, and demeanor daint,[4]
That each to other made, as oft befell:
For Amoret right fearful was and faint
Lest she with blame her honour should attaint,
That every word did tremble as she spake,
And every look was coy and wondrous quaint,
And every limb that touchéd her did quake;
Yet could she not but courteous count'nance to her make.

VI.

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
[5] Welfare. That her life's lord and patron of her health[5]
Right well deservéd, as his dueful meed,
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth:
[6] Bestoweth. All is his justly that all freely deal'th.[6]
[7] Nevertheless. Nathless[7] her honour dearer than her life
She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from stealth;
[8] Rather. Die had she lever[8] with enchanter's knife
Than to be false in love, profess'd a virgin wife.

VII.

Thereto[1] her fear was made so much the greater
Through fine abusion[2] of that Briton Maid;
Who, for to hide her feignéd sex the better
And mask her wounded mind, both did and said
Full many things so doubtful to be weigh'd,
That well she wist not what by them to guess:
For otherwhiles to her she purpose[3] made
Of love, and otherwhiles of lustfulness,
That much she fear'd his mind would grow to some excess.

[1] Besides.
[2] Subtle fraud.
[3] Conversation.

VIII.

His will she fear'd; for him she surely thought
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed;
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldom he redeemed,
For which no service she too much esteemed:
Yet dread of shame and doubt of foul dishonour
Made her not yield so much as due she deemed.
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honour.

IX.

It so befell one evening that they came
Unto a castle, lodgéd there to be,
Where many a knight, and many a lovely dame,
Was then assembled deeds of arms to see:
Amongst all which was none more fair than she,
That many of them mov'd to eye her sore.
The custom of that place was such, that he,
Which had no love nor leman there in store,
Should either win him one, or lie without the door

X.

Amongst the rest there was a jolly knight,
Who, being askéd for his love, avow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,

And offer'd that to justify aloud.
The warlike Virgin, seeing his so proud
And boastful challenge, waxéd inly wroth,
But for the present did her anger shroud;
And said, her love to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them have, or both.

XI.

So forth they went, and both together giusted;[1]
But that same younker soon was overthrown,
And made repent that he had rashly lusted
For thing unlawful that was not his own:
Yet since he seeméd valiant, though unknown,
She, that no less was courteous than stout,[2]
Cast[3] how to salve,[4] that both the custom shown[5]
Were kept, and yet that knight not lockéd out;
That seem'd full hard t' accord two things so far in doubt.

[1] Jousted.
[2] Brave.
[3] Contrived.
[4] Arrange.
[5] Proclaimed.

XII.

The seneschal[6] was call'd to deem[7] the right;
Whom she requir'd, that first fair Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight
That did her win and free from challenge set:
Which straight to her was yielded without let:[8]
Then, since that strange knight's love from him was quitted,[9]
She claim'd that to herself, as lady's debt
He as a knight might justly be admitted;
So none should be out shut, sith all of loves were fitted.

[6] Steward.
[7] Judge.
[8] Hinderance.
[9] Taken.

XIII.

With that, her glist'ring helmet she unlaced;
Which doff'd, her golden locks, that were upbound
Still in a knot, unto her heels down traced,[10]
And like a silken veil in compass round

[10] Flowed.

About her back and all her body wound:
Like as the shining sky in summer's night,
What time the days with scorching heat abound,
Is crested all with lines of fiery light,[1]
That it prodigious seems in common people's sight.

[1] The Aurora Borealis.

XIV.

Such when those knights and ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
And every one gan grow in secret doubt
Of this and that, according to each wit:
Some thought that some enchantment feignéd it;
Some, that Bellona in that warlike wise
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
Some, that it was a masque of strange disguise:
So diversely each one did sundry doubts devise.

XV.

But that young knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousand thanks did yield her for her meed,
And, doubly overcomen, her ador'd:
So did they all their former strife accord;[2]
And eke fair Amoret, now freed from fear,
More frank affection did to her afford;
And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance there:

[2] Compose.

XVI.

Where all that night they of their loves did treat,[3]
And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone,
That each the other gan with passion great
And grief-full pity privately bemoan.
The morrow next, so soon as Titan shone,
They both uprose and to their ways them dight:[4]
Long wander'd they, yet never met with none

[3] Discourse.

[4] Prepared.

That to their wills could them direct aright,
Or to them tidings tell that might their hearts delight.

XVII.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spied
Two arméd knights that towárd them did pace,
And each of them had riding by his side
A lady, seeming [1] in so far a space;[2]
But ladies none they were, albë [3] in face
And outward show fair semblance they did bear;
For under mask of beauty and good grace
Vile treason and foul falsehood hidden were,
That might to none but to the wary wise appear.

[1] That seemed such.
[2] At such a distance.
[3] Although.

XVIII.

The one of them the false Duessa hight,[4]
That now had chang'd her former wonted hue;[5]
For she could d'on [6] so many shapes in sight,
As ever could cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, save the true:
The other no whit better was than she,
But that, such as she was, she plain did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might be,
And daily more offensive unto each degree: [7]

[4] Called.
[5] Appearance.
[6] Put on.
[7] Every condition.

XIX.

Her name was Atè, mother of debate [8]
And all dissension which doth daily grow
Amongst frail men, that many a public state
And many a private oft doth overthrow.
Her false Duessa, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
Which hunt for honour, raiséd from below
Out of the dwellings of the damnéd sprites,
Where she in darkness wastes her cursed days and nights.

[8] Strife.

XX.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is;
There, whereas all the plagues and harms abound
Which punish wicked men that walk amiss:
It is a darksome delve[1] far under ground,
With thorns and barren brakes environ'd round,
That none the same may easily out win;[2]
Yet many ways to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in:
For discord harder is to end than to begin.

[1] Cave.
[2] Get out.

XXI.

And all within, the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,[3]
All which the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes and broken sceptres plast;[4]
Altars defil'd, and holy things defast;[5]
Disshiver'd spears and shields ytorn in twain;
Great cities ransack'd, and strong castles rast;[6]
Nations captivéd, and huge armies slain:
Of all which ruins there some relics did remain.

[3] Gone by.
[4] Placed.
[5] Defaced.
[6] Razed.

XXII.

There was the sign[7] of ántique Babylon;
Of fatal Thebes; of Rome that reignéd long;
Of sacred Salem; and sad Ilion,
For memory of which on high there hong
The Golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three fair goddesses did strive:
There also was the name of Nimrod strong;
Of Alexander, and his princes five
Which shar'd to them the spoils that he had got alive:

[7] Representation.

XXIII.

And there the relics of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithees befell;
And of the bloody feast, which sent away

So many Centaurs' drunken souls to hell,
That under great Alcides' fury fell:
And of the dreadful discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life sought others to deprive, [strive.
All mindless of the Golden Fleece, which made them

XXIV.

And eke of private persons many moe,[1]
That were too long a work to count them all;
Some, of sworn friends that did their faith forego;
Some, of born brethren prov'd unnatural;
Some, of dear lovers foes perpetual:
Witness their broken bands there to be seen,
Their garlands rent, their bowers despoiléd all;
The monuments whereof there biding been,[2]
As plain as at the first when they were fresh and green.

[1] More.

[2] Are remaining.

XXV.

Such was her house within; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weeds,
Which she herself had sowen all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seeds,
The seeds of evil words and factious deeds;
Which, when to ripeness due they growen are,
Bring forth an infinite increase that breeds
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jar,
The which most often end in bloodshed and in war.

XXVI.

And those same cursed seeds do also serve
To her for bread, and yield her living food:
For life it is to her, when others sterve[3]
Through mischievous debate and deadly food,[4]
That she may suck their life and drink their blood,
With which she from her childhood had been fed:
For she at first was born of hellish brood,

[3] Perish.

[4] Feud.

And by infernal Furies nourished;
That by her monstrous shape might easily be read.

XXVII.

Her face most foul and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contráry ways intended,[1]
And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be,
That naught but gall and venom comprehended,
And wicked words that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speak, and both contended;
And as her tongue so was her heart discided,[2]
That never thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

[1] Directed.
[2] Cleft in two.

XXVIII.

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchless ears deformèd and distort,
Fill'd with false rumours and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report:
And as her ears, so eke her feet were odd,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
And both misplac'd; that, when th' one forward
The other back retiréd and contráry trode. [yode,[3]

[3] Went.

XXIX.

Likewise unequal were her handës twain;
That one did reach, the other push'd away;
That one did make, the other marr'd again,
And sought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches gather'd many a day,
She in short space did often bring to naught,
And their possessors often did dismay:[4]
For all her study was, and all her thought
How she might overthrow the things that Concord wrought.

[4] Throw down, vanquish.

XXX.

So much her malice did her might surpass,
That even th' Almighty's self she did malign,
Because to man so merciful he was,
And unto all his creatures so benign,
Sith she herself was of his grace indign:[1]
For all this world's fair workmanship she tried
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chain quite to divide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together tied.

[1] Unworthy.

XXXI.

Such was that hag, which with Duessa rode;
And, serving her in her malicious use[2]
To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her baude[3]
To sell her borrow'd beauty to abuse:
For though, like wither'd tree that wanteth juice,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late
As fresh and fragrant as the flower-deluce[4]
She was become, by change of her estate,
And made full goodly joyance to her new-found mate:

[2] Purpose.
[3] Bawd.
[4] The iris.

XXXII.

Her mate, he was a jolly youthful knight
That bore great sway in arms and chivalry,
And was indeed a man of mickle might;
His name was Blandamour,[5] that did descry
His fickle mind full of inconstancy;
And now himself he fitted had right well
With two companions of like quality,
Faithless Duessa, and false Paridell,
That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

[5] Flattering lover.

XXXIII.

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew
From far espied the famous Britomart,
Like knight adventurous in outward view,

With his fair paragon,[1] his conquest's part,
Approaching nigh; eftsoons[2] his wanton heart
Was tickled with delight, and jesting said;
'Lo! there, Sir Paridell, for your desart,
Good luck presents you with yond lovely maid,
For pity that ye want a fellow for your aid.'

[1] Companion.
[2] Immediately.

XXXIV.

By that the lovely pair drew nigh to hond:
Whom whenas Paridell more plain beheld,
Albë[3] in heart he like affection fond,[4]
Yet mindful how he late by one was feld[5]
That did those arms and that same scutcheon weld,[6]
He had small lust[7] to buy his love so dear,
But answer'd; 'Sir, him wise I never held,
That, having once escapéd peril near,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evil rear.[8]

[3] Although.
[4] Found.
[5] Thrown down.
[6] Wield.
[7] Desire.
[8] Rouse.

XXXV.

'This knight too late his manhood and his might
I did assay, that me right dearly cost;
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
Ne for light lady's love, that soon is lost.'
The hot-spur youth so scorning to be crost,
'Take then to you this dame of mine,' quoth he,
'And I, without your peril or your cost,
Will challenge yond same other for my fee.'
So forth he fiercely prick'd, that one him scarce could see.

XXXVI.

The warlike Britoness her soon addrest,
And with such úncouth welcome did receive
Her fainéd[9] paramour, her forcéd guest,
That, being forc'd his saddle soon to leave,
Himself he did of his new love deceive;[10]

[9] Fain to be.
[10] Cause to fail.

And made himself the ensample of his folly.
Which done, she passéd forth, not taking leave,
And left him now as sad as whilome jolly,
Well warnéd to beware with whom he dar'd to dally.

XXXVII.

Which when his other company beheld,
They to his succour ran with ready aid;
[1] Support himself. And, finding him unable once to weld,[1]
They rearéd him on horse-back and upstay'd,
Till on his way they had him forth convey'd:
And all the way, with wondrous grief of mind
[2] Grieved. And shame, he show'd himself to be dismay'd[2]
More for the love which he had left behind,
Than that which he had to Sir Paridell resign'd.

XXXVIII.

[3] Never-theless. Nathless[3] he forth did march, well as he might,
And made good semblance to his company,
Dissembling his disease and evil plight;
Till that ere long they chancéd to espy
[4] Move. Two other knights, that towards them did ply[4]
With speedy course, as bent to charge them new:
Whom whenas Blandamour approaching nigh
Perceiv'd to be such as they seem'd in view,
[5] Sad. He was full wo,[5] and gan his former grief renew.

XXXIX.

For th' one of them he perfectly descried
To be Sir Scudamour, (by that he bore
The god of love with wings displayéd wide,)
Whom mortally he hated evermore,
Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
And eke because his love he won by right:
Which when he thought, it grievéd him full sore,
That, through the bruises of his former fight,
He now unable was to wreak his own despite.

XL.

Forthy[1] he thus to Paridell bespake;
'Fair Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late adventur'd for your sake,
The hurts whereof me now from battle stay,
Ye will me now with like good turn repay,
And justify my cause on yonder knight.'
'Ah! Sir,' said Paridell, 'do not dismay[2]
Yourself for this; myself will for you fight,
As ye have done for me: the left hand rubs the right.

[1] Therefore.

[2] Disquiet.

XLI.

With that he put his spurs unto his steed,
With spear in rest, and towárd him did fare,
Like shaft out of a bow preventing[3] speed.
But Scudamour was shortly well aware
Of his approach, and gan himself prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meet.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other down under their horses' feet,
That what of them became themselves did scarcely [weet.

[3] Anticipating.

XLII.

As when two billows in the Irish sounds,
Forcibly driven with contráry tides,
Do meet together, each aback rebounds
With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
That filleth all the sea with foam, divides
The doubtful current into diverse ways:
So fell those two in spite of both their prides;
But Scudamour himself did soon upraise,
And, mounting light, his foe for lying long upbrays:[4]

[4] Upbraids.

XLIII.

Who, rolléd on an heap, lay still in swound
All careless of his taunt and bitter rail,
Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground

Ran hastily, to weet what did him ail:
Where finding that the breath gan him to fail,
With busy care they strove him to awake,
And doff'd his helmet, and undid his mail:
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His slumber, yet so mazéd[1] that he nothing spake.

[1] Amazed.

XLIV.

Which whenas Blandamour beheld, he said;
'False faitour[2] Scudamour, that hast by sleight
And foul advantage this good knight dismay'd,
A knight much better than thyself behight,[3]
Well falls it thee that I am not in plight
This day, to wreak the damage by thee done!
Such is thy wont, that still when any knight
Is weaken'd, then thou dost him overrun:
So hast thou to thyself false honour often won.'

[2] Deceiver, Traitor.

[3] Esteemed.

XLV.

He little answer'd, but in manly heart
His mighty indignation did forbear;
Which was not yet so secret, but some part
Thereof did in his frowning face appear:
Like as a gloomy cloud, the which doth bear
An hideous storm, is by the northern blast
Quite overblown, yet doth not pass so clear
But that it all the sky doth overcast [wast.[4]
With darkness dread, and threatens all the world to

[4] Waste.

XLVI.

'Ah! gentle knight,' then false Duessa said,
'Why do ye strive for ladies' love so sore,
Whose chief desire is love and friendly aid
Mongst gentle knights to nourish evermore!
Ne be ye wroth, Sir Scudamour, therefóre,
That she, your love, list[5] love another knight,

[5] Prefers.

Ne do yourself dislike a whit the more;
For love is free, and led with self-delight,
Ne will enforcéd be with masterdom or might.'

XLVII.

So false Duessa: but vile Atè thus;
'Both foolish knights, I can but laugh at both,
That strive and storm with stir outragéous
For her, that each of you alike doth loth,
And loves another, with whom now she go'th
In lovely[1] wise, and sleeps, and sports, and plays;
Whilst both you here with many a cursed oath
Swear she is yours, and stir up bloody frays,
To win a willow bough, whilst other wears the bays.

[1] Loving.

XLVIII.

'Vile hag,' said Scudamour, 'why dost thou lie,
And falsely seek'st a virtuous wight to shame?'
'Fond[2] knight,' said she, 'the thing that with this
I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?' [eye
'Then tell,' quoth Blandamour, 'and fear no blame;
Tell what thou saw'st, maulgrè[3] whoso it hears.'
'I saw,' quoth she, 'a stranger knight, whose name
I wote not well, but in his shield he bears
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken spears;

[2] Foolish.

[3] In spite of.

XLIX.

'I saw him have your Amoret at will;
I saw him kiss; I saw him her embrace;
I saw him sleep with her all night his fill;
All, many nights; and many by in place
That present were to testify the case.'
Which whenas Scudamour did hear, his heart
Was thrill'd with inward grief: as when in chase
The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart,
The beast astonish'd stands in middest of his smart;

L.

So stood Sir Scudamour when this he heard,
Ne word he had to speak for great dismay,
But look'd on Glaucè grim, who wox[1] afeard
Of outrage for the words which she heard say,
Albë[2] untrue she wist them by assay.[3]
But Blandamour, whenas he did espy
His change of cheer that anguish did bewray,
He wox full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victory.

[1] Grew.
[2] Although.
[3] Experience.

LI.

'Lo! recreant,' said he, 'the fruitless end
Of thy vain boast, and spoil of love misgotten,
Whereby the name of knighthood thou dost shend.[4]
And all true lovers with dishonour blotten:
All things not rooted well will soon be rotten.'
'Fye, fye, false knight,' then false Duessa cried,
'Unworthy life, that love with guile hast gotten;
Be thou, wherever thou do go or ride,
Loathéd of ladies all, and of all knights defied!'

[4] Disgrace.

LII.

But Scudamour, for passing great despite,
Stay'd not to answer; scarcely did refrain
But that in all those knights' and ladies' sight
He for revenge had guiltless Glaucè slain:
But, being past, he thus began amain;[5]
'False traitor squire, false squire of falsest knight,
Why doth mine hand from thine avenge abstain,
Whose lord hath done my love this foul despite!
Why do I not it wreak on thee now in my might!

[5] Violently.

LIII.

'Discourteous, disloyal Britomart,
Untrue to God, and unto man unjust!

What vengeance due can equal thy desart,
That hast with shameful spot of sinful lust
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust!
Let ugly shame and endless infamy
Colour thy name with foul reproach's rust.
Yet thou, false squire, his fault shall dear abye,[1]
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.'

[1] Abide.

LIV.

The aged dame him seeing so enraged
Was dead with fear; nathless,[2] as need required,
His flaming fury sought to have assuaged
With sober words, that sufferance[3] desired
Till time the trial of her truth expired;[4]
And evermore sought Britomart to clear:
But he the more with furious rage was fired,
And thrice his hand to kill her did uprear,
And thrice he drew it back: so did at last forbear.

[2] Nevertheless.
[3] Patience.
[4] Discovered.

# EXPLANATION OF CLASSICAL ALLUSIONS IN THIS VOLUME.

*Acontius*—A youth of Cea, who gained Cydippe to wife by writing verses on apples.

*Admetus*—King of Pheræ, who had his flocks tended for nine years by Apollo.

*Adonis*—Son of Amyras, by his daughter Myrrha; was the favourite of Venus, and the type of beauty.

*Ægerie*—The nymph who inspired Numa.

*Ægina*—Daughter of Asopus, and favourite of Jupiter.

*Æneas*—Son of Anchises and Venus.

*Æolus*—The god of the winds.

*Agdistes*—Name of each one's guardian genius.

*Alcides*—A title of Hercules.

*Alcmena*—Daughter of Electryon, king of Argos, and wife of Amphitryon.

*Alexander*—The Great.

*Amaranthus and Amintas*—Lovers turned into flowers. Amintas is a name for Sir P. Sidney.

*Antiopa*—Daughter of Nycleus, king of Thebes, beloved by Jupiter

*Apollo*—God of music, poetry, &c.

*Arachne*—Daughter of Idmon, a dyer, so skilled with her needle that she challenged Minerva; used for the spider.

*Argo*—The name of the famous ship which carried Jason and his fifty-four companions to Colchis.

*Argonauts*—Those ancient heroes who sailed to Colchis with Jason.

*Argus*—Son of Aristor; said to have had a hundred eyes.

*Assaracus*—A Trojan prince, son of Tros.

*Asterie*—Daughter of Ceus, and mother of the celebrated Hecate.

*Atalanta*—A daughter of Schœnus, king of Scyros, who determined to live in celibacy, but being much courted, resolved to race with her lovers, the winner to marry her.

*Ate*—The goddess of hatred.

*Atlas*—One of the Titans. He had seven daughters; was changed into a great mountain, so high

that it was supposed the heavens rested on its top.

*Aurora*—The goddess of the morning.

*Babel*—Babylon.

*Bellona*—The goddess of war.

*Biblis*—A woman who became enamoured of her brother, and when he refused to gratify her passion, destroyed herself.

*Bisaltis*—A patronymic of Theophane, by whom Neptune had the golden ram.

*Cadmus*—Inventor of letters, and founder of Thebes.

*Camilla*—Queen of the Volsci, educated in the woods, and famous for her warlike courage.

*Celæno*—One of the Harpies.

*Centaurs*—A people of Thessaly, half man and half horse.

*Cephisus*—A river god, father of Narcissus, confounded by Spenser with his son.

*Ceres*—The goddess of agriculture.

*Climene*—Mother of Phæthon, by Apollo.

*Clio*—The first of the Muses, daughter of Jupiter. She presided over history.

*Cnidus*—A promontory of Doris in Caria, sacred to Venus.

*Cocytus*—A river of Epirus, and from its proximity to the river Acheron, called by poets a river of hell.

*Coronis*—Daughter of Phlegias, loved by Apollo.

*Cynthia*—The moon.

*Cytheron Hill*—In Bœotia, sacred to Jupiter and the Muses.

*Danae*—Daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos, of whom Jupiter was enamoured.

*Daphne*—A daughter of the river Peneus, by the goddess Terra, of whom Phœbus became enamoured.

*Delos, Isle of*—One of the Cyclades, at the north of Naxos, which made its sudden appearance on the surface of the sea by the power of Neptune.

*Deucalion*—A son of Prometheus, who reigned over part of Thessaly, and outlived the great flood—supposed an *alias* of Noah.

*Diana*—The goddess of hunting.

*Dioclesian*—A Roman emperor.

*Enceladus*—A giant destroyed by Bellona.

*Erebus*—An infernal deity, son of Chaos and Nox; also a river of hell.

*Erigone*—A daughter of Icarius, who hung herself on hearing of her father's death being caused by shepherds he had intoxicated; beloved, Spenser says, by Saturn, who became a Centaur to gain her.

*Europa*—Daughter of Agenor, sister of Cadmus, beloved by Jove, who changed himself into a white bull to gain her; gave her name to Europe.

*Flora*—The goddess of flowers.

*Hector*—Son of Priam, bulwark of Troy.

*Heliconian Maids*—The Muses.

*Helle*—Sister to Phryxus, who was carried through the air on a golden ram, and fell into that

part of the sea called after her Hellespont.

*Hemus*—A mountain which separates Thrace from Thessaly.

*Hercules*—Son of Jupiter and Alcmena, famous for his strength and twelve labours.

*Herebus*—Erebus, or hell.

*Hesperus*—The evening star.

*Hyacinthus*—Son of Diomede, and greatly beloved by Apollo; changed into a flower.

*Hylas*—Son of the king of Mysia, and greatly beloved by Hercules.

*Hypsiphil'*—An ancient heroine and female conqueror.

*Ida*—A celebrated mountain in the neighbourhood of Troy.

*Idæan Ladies*—The three goddesses—Juno, Minerva, and Venus—who contended on Ida for the golden apple.

*Inachus*—Son of Oceanus and Tethys; founder of the royal race of Argolis; father of Io.

*Iphimedia*—A daughter of Triopas, who married the giant Alœus.

*Iris*—One of the Oceanides, messenger of the gods, and particularly of Juno; name for the rainbow.

*Isse*—A daughter of Macareus, to whom Apollo was attached.

*Jason*—Son of Alcimedes, who married Medea, daughter of the king of Colchis.

*Jove*—Son of Saturn; father of gods and men.

*Juno*—Daughter of Saturn and Ops, and sister to Jupiter, Pluto, Neptune, &c.

*Laomedon*—Son of Ilus, king of Troy, who, with the assistance of Apollo and Neptune, built the walls of Troy; famous as a breeder of horses.

*Lapithees*—The grandchildren of Lapithus, who quarrelled with the Centaurs at a festival.

*Latium*—An old kingdom in Italy.

*Latona*—A daughter of Cœus the Titan, who granted favours to Jupiter.

*Leda*—Wife of Tyndarus, king of Sparta, who was deceived by Jupiter coming to her embrace in the form of a swan.

*Liagore*—One of the daughters of Nereus; mother of Pæon by Apollo.

*Lyœus*—A name of Bacchus.

*Mars*—The god of war.

*Mœonian*—Homeric.

*Medusa*—One of the three Gorgons, remarkable for the beauty of her locks.

*Mnemosyne*—Mother of the nine Muses, by Jupiter.

*Mulciber*—A name of Vulcan, the god of fire.

*Narcissus*—A beautiful youth of Thespis, who saw his image reflected in a fountain, and finding his efforts to gain it fruitless, killed himself.

*Neptune*—The god of the sea.

*Ninus*—The warlike son of Belos, who founded the Assyrian monarchy.

*Numa*—The wise lawgiver, king of Rome.

*Œnone*—A nymph of Mount Ida, deceived by Paris.

*Olympus*—The residence of the gods, and the court of Jupiter.

*Orcus*—A name of the god of hell.
*Orsilochus*—A Trojan killed by Camilla in the Rutunan wars.
*Ossa*—A lofty mountain of Thessaly, once the residence of the Centaurs.

*Pæon*—A physician who cured the wounds the gods received in the Trojan war.
*Panopè*—One of the Nereides.
*Paphos*—The famous island of Venus.
*Paris*—Son of Priam, and seducer of Helen.
*Parnassus*—A mountain in Phocis, famous for a temple of Apollo, and for being a favourite residence of the Muses.
*Pasiphae*—Wife of Minos, king of Crete, who disgraced herself by her unnatural passion for a bull.
*Pegasus*—A winged horse belonging to Apollo and the Muses.
*Penthesilee*—Queen of the Amazons, who was killed by Achilles when assisting Priam.
*Phao*—Mistress to one of the Ptolemies, who shut her up in a tower of glass.
*Phillira*—Beloved, according to Spenser, by Bacchus, who turned himself into a vine to gain her.
*Phlegræan Jove*—From the field of Phlegræa in Macedonia, where Jove overthrew the giants.
*Phœbus*—See Apollo.
*Pindus Hill*—Sacred to the Muses and Apollo.
*Pluto and Proserpine*—King and queen of hell.
*Praxiteles*—A famous Greek sculptor, who flourished about 364 years B.C.
*Prometheus*—A Titan, who stole fire from heaven, and was chained by Jove to a rock in the Caucasus.
*Proteus*—A sea deity.
*Psyche*—A nymph whom Cupid married.
*Ptolemy*—A king of Egypt.
*Pylian sire*—Nestor.

*Rhodope*—A hill in Thrace.
*Romulus*—Son of Mars and Ilia, who with Remus founded Rome.

*Saturn*—Son of Cœlus by Terra, and father of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto.
*Scamander*—A river near Troy.
*Semiramis*—A celebrated queen of Assyria, who was exposed in a desert, but her life preserved by doves.
*Semele*—A daughter of Cadmus, by Hermione, tenderly beloved by Jupiter.
*Styx*—A river in hell.

*Tantalus*—King of Lydia, and son of Jupiter; represented by the poets as punished in hell with an insatiate thirst, and placed up to the chin in a pool of water, which however flows away on his attempting to taste it.
*Tartarus*—One of the regions of hell.
*Tempe*—The celebrated valley in Thessaly.
*Tethys*—A sea deity.
*Thomiris*—An ancient female conqueror.
*Titan*—The sun.
*Tithonis*—The god of the dawn.
*Triton*—A sea deity, son of Neptune.
*Tryphon*—A sea god.

*Typhoeus*—A giant who had a hundred heads like those of a serpent or a dragon.

*Venus*—Daughter of Jove, wedded to Vulcan; goddess of love, beauty, &c.

*Xanthus*—A river of Troas, in Asia Minor.

*Zephyrus*—Son of Æolus and Aurora. the west wind.

*Zeuxis*—A Grecian painter, who flourished about 456-400 B.C.

Faerie